

BERKELEY HALL:

OR, THE

PUPIL OF EXPERIENCE.

A NOVEL.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

—Of most disastrous chances,
Of moving accidents by flood and field;
Of hair-breadth scapes—My travel's history;
Wherein of antres vast, and deserts idle,
Rough quarries, rocks, and hills whose heads touch heav'n,
It was my bent to speak. SHAKSPEAR.

VOL. III.

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BERKELEY HALL;

OR,

THE PUPIL OF EXPERIENCE.

CHAP. I.

VISIT TO THE CAVE OF A RECLUSE.

“**I** FANCY,” said Mr. Dolier, “as they were at breakfast next morning, “you have not, Dr. Sourby, from your late adventures, so high an idea as formerly, of the state of men, when exempt from the coercion of law, and out of the protection of the civil magistrate.”

“We have not had a fair trial,” replied the Doctor, “of my system. The banditti, among whom it was our misfortune to live, were unfit for liberty. The strong hand of civil power is indispensable

bly necessary, to keep them from plundering and destroying one another; and even to compel them to contribute to their common protection and defence."

"And where," said Tim, "will you find such men as your system requires? I believe you will meet with none of our species, without that strong principle of *self-interest*, which knows not how to preserve a medium, but will violate the rights of others to secure its own, unless prevented by a common law and authority, to determine each man's claims, secure his enjoyment of them, and administer justice and protection to all."

"We have ourselves seen," said Mr. Dolier, "that even religious and civil prejudices, in the bosom of the most civilized communities, would lead a part of the citizens to exercise unjust violence against their neighbours, and, through errors of conscience, to root them out, unless prevented by the wisdom of their governors. I am persuaded that

that vice, ignorance, superstition, and faction, will ever incapacitate men from living happy, unless under the vigorous coercion of wise and equal laws. An illusive picture of imaginary virtues and talents in the multitude, has, in all ages, been held up by artful *demagogues*, to encourage the demolition of the reigning authority of their times, and the usurpation of dominion by the populace; in order that they might acquire it themselves, by taking advantage of the incapacity, errors, and miseries, of the deluded people; introducing *anarchy*, that their own despotism might be necessary for the restoration of order."

"A small society, composed," said Dr. Sourby, "of wise and virtuous men, might exist happily in the most perfect freedom, either entirely without the restraints of laws, or where every man might be a legislator."

"Such a state," said Tim, "would be so trifling and weak, that it could answer

none of the essential purposes of civil union, of agriculture, commerce, and the arts, and must be dependent on, or soon swallowed up or enslaved by, its powerful neighbours. Extensive empires, freely and wisely governed, are most productive of the perfection and felicity of mankind; and consequently of their freedom, which consists in each individual's being secured from *unjust violence*, whether of the *many* or the *few*, from within or without the state, and in the possession of the greatest personal and social power, to promote his own and the common felicity."

"Not to interrupt your argument," said captain Jarvis, "there is, in this neighbourhood, a person, who could decide your question, better than any other, from his own experience; for he seems to have been a great traveller through Europe, and has, for many years, quitted all commerce with the world, and now lives like a hermit, a few miles from hence. It was always difficult to lead him into conversation,

versation, and I believe much more so of late."

"He is," said Mr. Dolier, "a person worthy of examination. He lives chiefly upon roots and nuts, summer and winter; and never appears in the village, or associates with any creature, but a large *Newfoundland dog*, who inhabits the same cave with him. He will receive no present, except the bread and fruit, which passengers leave him; and it is difficult to persuade him to come forth from his retreat, to gratify their curiosity, or receive their donations. He seems a perfect cynic, and either weary of the world, or under some vow of superstition or penance imposed."

"It would give me singular pleasure," said Dr. Sourby, "to see this *recluse*, and force him into conversation." The company coinciding in the wish, Mr. Dolier and the veteran took their fowling-pieces, and conducted our travellers to the habitation of this extraordinary phenomenon.

non. He happened to be absent, which gave them an opportunity of examining his recess; which was a small cavity in a rock, to which they descended by a chasm in the earth, and entered through an aperture, large enough only to admit a man on all fours. The cave within was about six feet square, and about five in height, dark, and without furniture, being only lined with leaves, and the skins of wild beasts. It contained no utensils or books of any kind; and no provision, but nuts, berries, and the remnants of bread and Indian corn. They had fully gratified their curiosity, when they saw the *recluse* appear, with some roots he had been gathering. He was of a very spare habit, and not more than five feet high, with a fullen eye and cadaverous countenance. He was dressed in a great coat of bear-skin, was about forty-five years of age, and discovered under his filth and poverty, an air of superiority and defiance. Our adventurers accosted him
cour-

courteously ; but he only bowed, and, on their pressing him to speak, walked briskly to elude them ; as if their attention and intrusion were painful to him.

He crawled into his cave fullenly ; but Dr. Sourby persisted, at the mouth of it, to teize him with questions, to which he gave no answer. Our hero, at last, requested him to cease. " Let us not usurp a right which we have not. This unfortunate person must have had strong reasons indeed, to quit the haunts of men, and sacrifice all those enjoyments and duties, which can only be had and exercised in the society of his fellow-creatures ! But we will not, from idle curiosity, to tear open those wounds, which we might not be able to heal. We only offer you that aid and pity which we can bestow, and which, as men, we owe to every man."

Here the *recluse* appeared much agitated. He smote his breast, and shook his head expressively, saying, " No ! It

is impossible! I ask neither aid nor pity from men; but to be left to myself." Finding it vain to press further, they bade him adieu, and pursued the diversion of shooting, in a remoter part of the wood: but, on their return, near his cave, Sancho cried out, " Lord have mercy on us! What do I see! The *wild man of the woods* hanging dingle dangle on the bough of a tree, like the pendulum of a clock!" They lost no time in hurrying to the spot, where they saw the miserable wretch, in the last agonies of death, suspended by a thong, which he had cut for the purpose. They instantly disengaged him, and, by all the usual applications, restored him to animation. It is impossible to describe the horror displayed in his countenance, when he first threw his eyes wildly round, and recognized our travellers, and his own wretched situation. " Why do you recall me to the *curse of life*?" were his first words. His air was determined, and resolution desperate.

But

But our hero persevered in his offices of tenderness and solicitude with so much earnestness, that he at last seemed moved, and sighed, "Is there then one of my species to whom I am not *hateful*? Is there one who *interests himself* in my preservation?"

Our hero, with tears, replied, "Yes! we all commiserate your sufferings. We would all rejoice in restoring you to society, to your family, and friends."

"Alas!" said he, "I have no family and friends, no country!—what then has life in store for me?"

"Return into the bosom of society," said our hero, "and discharge the duties of a man, of a citizen, a friend, and relation, and you will find, wherever you reside, esteem, friendship, and love; at least, you will have the pleasing consciousness of meriting them, and the *favour of Him*, who always can and will reward and protect those who employ dili-

gently and sincerely the talents he has committed to them, in that state of life to which he has been pleased to call them. Thus will you discharge the duties, and may most reasonably expect the happiness, proper to man. If your mind, my friend, is under the pressure of *guilt*, you only add to its weight, by shutting up and sacrificing in solitude, those powers which you have before misapplied. You destroy the tree, instead of pruning it and rendering it more fruitful. You resemble a taper in a sepulchre. You are a debtor, and throw away the property which might lessen your debt; and by the last fatal purpose, will *cut off all hope of repentance*, and rush into the presence of your Creator and Judge, with a *fresh*, and perhaps the *heaviest crime* on your head. Instead of adding guilt to guilt, shew the most useful repentance, by *repairing the injuries* you may have committed, or compensating for them. The
very

very attempt to repair and compensate, will be registered in the chancery of heaven as a full discharge of the debt.

“ If *misfortune* without guilt is your disease ; plunge into the *tide of business*, and brace up those *relaxed powers*, which retirement and inactivity more debilitate. The honestly *active* are never *miserable*. 'Tis by assuaging the griefs of others, that we best heal our own, and find our happiness most effectually in advancing that of mankind. Whatever assistance may be necessary to place you again comfortably and beneficially in society, you may command of me, and you will find I have the means as well as the inclination.”

“ Generous stranger,” said *the recluse*, bathing our hero's hand with his tears, “ you have conquered my stubborn heart. It is not *misfortune* that I have to lament, nor the want of property to resume a proper rank in life ; it is the *depravity of my principles and conduct*, which has reduced me to shun society, and at last to

attempt that escape from life, which I now own you have fortunately prevented. 'I feel my heart new open ;' I will return like a true penitent to the world, and dedicate the remainder of my life to repair the follies and crimes of the past."

Our adventurers encouraged his laudable resolution, and dispatched a servant for linen and clothes. The day being fine, and the party provided with refreshments, they engaged the recluse to partake with them of their cheer, and to fill up the interval until the return of the messenger, with a short narrative of his adventures.

"The plain relation of facts," said he, "which I cannot recollect without horror and remorse, nor detail without shame and abasement, will, I hope, be accepted by you as the first fruits of my repentance, and deter others, by the fatal consequences, from the commission of the same crimes."

CHAP. II.

HISTORY OF THE MISANTHROPE, OR
RECLUSE OF THE FOREST.

“MY name is *Brecknock*; and I am the eldest son of a wealthy farmer in Galloway. I was naturally of a fierce and ungovernable disposition, which my father unfortunately fostered, instead of checking, by a misguided education. He had imbibed some new-fangled opinions of certain *French philosophers*, and proposed to train me up in a manner directly opposite to that of our ancestors. He not only prevented my being educated in the religion of the country, but taught me, by his example, to ridicule it. He guarded my mind from imbibing any religious principles at all, under the notion of preserving it to maturity, like a *rasa tabula*, free from all prejudices. In consequence of this, I greedily embraced every licentious opinion,

nion, and was, with warm passions, exposed to temptation and the corruption of bad example, *without any principles of reason, morality, or religion*, to counteract them ; but rather with a bias in their favour. I was not restrained in any whim or caprice, nor subject to any coercion or penalty, for fear of breaking my spirit, and destroying the energies of my freeborn mind.

“ I naturally grew up unaccustomed to discipline or subordination, proud, obstinate, self-opinionated, and incorrigible. My father perceived, when too late, the wretched effects of this *monstrous system*. I had at first paid some respect to him, from fear, and his constant indulgence of my rebellion and obstinacy towards the servants and my teachers ; but when he attempted to take the business into his own hands, and to *sow the ground* which he had so long suffered to remain *fallow*, he found it was already covered with tares and noxious weeds, which all his labour

labour could not eradicate. I spurned at his lessons, or gave them a heedless ear, as the maxims of superstition or enthusiasm. All his commands were received with sullenness as tyrannical, and his favours without gratitude, as the *debts* of a parent to his child, who owed him no obligation for his birth, and the support which the state, or his own family pride, would exact from him. All the *tender ties* of child and parent, which nature gave for the easy and effectual education of the human species, had been sacrificed to a *vain philosophy*, which proudly and madly employs itself in destroying all the cords by which the hearts of men are knit together, and those maxims and usages, which the *experience* of all ages has shewn to be the best basis of public and private happiness.

“ Finding all his dominion over me subverted, and indeed estranged also from me by my ingratitude, he sent me from home to a celebrated university in Scotland.

land. Here I was in a great degree my own master; and my impetuous and ungovernable temper received new fuel from the lectures and private instructions of my tutor, who was *sceptical in religion, and democratical in his politics*; he encouraged my *libertine spirit*, by his sneers at the ruling tenets of the country and the constitution of the state. I swallowed his licentious doctrines with avidity, as congenial to the immorality of my practice, and my ungovernable and imperious temper. He had, however, very soon reason (as well as I have had ever since) to complain of the *fruits* of his labours. His favourite daughter fell a victim to my seductions; and when he pressed me to marry her, I answered with a sneer, ‘*Curse on all bonds, but those which love has made.*’ Very proud of this exploit, which terminated in the ruin of a helpless unsuspecting innocent, I returned home to my father; but my turbulence and riots were so offensive and disgraceful

to

to him, that he at last procured me a captain's commission in a regiment on the British establishment ; but such were my extravagancies, that my pay would by no means suffice, and my father was constantly teized with bills, which I drew on him. One source of my expence was a *mistress*, who had the art, from being hacknied in the line, and totally unprincipled, to acquire a total ascendancy over me. I was now five hundred pounds in debt, and wrote my father, that unless he discharged it I would instantly sell my commission. He called at my lodgings, and after expostulating with me for my ingratitude, told me he was well acquainted with my infamous connexion, and that he would discharge the debt, provided I would dismiss my mistress. I replied with the most vehement rage, ' that he knew very little of the life of a gentleman, or he would not have presumed to *pry into secrets*, which he had no right to know or meddle with ; and
that

that if it had not been for his claims as a father, I would have treated *his insolence* as it deserved: and that, so far from parting with her, if he did not advance the five hundred pounds, I would immediately *marry her*, to punish him for his avarice, and humble the Scotch pride of the family.'

"He rose with great indignation, and in a firm and deliberate tone took the most solemn oath, that, if I married her, he would disinherit me, and never more acknowledge me as a son. My reply was full of defiance and obstinacy, and I hurried immediately to her with the intelligence. She profited of my infatuation and rage, and we were married by licence next day. I carried my diabolical resentment so far as to insert my disgrace in the public prints, in order to harass a father, whose pain would only be in proportion to his love of me. Punishment soon overtook me. My happiness was entirely centered in my

my Lucy, and hers appeared to be in me. She seemed not able to endure my absence even for a day; she fainted with grief at an adieu, and wept with joy on my return. I therefore, in gratitude, plunged deeply in debt to gratify her; and her conduct was the most guarded and affectionate. We were at Bristol, and I had occasion to go to Bath for some days. We parted tenderly, as usual: she saw me off in a post-chaise, and I had proceeded some part of the way, when, meeting with the friend I sought on the road, we returned that night to Bristol, and passed the evening together. I did not get home till near daybreak; when, after knocking a considerable time, I perceived the house in confusion, and insisting on admittance, ran up stairs. My dear Lucy seemed much agitated on my unexpected return, and I either heard, or fancied I heard, the feet of some person stealing out of the back door of the house. I rushed down in great fury, and accused her and the
maid

maid alternately. She affected the utmost agony at my unjust suspicions, invoked heaven to witness her innocence, and at last sunk into a swoon with excess of grief. I called for assistance; lamented over her; and when she recovered, implored her forgiveness in the most abject manner, and presented her with a valuable ring of my mother's, as a peace-offering.

“ The storm was now abated, and love and joy had succeeded; when I chanced to go into a closet in the next room, and was struck with astonishment at finding a strange sword hanging. I seized it with the fury of a madman, and rushing in said, ‘ How came this in the house? who did it belong to?’ She took the sword in her hand, and immediately suspecting what would be the consequence, cried, ‘ Curses on it!’ and broke it with her feet, raved like a maniac, and threw the fragments out of the window. I insisted on knowing whose *sword* it was; on which she ran to the stairs, and
screamed,

screamed, Murder ! I seized her by the throat and hair, and told her she should die immediately, if she did not confess the truth. On this the maid said, if I would forgive her mistress and let her go, they would make a full confession. They acknowledged, that to amuse the time, they had gone to the play, where her mistress had met with Capt. Linden, with whom she had been intimate long before her intercourse with me, and that he had prevailed upon her to let him pass the night at my house. Stung with jealousy and rage, I flew from room to room in search of him; but he had escaped on my first arrival. I dragged my faithless Lucy on the floor, and had not the captain's sword been thrown out, and the watchmen rushed in, I might have added murder to my other crimes. I was secured and confined for an assault, as my wife's life was thought in danger. On my release, I found she had absconded, and carried off as much of my money

money as she could discover ; but I was very well satisfied with a deliverance from so faithless and dangerous a connexion.

“ This adventure added so much to the acerbity of my temper, that my conduct became intolerable to the officers of my corps ; and after many a fracas, I was tried by a court-martial, and found guilty of cruelty, disobedience, and mutiny. Being dismissed the service, I left England in disgust, and travelled over the continent seeking employment, and at last got an appointment in a *Polish* regiment. Having studied the language, and distinguished myself by some desperate achievements, I was in a fair way of preferment, when my incorrigible insolence and ill-nature cut off all my hopes.

“ There was in the same corps with me, a very respectable officer, *Major Cockburn*, who frequently animadverted on my conduct, and admonished me with all the frankness and affection of a father.

Instead

Instead of gratitude, I glowed with indignation, and eagerly watched an occasion to insult him. One night at a private concert of officers, after having drunk freely together, I affected to admire his execution on the violin, and asked him with a sneer, whether he had a *Scotch fiddle*. This passing unnoticed by him, I told him that he seemed to have a great *itch* for music, and played a good *scratch*. He said coldly, he was not accustomed to such ridiculous freedoms. I pretended to apologize, begging that, as I gave him warning, he would put up with an *infirmity* I was always subject to, when in liquor; viz. that I could not forbear abusing Scotland and Scotchmen. ‘I shall,’ replied he, ‘forgive your infirmity, provided you will in return put up with mine, which is, when an impertinent coxcomb insults me or my country, I am apt, whether drunk or sober, to pull him by the nose, or kick him out of company.’ So saying, he twisted me most violently

violently by that organ, and was proceeding to the other part of the ceremony, when I drew my sabre, and before his sword was drawn, wounded him in the shoulder. He however was soon in a posture of defence, and being an expert swordsman, pierced me through the sword arm, and had his point at my defenceless breast ; when he drew back his sword, and returned it to the sheath, saying, ‘ No ! I will not stain my sword with so ignoble a victim. Live, and learn to distinguish between brutal insolence and true honour.’ His mercy stung me with keener remorse and resentment ; I insisted on his deciding the quarrel with pistols ; but the officers present interfered, and signified to me, that my conduct was so dishonourable, that they insisted on my quitting the corps, or they would bring me to a court-martial. I thought it most prudent to comply, and returned to Scotland, with a heart overflowing with spleen, and hatred of myself and all mankind.

kind. I delighted in gloom, and in promoting the same disorder and discontent in private and public society, which raged in my own bosom. I sought out the company of the most malevolent and disaffected to the peace and prosperity of the country, and by my conversation and writings inflamed the minds of the populace to sedition. I attached myself to the cause of the Pretender, not from regard to his person, claims, or principles ; but as a desirable instrument and pretext to disturb the national tranquillity, and ‘ cry, Havock ! and let slip the dogs of war.’

“ When success at first attended his arms, I commanded a small body of men near Dumfries, and sallied out with them one night, to surprise a party of loyalists, under a Major Mackay, lying in that neighbourhood. We came upon them unexpectedly about twelve o’clock, and rushed into the house, where they were carelessly refreshing themselves. We made twenty

of them prisoners : but the alarm being given to the main body, who were in the upper rooms, they made a gallant resistance, and killed many of us on the stairs. Our superiority at last prevailed. We gained a free ascent, and put most of the wretches to the sword. But how shall I describe the horrid spectacle that then appalled my eyes ! and the remembrance of which will ever harrow up my heart ! I saw, among the dead, my only *brother* ; and my *aged father*, wallowing in his own blood, and ready to expire with his wounds. When he beheld me he gave a violent scream, which forced the blood in torrents from his veins. ‘ And is it then to you ! to my own son ! that I owe my death ? Do I at once see you a rebel, and a parricide ! May gracious heaven grant you repentance ! and, as I forgive you freely, may it forgive me for being instrumental to your crimes, by the detestable manner in which I educated you !’ He expired with a deep groan ; and left me

me struck, for some moments, with horror. But I at last drew consolation from the prospect of being *sole heir*; and cried, with the *sang froid* of an unprincipled Frenchman, ' 'Tis *fortune de la guerre, fortune de la guerre*,' and gave orders for their immediate interment.

"It is unnecessary for me to dwell on the particulars of the war. On a reverse of the young adventurer's affairs, I had the cunning to abandon him in due season, and from my obscurity, to escape the notice of government. I at last fled from Scotland, and arrived in America. The high spirit of the southern planters little accorded with the ferocity of my temper. I then travelled through the middle colonies, and resolved to settle in New England: but the fanaticism and prejudices of the

disgusted my *philosophical* strict-
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hated

hated by all, I found no satisfaction in their conversation, nor in a country where no public amusements or entertainments were admitted to divert the mind from its cares.

“Chance brought me at last acquainted with a family which promised to recompense me for the want of all other society. The head of it, Mr. Benson, possessed a liberal and enlightened mind; and, what most pleased me, he was a warm *disciple of the new philosophy*, and held the religious opinions of his neighbours in sovereign contempt. He had an ample fortune, and an elegant country seat near Boston. His wife was remarkable for her beauty, her accomplishments, and conjugal happiness. Here I enjoyed the most agreeable relief from the corroding horrors and discontent of my guilty heart; but its selfish and unprincipled desire soon involved me in additional misery.

“Mr. Benson, being one of the legislature of the colony, was frequently at
Boston

Boston ; and left me to the hospitality of his lovely bride. I plied her with every art of address, attention, and flattery ; and, as her husband had himself sapped her *religious and moral principles*, her pride and honour made a feeble resistance.

“ I cannot help recollecting, with contempt, and utter hatred of myself, a singular instance of my baseness on this occasion. In a soft moment of unlawful dalliance, she said to me, with great simplicity, ‘ Do you know, my dear Brecknock, what first gave me the strongest impression in your favour ? — *Mr. Benson dwelt himself* so often and warmly on your generosity, friendship, honour, and accomplishments, that I almost loved you, *from his recommendation*, before I saw you.’ I felt, for some moments, a shock of remorse ; but it passed off without repentance.

“ This guilty amour (as usual) could not be long concealed : but Mr. Benson remained obstinately deaf to all suggestions ;

tions ; till, returning one night late to his house, when he was not expected, and all were retired to rest, he saw a man putting too the shutters of his wife's bedroom window. I could see him ; but he could not clearly distinguish my countenance. I retreated immediately ; and hearing him attempting to enter softly by a back window, suspected what would be the consequence ; and had recourse, to elude his suspicion, to a most diabolical and fatal stratagem. I ran to a servant's room, and told him, his mistress wanted him immediately in her chamber : on which he precipitately descended ; and was just retreating, when the unhappy husband presented a pistol to his breast, and laid him dead with the contents. He then fired the other at his wife ; but the ball only severely grazed her forehead, and made her speechless, and almost distracted with the confusion. I ran, with the rest of the family, to inquire the cause ; and
rushing

rushing accidentally against him in the dark, he asked, with great tremor, 'Who are you?' On hearing my voice, he said, with much agitation, 'Is it you? Good God! I thought it was you I had killed!—I have certainly shot a man in my wife's room; as well as revenged myself on that wretched adulteress.'

"When lights were brought, we found her senseless, and streaming with blood; and the servant dead on the floor. I advised him to fly for his life: but he obstinately refused; and said, 'Considering the circumstances, he would be acquitted by any jury.' He agreed, however, to consult the opinion of a friend learned in the law; and abscond, if he advised.

"Distracted with jealousy, remorse, and horror, he took all the ready cash he had, ordered a surgeon to be sent for, and then set off with me to Boston. The lawyer advised him to return home, and stand trial. He did accordingly, and was honourably acquitted. His wife recovered,

covered, but with the loss of one eye. She persisted in declaring, even on oath, that the servant only came into the room, and asked her what she wanted ; and all the family attested the modesty and honesty of the deceased. He however obtained a divorce ; and she fled with me to a remote settlement ; where I thought, by retiring from the world, I could escape from the anguish and discontent of my own mind. But her company reminded me of my baseness ; and as we mutually despised and distrusted each other, we soon became the greatest objects of hatred and aversion. I constantly reprobated her hypocrisy, and she accused me as the author of her misfortunes ; till, from one degree of acrimony and violence to another, we were each other's severest tormentors. I conquered, by the superior hardness of my heart ; and had the infernal triumph of breaking hers, and confining her, as incurable, in a mad-house.

“ I was

"I was now left alone, shunning, and shunned by all mankind. The bustle of a crowd was at first grievous; then the attention and parade of company became intolerable, and, by degrees, all society whatsoever. From disliking conversation I began to dislike the very sight of men; and selling off every thing, retired, first to a recess among the Allegany mountains, and then to this sequestered spot; where I concealed all my useless money in a jar buried in this cave.

"Here, unknowing and unknown, I have, with no other companion than a *Newfoundland dog*, lived on fruits, nuts, or the casual charity of travellers. My existence was itself a burden; and I would often have escaped by death from my own society and consciousness, had not the dread of the fate which awaited me hereafter, unnerved me. But this day your discourse probed my wounds to the quick: I could not help contrasting your

condition and character with mine ;—that of the *virtuous man*, like the *sun*, giving light and lustre to all within his sphere, useful, dignified, and happy !—and that of the wretch, like me, coiled up like a detested *snake* in his own selfishness, and feeding on poison ; without a friend or country ; without any he loves, or is beloved by ; looking on the past with horror, and the future with fear ; useless or baneful to the world ; without the consolations of religion, and cloyed with the indulgence of vice ; disregarded or detested by all ; and the burden, torment, abhorrence, and contempt of himself ! This drove me to the fatal attempt from which you fortunately rescued me—if it be a rescue—to repentance, to a new life, and the zealous and faithful discharge, for the future, of every duty as a man, a father, a citizen, and christian !”

CHAP. III.

NEW SCENES OF DANGER AND DIFFICULTY; OR, MAN IN A STATE OF NATURE.

SCARCELY had the recluse finished his awful recital, when their surprise and horror at his enormities and sufferings were changed into consternation, by a sudden volley of musquetry, and the soul-chilling *war-whoop* of a party of *Indians*, who rushed fiercely on them, painted and stained in the most frightful manner, and brandishing their tomahawks, with the gestures and ferocity of *dæmons*. Our hero and his friends made a gallant resistance, in which Brecknock distinguished himself by his desperate valour, and received a mortal wound. He had only time to say, "Gracious heaven! accept my penitence. I submit to my destiny with humble hope of mercy;" and expired under the hatchet of a sa-

vage, who instantly cut off his *reeking scalp*, and hung it as a trophy to his belt. The foldier and Mr. Dolier being armed with musquets, kept the party at bay; but were at last obliged to fly towards the neighbouring mountains; their retreat to the village being cut off. Some of the Indians pursued them, while others surrounded our adventurers. They had their pieces presented towards the breast of Tickle, who held out his arms for quarter. His fate would have been inevitable, had not an old chief sprung forward, struck down the muzzles of their musquets, and embracing our hero, cried out, "I had a son once: but he is no more. You shall succeed him. From this moment consider me as your father." This act of adoption was respected and held inviolable. But scarcely was Tim out of danger, when he saw the tomahawk of an Indian prepared to sacrifice Sancho to the manes of their friends, who had fallen. He rushed forward, between

tween him and the descending blow, crying out, "This is my friend and follower; either take away my life, or grant it to us both." The Indians were so much pleased at this act of magnanimity, that they gave an amnesty to poor Sancho also, who clung round our hero's feet, as well as to Dr. Sourby, who had crept, during the action, into the hermit's cave. They bound their hands, and carried them into a neighbouring swamp, where they continued concealed, until the return of their comrades, with an account, that captain Jarvis and Mr. Dolier had evaded their pursuit. Night now coming on, they lurked near the village, sacrificing all they met, to prevent detection, and at last rushed into different quarters of it, setting fire to the houses, and plundering and destroying the wretched inhabitants without distinction. The shrieks and lamentations of the affrighted, the wounded, and the dying, with the yells and gesticulations of the warriors, were most affect-

affecting and dreadful. But what were the sensations of our adventurers, when they saw the vengeful band attack the house of their friend and benefactor? when they saw them set fire to it, and drag out his two lovely daughters, by the hair, for immediate destruction? Our hero cried to the chiefs—"They are my sisters and friends! O spare their lives, and I will give ten times the sum for their ransom, that their scalps would obtain from the French. I stake my own life on my engagement."

This lure to their avarice, as well as tendernefs, joined to the interposition of the sachem Tonondoric, Tim's adopted father, saved the lives of the young ladies, who were overcome with apprehension and horror. They recovered some degree of animation, when they heard the interposing voice of our hero, and were exhorted by him to summon up all their activity and fortitude, if they wished to preserve their lives. Having fully accom-
plished

plished their dreadful business, the savages retreated into the woods, loaded with spoils and scalps. They put the women, our adventurers, and some of their heavy plunder, on horses, and travelled all night with great precipitation. About noon the next day, they stopped for refreshment, and coming to forests and mountains, inaccessible by horses, they put them to death, and roasting the flesh made a hearty meal on it. Tickle and the other prisoners were now unloosed, and invited to partake in this savage repast; which he encouraged them to do, as most tending to conciliation.

Among the plunder were a few cags of rum, which the Indians prized more than any other article. Some of these were leaky, and Pondiac, one of the chiefs, was alarmed, lest the party might drink to excess, rather than lose the liquor. Sancho pleased them all, by offering to remedy it; which he did effectually, being an excellent cooper.

He

He also shewed his utility by dressing game which they had taken, in the English manner; and assisted our hero in making hand-barrows, for the carriage of their plunder. This alertness and good humour gave great satisfaction to the savages.

The fair captives strove as much as they were able, to sooth the chiefs: but their difficulties were now rapidly to increase. They were unable to sustain the fatigue of the march over pathless mountains, and through forests covered and entangled with underwood, briars, and thorns. After they had borne up with uncommon fortitude and exertion for many hours, Tim and Sancho could scarcely support them, and the savages held a council apart, whether they should not sacrifice them and Dr. Sourby immediately. But sovereign beauty had so much warmed the hearts of the two chiefs, Pondiac and Tonondoric, that they recommended mild treatment, and
flattered

flattered their followers with the hopes of large ransom. In order to prevent pursuit, and expedite their journey, they proposed that they should go to their canoes on Wood Creek, and thence transport their plunder and prisoners across Lake George, whence they might easily reach home. This plan was adopted, and the female prisoners were infinitely relieved, by a journey in the *Indian batteaus*, instead of a toilsome and rapid march.

We shall not dwell minutely on the dangers and difficulties they encountered in their progress to the country of the Iroquois, where these Indians inhabited, and were in the interest and pay of the Canadians. They were joined by some other parties, who had been scouting, and entered the Indian towns, shouting, and triumphantly displaying the bloody trophies of their success. The day after their arrival was dedicated to a public solemnity, to lament the death, and celebrate

brate the exploits, of such as had fallen in battle. Four prisoners, two Indians, and two whites, were sacrificed to the manes of the deceased heroes. All the inhabitants, particularly the relations of the deceased, vied with each other in inventing every species of torture. But we shall not harrow up the hearts of our readers with the recital. The two whites who were first immolated, were German Moravians. They met their fate with unshaken firmness, and sung hymns till their voices were lost in death. The savages seemed to defy the malice of their enemies, to glory in the severity of their tortures, and to be above the influence of pain. The first, who was a Mohawk warrior, called *Hendrick*, or the *Brave Beaver*, sung the following war-song at his death.

CHAP. IV.

THE HARDY SACHEM, OR SECOND
HENDRICK.

I.

SPIRITS of kindred heroes! O where'er
You soar triumphant, from the wrecks of time;
Whether you blaze within the solar sphere,
Or dwell in stars, that gem the blue sublime;
Behold with smiles a chief whose breast aspires,
By dauntless deeds in death, to emulate his fires.

II.

Warriors! these limbs of true heroic mould,
From pains or dangers never knew to shrink,
In torrid heats, or keen Canadian cold,
Or on the airy loose rock's dizzy brink.
Through terrors, toils, and death, my soul aspires
To hold its steady course, and emulate my fires.

III.

Who with more skill the bounding bark can guide
O'er the rough reefs, where whirling torrents sweep,
Or with the foaming cataract fearless glide,
Thund'ring amain from Niagara's steep?
Try all your tortures! for my breast aspires,
By dauntless deeds in death, to emulate my fires.

My

IV.

My *father Hendrick* was the *Mohawks'* pride;
His valour cost your mothers many a tear:
I saw him bravely fall in fight,—and cry'd,
“Warriors! behold another *Hendrick* here!”
Try all your tortures; for this breast aspires,
By dauntless deeds in death, to emulate my fires.

V.

I sent prince Pondiac to an early grave,
And scalp'd your brothers on th' ensanguin'd plain,
Prepar'd the fiercest tortures for the brave,
And prais'd their noble constancy in pain.
Exhaust your vengeance! for my soul aspires,
By dauntless deeds in death, to emulate my fires.

VI.

‘Tis done! my mangled sinews throb no more:
From yon bright cloud my *father* beckons me,
Invites my well-prov'd spirit to that shore,
Where heroes reign in bliss and liberty:
I come, blest shade! my glowing soul aspires,
By dauntless deeds in death, to emulate my fires.

While the brave sachem was singing
his own *funeral dirge*, the savages were
busy in tearing his flesh, breaking his
bones, and setting fire to the numerous
pine-knots which they had inserted, in
various

various parts of his body. He maintained his firmness, until he triumphantly expired in a full blaze, amid the universal applauses of the spectators of both sexes, who were highly gratified with this display of heroism. Miss Eliza, and Ann Jarvis, who were compelled to be present at this exhibition, were nearly fainting with horror, and Dr. Sourby lamented the cruel conduct of the savages, and the fate of so gallant a warrior, who had been, with his tribes, renowned in the British service.

Tonondoric and *Pondiac*, after this, distributed the plunder among their followers, and held a council with the other chiefs to decide the fate of the prisoners. Our hero, as being the adopted son of the sachem, was desired to attend. They met in an open field, and the old men and chiefs formed a circle, sitting down on the grass, while the Indians in general, in crowds, attentively surrounded the circle of legislators and warriors. Whatever,

ever, it seems, meets the concurrence of the majority of the orators and leaders, is generally adopted by the young men. Personal merit, joined to the hereditary fame of wise and heroic ancestors, confers the greatest influence and authority. When they had sitten some moments silent, *Tonondoric* introduced our hero as his son, saying, "Warriors! I had a son once: he was mighty in battle, and like sunshine in winter, to my aged breast; but now his bow hangs unstrung in my wigwam, and I hear his voice no more. I have chosen this youth to be my son; he fought like one of us, and has a heart firm as iron to his friend: he offered his breast to our weapons to rescue his follower, whose countenance is eclipsed like the moon. I pledge my life, that he will never betray our councils, nor fail us in the day of battle. Warriors, receive my son!" So saying, he embraced Tickle, and gave him a tomahawk. The surrounding chiefs saluted

puted him by the title of *young Tonondoric*. It was then proposed, and unanimously adopted, that he should, to cement a closer friendship, marry the princess *Ancuna*, only daughter of the *sachem Pondiac*. Our hero on this, rose gracefully; and as these Indians were well acquainted with English, addressed them: ‘*Father Tonondoric*, I thank you and these valiant chiefs for your goodness; I shall strive to be worthy of it. Whatever *knowledge* I have learnt from my countrymen shall be yours; I will take up the hatchet and smoke the pipe of peace with you; but one honour you intend me I must decline. I am already linked in the chains of love and unity at home: he who is not *true* to his *wife*, will not be true to his *friend and brothers*!’ The Indians replied, “that he could be true to his *wife at home*, when he was *there*, and to the lovely *Ancuna*, while he *staid with them*. Thus he would be like the moon that sheddeth her silver lustre on *trees and mountains*,

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mountains, as well as *cities*, and sees her fair face reflected from every river and stream, over which she passes : That a hero ought to honour every tribe and place where he resides, with a *progeny of heroes* like himself, as the stately horse confines not his breed to any village or district ; but generously extends his race through whatever climes or countries he visits."

Tim replied to them, that he meant no disparagement to their customs or opinion ; but in his country it was believed that they best pleased the *great spirit*, and were most happy, by having only *one wife* at a time. The chiefs shook their heads, and observed, " Brother, you have answered well ; though our religion may be best for us, yours also may be best for you. We will not quarrel with you about your religion ; keep *your own*, and let us have ours. The *great spirit* likes all that try to please him with an honest heart ; and we will not compel you to do

do what you think wrong. See the virgin, and, if you *love her, take her*. If not, the beautiful *Ancuna* can never want a *lover and a hero*." This subject being dismissed with great honour to our adventurer, Pondiac requested that Eliza should be given to him, and Ann to the warrior Onondago for wife. Some of the chiefs opposed this, saying, that all who were concerned in the capture, ought to have them in turns, and that they then should be put to death, to prevent dissension, and their scalps sold. Much contention now arose; but it was finished by Pondiac and Onondago agreeing to give up their share of the rum and other plunder, for the two maidens. This met with universal approbation. A chief called Macqueboo, now demanded that one at least, out of these captives, should be sacrificed to the memory of their brothers, who had died in battle. His attitude, with one arm, naked, and a great *bear-skin* hanging over his limbs,

and large feathers waving on his head, was as striking as his fierce countenance and language. " Three of my brother warriors bit the ground ; as they rolled their eyes in death, they smiled at the hope of vengeance on the heads of these prisoners. Their ghosts will snuff up the smoke of the roasted carcases of their enemies with triumph. Let *him* be the victim whose face nature has put in *darkness*. He wears patiently the chains of a *slave*, and therefore *deserves not to live*."

Tonondoric replied, " If we must have a victim, let it not be one whose heart is as red as ours, though his face be like the raven's. He is no slave, except to gratitude. My son preserved his life, and he follows him as his shade. Is he base, who serves his benefactor ? Is he a *slave*, who obeys the wisest leader ? Is he a coward, who fights under the bravest warrior ? Such is my son, and such his companion. Who knows better than this *raven chief*, as I will call him, to use the axe and the hammer,

hammer, the spade and the musquet? He is full of *life and knowledge*; he is like an industrious beaver; he is *useful*: let him live. But if you will kindle a fire, let it not be with the *apple-tree* that *bears fruits*; but the barren and dry hiccory, that only keeps the sun and nourishment from the corn. Let us sacrifice the pampered glutton, who burdens and impoverishes the earth—he who has no wind for the chase, no legs to pursue an enemy, and no heart or arms to subdue him—the stranger I mean, that resembles, with heavy paunch, the unwieldy moose labouring through the snow, or the greasy bear clambering up a smooth tree; he uses neither the hatchet, spade, nor musquet; and is no man, but a *squaw monster*, that lives by the hands and heads of other men.” On this Sancho was set free, and presented with arms, as the *raven chief*, and brother of young Tonondoric. Our hero spoke as warmly as he could for Dr. Sourby (who was here

intended); and the Indians assured him, that if he could discover any thing in which the prisoner could be *useful*, his life should be saved. Unfortunately, the Doctor's talents had been employed in the acquisition of languages, and metaphysical knowledge, which these people would deem entirely *useless* to them; as the French supplied them abundantly with missionaries, or *pawawers*, as they were termed. The questions which *Pondiac* put to him, were of this nature: "Can you build a wigwam? cultivate Indian corn? build a canoe, or row one? Can you make nets, lines, or hooks? can you strike fish with the harpoon? walk forty or fifty miles a day fasting? Can you overtake and kill a bear? or are you expert in shooting deer, or bringing the birds from the sky with the arrow or the ball?"

The poor Doctor answered these questions in the *negative*; on which *Pondiac* replied, "If you cannot then be *useful*
by

by your *life*, you may by your *death*.” We deliver our parents and friends from the load of life, with our own hands, when disease or old age renders them a pain to themselves and others; and you shall have the *honour of dying like a warrior*. To what purpose can you wish to live, when you can be *of no use to your friends, family, or country*? By shewing your magnanimity in death, you will do good by your example, and gain glory to yourself and your companions. At any rate, by dying, you will save yourself the disgrace of being dependent on others for support, and consuming the provision that might have fed *two serviceable men*. *You must die to-morrow—waste no words.*”

It is impossible to describe the Doctor's consternation at this tremendous sentence. He lost the command of his faculties, was unable to stand erect, and wept and prayed for mercy. The chiefs looked at him with contempt, and said,

“ You are unworthy to die by the hands of warriors.”

Tim told them, that they formed unjust opinions of his friend : that he had been educated in all the wisdom of books, and was very useful among the white people, as a teacher for youth : that he would himself give each chief a barrel of rum, to be paid in Canada, on his note, for the Doctor's ransom, and as many more for his own and the other prisoners ; but if they refused, he would share the fate of his friend, being determined not to survive him.

The Indians departed with this proposal, and Dr. Sourby, half frantic, hung round the neck of our hero, and said, “ My dear Tickle, do not leave me. Pardon the weakness of a man, who was not trained to struggle with misfortune. O that I had remained at Berkeley Hall in peace and plenty, among christians and people of humanity, instead of exposing

posing myself to these worse than devils !”

Tickle said it was too late now to repine ; that he ought to prepare to meet his fate with christian fortitude, as there was little hope of escape. On this the Doctor wept bitterly, protesting that *he was not afraid of death* ; but the *infernal tortures*, with which they prefaced it. “ O ! I can never sustain the trial.”

Tim, after some moments pause, said with a determined air, “ I have one last resort for you ; for us all ! I will try every thing practicable to save you, or rescue us from their hands. If we can neither be liberated nor escape, *Sancho shall do the last kind office for us all* ; and, by an *easy death*, deliver us from their wanton cruelty and tortures.”

Dr. Sourby started back with horror at the proposal. “ No, let us fly ; let us offer all our property ; any thing, rather than embrue our hands in each other’s blood.”

The two young ladies had heard all, as they were only separated by some boards, which Tim and Sancho had fixed up for decency. They rushed in wringing their hands at their cruel destiny, and were determined rather to die, than submit to the embraces of the savages. Tickle stated to them his proposal, at the last fatal crisis, and they applauded his resolution with great magnanimity. But *Sancho*, with tears in his eyes, declared he would die a thousand deaths, and fight a million of savages, rather than stain his hands with his master's blood. So saying, he rushed out of the *wigwam*. Our hero missing him for some time, quitted his fellow-prisoners with great anxiety, lest *Sancho's* zeal should lead him to some rash measures. As he examined through the different huts in vain, he at last came to the wigwam of *Pondiac*, and inquired whether his friend, the *raven chief*, had been there. A young maiden of the most beautiful form, with a skin of ermine belted

belted round her, a bow in her hand, and a quiver on her shoulder, buskins of red leather interlaced with beads, her right arm and breast naked, and her head crowned with a coronet of feathers, approached him, and said, "The young *Tonondoric*, by your air and language. I am *Ancuna*, whom you rejected for another. I upbraid you not; I thank the *great spirit*, that our fates are so much alike. Had I not long loved a warrior, gallant and generous as you, I might have envied the maiden whom you prefer; but *Hendrick*, the son of the warrior who died yesterday, is brave and faithful as young *Tonondoric*." Our hero assured this lovely maiden, that, had not his heart been shielded by honour, it could not have resisted her charms, or those eyes black and rolling as the roebuck's; but that his arm was at her service to aid the wishes of her breast, and that he would be true to her, as the warrior to his friend. She answered with an air of ineffable sweetness

and dignity, that she had heard of his gallantry, and was resolved to open the doors of her heart : that she had been for some years betrothed to *Hendrick, the young Mohawk chief* ; but his father and tribe having joined the British troops, were become *enemies to the Iroquois, her nation*, who were in the French interest ; that she would assist our hero to escape, if he would conduct her safely to her *Hendrick*, who now commanded the Mohawks, near Lake George.

Tim thought so favourable an opportunity should not be lost ; he swore fidelity to her by the *great spirit*, and that he would reward young *Hendrick* with most valuable presents. She gave him a string of wampum, and he begged her acceptance of a buckle to fix to her cestus, as a pledge and cement of mutual faith. He left the majestic *Ancuna*, and could not help admiring the purity of her sentiments, the gracefulness of her figure, the beauty of her waving locks of jet, her milk-

milk-white teeth, polished limbs, and the alertness and dignity of her motion. He searched in vain through the village for *Sancho*, and at last heard that he was seen going to the council of Indians held on the prisoners, about a mile distant, on the summit of a small hill. On approaching, he heard a great tumult, and was astonished to see *Sancho* in the midst of the circle of *warriors and orators*, haranguing them with great earnestness, and attended to by the surrounding crowds with the most submissive respect and eager admiration. But we shall reserve this specimen of eloquence to our next Chapter.

CHAP. V.

A TALK FROM THE RAVEN CHIEF.

SANCHO, on hearing his master's purpose, "that, in the last resort, he should be the *executioner* of them all,"

formed his resolution, and rushed out without consulting any one, directing his course to the spot where the Indian council was assembled, to determine Dr. Sourby's fate. He proceeded with great firmness to the circle, telling *Tonondoric* he wished to speak. The sachem placed him in the centre, cying, "*A talk from the raven chief.*" On which the Indians all exclaimed, "Hear the raven chief! hear the raven chief!" Sancho leaned on the muzzle of his musquet, which he grounded with his left hand, and then began: "I have only few words to say, brothers; I never studied *head-work*, like the whites; but *hand work*, like you. My brother, young *Tonondoric*, offers you great ransom for his friend's life. *He will* pay it; he has a father at home, who loves him like the rising sun or the opening flower; he has much gold, and will give it to the warriors for us; but if the spirits of your dead brothers call for a victim, behold him here. I am young
and

and brave: I will meet death like you; but the poor *old white friend* of ours *has lived softly*, always like a *woman*; he is good for *head-work*, but cannot be an acceptable offering to heroes. They triumph not in the slaughter of a lamb or a goat, but in the death of the tiger, the bear, or the lion. Look at these scars (shewing his face and breast), and let *me* be the victim to your departed warriors. I killed them; *he* kills nothing but *mosquitoes or butterflies*."

This harangue, and the noble proposal, so pleased the chiefs, that they embraced Sancho, exclaiming, "Young Tonondoric himself is not more a hero than his brother the *raven*! No, we will not shed such gallant blood; and, what is more, we will spare for your sake and *Tonondoric's* the *black blood* of your ignoble friend; you shall not exceed us in magnanimity."

Our hero was by this time arrived, and was admitted into the circle, amidst their acclamations. He heard the intelligence
with

with rapture. Tonondoric informed him, that they would not *hurt his friend*, but that he must submit to what the spectators all deemed an act of justice, and a proper tribute of glory to the *raven chief*, whom also they had adopted as a *brother*. A party of them accordingly flew like lightning to the village, and conducted Dr. Sourby, more dead than alive, into the circle, amidst the hisses of both sexes. Others kindled a fire, and placed two pots on it. The wretched Doctor thinking his fate was near, fell on his knees, begging mercy; and seeing our hero, rushed to him, and threw his arms about his neck, crying, "My dear Tickle, save me, save me!" Tim assured him that no injury should be done him, that his life was ceded; but that he must submit to the ceremonies and whims of the multitude with patience. They painted our hero's and Sancho's faces and arms with a copper colour like their own, and Dr. Sourby's with *pitch, soot, and oil*; they then

then took off his *wig*, and put it on Sancho, and presenting him and our hero with *bows and arrows*, and fixing on their heads plumes of feathers, embraced them, and joining their hands, said, "Brave *Tonondoric* and *raven chief*, live like *brothers*, and fight for us." Then turning to the affrighted philosopher, they exclaimed, "This is *Musquash*, the servant of the *raven chief*; to kindle his fires, grind his corn with a stone, light his pipe, and clean his wigwam." The *calumet* of peace was then smoked round the circle, and our adventurers conveyed back by the cavalcade to the village. They gave the Doctor a *black cap of bear-skin* instead of his *wig*, which they insisted on Sancho's wearing, as a mark of superiority. The mortified Sourby submitted with great alacrity to their humours, as he found his life was now out of danger, and that he owed it to the gallantry of the *raven chief*. Sancho however permitted him to do as few menial offices as possible,

possible, and softened his disgrace by the humility of his own carriage. Our hero felt most for the situation of the two young ladies, with no change of raiment, no bed but bear-skins, no habitation but a wigwam, covered with filth, and the corrupted remains of fish and flesh, and exposed to the insults, and even brutal violence, of their masters.



CHAP. VI.

GENEROSITY AND FLIGHT OF THE LOVELY ANCUNA.

THE next day presented them with spectacles of the most disgusting and alarming nature. As the rum and other plunder had been distributed, the whole village was a scene of intoxication and riot. Numbers lay dead drunk, around the casks of liquor; others were seen staggering and vociferating in the fields;

fields ; the women raving, shrieking, and committing more shocking excesses than the men. In some of the wigwags they had tomahawked one another, and shouts of defiance and revenge resounded. Our adventurers were shocked with these brutal scenes, and every moment expected an assault from the mad bacchanalians. Tickle and Sancho were determined to defend the house to the last extremity, and to take advantage of the approaching night, to attempt an escape with their party. *Tonondoric* himself dreaded the effects of their excess, and agreed, if he could not restore the Indians to good order and tranquillity, to accompany his son's flight. The young ladies shrunk with apprehension at every alarm, expecting the fatal summons of the chiefs to consummate their destined nuptials. Every measure for defence and flight was vigilantly pursued. In the mean while, as the riot and massacre continued in the village, *Tonondoric* went

went from house to house, from group to group, threatening, reasoning, exhorting them, "Countrymen and brothers! what madness has seized you, to embroil your hands in each other's blood? The most destructive enemy is admitted among us; it confounds the understanding, disfigures the fancy, and washes away the memory of the orator and sage. It unbraces the arm of the warrior, chains his legs to the ground, and causes his limbs to totter and tremble. It makes men talk foolishly like women, and our squaws to act with the indecency and wantonness of men. It sours the good-natured heart, turns the sword of the warrior against his brother, dims the brightest eye, and makes the steadiest head turn round like a whirlpool. 'Tis *rum*, that destructive poison, which is more fatal to us, and has sent more warriors ignobly to their graves, than all the muskets of our enemies."

Tonon-

Tonondoric's exhortations had no effect, as the men and women were too infuriated by liquor, to be influenced by reason. *Pondiac*, and many of the other chiefs, were in the most dangerous state of intoxication. A dreadful quarrel arose among them, concerning the female prisoners. Some of the young men upbraided them for stooping, at their age, to the yoke of beauty, and alleged, that the captives ought to be assigned to each in turn, and then sacrificed to prevent contention. *Pondiac* insisted that one of them was his wife, and that he would not resign his pretensions but with life. The warrior *Onondago* declared the same resolution. Heated with liquor, one of the other chiefs ridiculed their weakness with so much acrimony, that they tomahawked him on the spot, and afterwards two of his friends. This roused the spirit of discord and revenge, and the *savage squaws* howled through the village like fiends, insisting that the whites should be exter-

exterminated, as the firebrands which had destroyed their brothers and sons. The uproar became so serious, that Tonondoric came to our adventurers, and recommended that they should quit the place without delay. Our hero assured him, that he would pay a ransom, and secure the sachem's kind reception and safe return, if he would accompany them to an English settlement. While they were in this discussion, a person entered precipitately, wrapped up in a skin from observation. It was the lovely *Ancuna*. "Haste, fly this moment," she said, "if you value life and honour. My father and Onondago, mad with intoxication and the sarcasms of the opposing chiefs, are coming to commit violence on these maidens, and to deliver them afterwards to the other chiefs, for rape and slaughter. They are too much loaded with liquor to pursue, and all the chiefs are unnerved by the same enemy. Fly then, and I will accompany you, and share your perils.

perils. Tonondoric will be our guide and defence. He will restore peace in our tribe, and save your lives, by conducting you to your own homes."

So saying, she, with great promptness and affability, seized the hands of the trembling young ladies, and led them forth, followed by the rest of our adventurers. The night was of pitchy darkness. They saw the fires, and heard the howlings and screams of the drunken and quarrelsome savages: but they escaped into the neighbouring woods, without opposition or even notice. The fatigues and difficulties which they underwent in their flight, were almost incredible, as they found it prudent to direct their course through the most inaccessible forests, full of underwood, and the obstructing branches and roots of trees, sometimes over sharp and craggy rocks, and at other times more than knee deep, through swamps and rivulets. The sense of their danger, and high spirits, could
not

not have sustained the two young ladies, had they not been exhilarated by the blandishments and example of the generous Ancuna, and the encouragement and aid of our hero, Sancho, and Tonondoric; for Dr. Sourby often needed, himself, a helping hand. The chief led them towards the banks of Lake Ontario, that, by getting in a batteau, they might better elude detection, and the fatigues of flight. At daybreak they were in view of it, and went along the shore in search of a boat. But here an almost insurmountable difficulty assailed them. The rain fell impetuously, and soon occasioned such freshes, that the neck of land on which they had marched, was converted into an island, and unless they could immediately ford or swim across the inundation, they were in danger of being drowned or famished. Tonondoric first plunged in, and tried to pass, but found the stream beyond his depth. No time was to be lost: he offered his arm to Ancuna,

cuna, and our hero and Sancho bore the trembling young ladies on their backs, and when they found the water not fordable, swam with great agility to the opposite shore. Poor Dr. Sourby being unable to swim, was left behind; and Tonondoric, seeing the inundation becoming more and more dangerous, urged very strongly, that they should abandon him to his fate, as his infirmities might involve them all in ruin. The wretched philosopher stood with his arms extended, imploring aid, and our hero deliberated not a moment, but swam back to him, and bore him into the middle of the stream, which was now so rapid, that they were carried almost a mile, struggling in the torrent, and must both have perished, had not Sancho and Tonondoric given them every assistance. When the Doctor was drawn up on dry land, he thanked our hero with floods of tears for his rescue, and lamented that his miserable philosophy should

should have plunged him and his friends into such a labyrinth of misfortunes.

They now held a council, and found the young ladies so much overcome by fatigue, and the wetness of their clothes, that it was necessary to get to some habitation for rest and refreshment. Tonondoric was obliged to comply, though he saw the danger. It was agreed, that, as our hero understood French, he should pass for one of that nation, with his servant and family, as the Iroquois were their allies. They accordingly entered a village, and were hospitably received at some of the principal wigwams: but the want of conveniences, and the filth, darkness, and smoke, of the best of their huts, were highly distressing to our female travellers. These habitations were so low, that a person could scarcely stand erect in the middle, where the fire was made on the ground, and the smoke passed as well as the wind, rain, and snow, through

through holes in the roof, of branches, leaves, and mud. Their beds were blankets or bear-skins; and every part was covered with the half-eaten bones and fragments of fish, birds, and beasts; which caused a very unpleasant entertainment to the nose, and rendered the air almost intolerable to any but savages. The gentle Ancuna made, with great dexterity, a separate apartment for the females, by hanging up some skins, and supplied them with roast pigeons, which she had shot in their course, and Indian corn, with which the village abounded. They then retired to rest, while their clothes were dried by the fire. After some repose, our hero and Tonondoric went to some of the chiefs of the village, and told them, that they were bound from Ticonderoga to Crown-point, a French fort, but were run ashore, and had lost their canoe. They bargained for one to proceed across the lake, and were lucky enough to procure a batteau, with two

Indians to accompany them. While they were preparing her and the necessary provisions, our hero, with Tonondoric and Sancho, in their Indian dresses, to conciliate esteem, attended at a grand civil exhibition of the savages; of which we shall give a sketch in our next Chapter.



CHAP. VII.

INDIAN EULOGIUMS AND CEREMONIES OF COMMEMORATION.

IT is a custom among these people, at certain intervals, to dig up the carcases or skeletons of their deceased friends and relatives, and convey them to a field, where they are solemnly consumed to ashes. On this occasion, the orators, poets, or relations of the dead, speak or sing eulogiums on them, as they may merit, and relate the distinguishing actions, exploits, or misfortunes, of their lives; and the surrounding spectators applaud and

and lament as they are interested and affected.

A very solemn silence was observed, except the melancholy sound of their hollow bonjoo or drum, in this singular procession, each bearing on his shoulders, or in his arms, the anatomy, or mouldering remains of his son, his brother, sister, parent, or friend. They entered the great circle of the warriors, and deposited their sacred burdens in order, before them, around the fire. The ceremony of commemoration and eulogy then began.

A venerable old chief held before him the skeleton of his son Atonilco; and after embracing it affectionately, and wiping the big round drops that coursed down the furrows of his cheeks, he waved his hand majestically to the circle, and from a small mound which he had ascended, sung to the silent crowds (as nearly as Tonondoric could interpret it to our hero), the following dirge:

*ATONILCO; OR, THE WARRIOR SELF-DEVOTED
FOR HIS COUNTRY.*

AS the rich perfume of the amber
Diffuses its sweets for ages,
'Though the branches may long have fallen,
And the tree itself be extinct:
So the warrior's deeds delight,
When his fires are quench'd by death,
When his body is moulder'd in the grave.—
How shall I sing of Atonilco?
How praise him as I ought?
He was the son of my bosom;
And his honours are my own.
He was the staff of my age,
The last spark of the lamp of my life.—
He is quench'd!——But his glories live!
For his wounds were all in his forehead,
And he died for his country and friends!
This hoary head is illustrious by his death;
Like a fleecy cloud in the west,
Resplendent with the setting sun!
O Atonilco! my son! thou art not dead—
Thou still livest in the breasts of thy countrymen!
Norisko the tyrant expell'd him from home;
From the joys of his wigwam and country.
The Hurons courted his friendship;
They knew that his arrows were unerring.
They tempted him with the prize of beauty,
With

With the smiles and love of Nerona;
With the daughter of their valiant sachem;
With a share of his greatness and power;
If he would lift his tomahawk against Norisko,
And the friends and companions of his youth.

Atonilco led to the forest
The most chosen chiefs of the Hurons.
He knew where Norisko was hid,
Where he lay in ambush with our warriors;
He seduc'd the foe into the snare,
And deliver'd them up to our hatchets.
He knew that our arrows were blind,
That he would die by the arms of his country:
Yet he bought for Norisko *fame*,
And victory for us, by his *death*.

O Atonilco! my son! thou did'st not die in the
battle.

'Thou yet livest in the hearts of thy countrymen.

Thy spirit dwelleth with heroes!
In the islands among immortal hunters,
Whose arrows never miss their prey,
Who are never wearied in the chase.
I shall soon follow thee, my son!
My soul is already with thine!
Some friendly hand will end my cares,
Will hide my infirmities in the grave.
"I am now useless. Let me not burden the earth.

Let me go to my son, and blend our glories together.
O Atonilco ! my son ! thou still livest in the hearts of
thy countrymen."

The hoary chief here finished, and conveyed the skeleton to the flames, amid the shouts of the crowded circle, rending the air with the cry of—"Atonilco lives in the breasts of his countrymen."

A chief next mounted the hillock, with his *friend's body* on his shoulders, and placing him on the chair, or stone pulpit, erected for the purpose, pronounced the following eulogium :

CONDUSCO, THE SELF-CONQUEROR.

WHO has not heard of Condusco,
Renown'd in the council and field ?
From his lips flow'd the wisdom of ages ;
And his arm hurl'd lightning on the foe.
He was like the pale star of the north,
In the hour of danger and death.
His words, to the heart of rage,
Were sun-beams melting the ice.

He sav'd many in battle by conquering the foe :
But his country by conquering himself.

Young

Young warriors! learn from Condusco
To vanquish your pride and revenge :
To mingle your blood for your country,
As rivulets blend in the river.

Timauric, the valiant chieftain,
Had slain Condusco's brother :
In the hour of *peace* he slew him,
And under the *hospitable* roof ;
When their hearts were *drunk* with poison,
And their arrows blinded with rage.
Condusco pursued *Timauric*,
'To avenge his brother's blood.

But the Hurons invaded their country,
And they fought hand in hand like friends.
Timauric led his tribe to the field,
And swept off our foes like a torrent.

When the storm of war was long pass'd,
They met one night by the forest.
Like two tigers over their prey,
Their eyes flash'd rage and defiance.
" You kill'd my brother in peace !
And I must avenge his blood."

" I kill'd your brother in wrath !
But look at these scalps and scars ;
They were *earn'd in our country's cause* !
I bow my head to your hatchet.
Spare not : but strike like a man."

The heart of Condufco was soften'd—
He embrac'd the bending warrior :
“Timauric! you kill'd my brother :
But your valour sav'd our country.
I will bury the vengeful hatchet,
And smoke with you the pipe of peace.
The warrior who saves his country,
Is dearer to me than a brother.”

Young warriors! learn from Condufco,
To conquer your pride and revenge :
To mingle your blood for your country,
As rivulets blend in the river.

The young warriors heard him with
silent respect, and followed the corpse of
Condufco to the funeral fire, where it
was reduced to ashes, amid the profound
reverence of the admiring assembly.

Four *female* Indians now appeared,
bearing up the skeleton of a woman on a
barrow, and placing it on the mound,
one of them sung, and the others joined
in chorus :

THE UNFORTUNATE TACOMA.

LAMENT the fate of beauty,
—For *this* was once *Tacoma*!

Where

Where now are her feet like the fawn's,
As smooth and swift as his?
Where is her eye's mild lustre
Like sun-beams through the cypress?

All! all extinguish'd by death,
Like a taper's flame by the wind.

Yet she was the darling of her tribe;
—Whom the young beheld with a sigh,
And the old with tender remembrance
Of their season of pleasure and love.

Onootka was the youth of her choice,
And her eyes reflected his.
His father was valiant *Orondo*,
Who led the *Oneidoes* to glory.

Ah gloomy and luckless was the morn,
When *Onootka* conducted his father
To the wigwam of his long-lov'd *Tacoma*;
To see if the maid was discreet,
And form'd for a mother of heroes.

She viewed them with joy at a distance,
And flew on the wings of love,
To meet the father of *Onootka*,
To embrace the feet of the mighty *Orondo*:
The plumage wav'd on her head,
Her quiver rattled on her shoulder,
And the snow was unpres'd by her feet!

Unhappy Tacoma !

Fatal to thee, was thy wish to please !
Thy ebon locks wantoning in the wind,
That day more glossy and shining,
Diffusing more fragrant odours !
Fatal the rosier hue of thy cheeks,
And the blacker fringe of thine eyes,
The smiles that play'd round thy mouth,
And the milder lustre of thy glances !

Virgins ! lament Tacoma ;

For the father rival'd the son :—

The heart of the fierce Orondo was inflam'd,
As the fire rushes amid the dry stubble.

The mighty warrior could not dissemble.

“ I love Tacoma,” he said, “ and she *must* be
mine.”

Onootka beat his breast in grief—

He sued and threaten'd in vain.

Orondo was like a black rock

Which surges idly assail.

But what was the virgin's horror,

When she heard him speak of love !

Her heart recoil'd like the pilgrim,

When the rattlesnake twines at his feet.

“ Forbear, mighty warrior ; forbear :

Tacoma already is *thine*.

Thy age shall be cheer'd by thy daughter,

For Onootka and I are one.”

Orondo

Orondo was unknown to yield—

“Thou art dearer,” he cried, “than a
daughter,
And thy children shall be mine.”

Thy charms shall *ransom* Onootka :
He dies unless thou art mine ;
He shall die by the hand of a father,
Unless he obeys *as a son*.”

He lifted his hatchet to kill :
Death lur'd in his vengeful eyes.
Tacoma embrac'd his feet,
She bath'd them with her tears,
And thrice she look'd on Onootka,
To read her fate in his eyes.

Virgins ! lament Tacoma —
With her charms she ransom'd her lover.

Onootka fled from the wigwam ;
He hid his head in the woods ;
He herded with forest beasts,
Less savage than his father.
Tacoma was six moons a bride,
And her charms were faded with grief,
Like the *red bird*, whose plumage is moulten,
Who refuses to sing when a *slave*.
“O had I sprung up in a desert,
Like some flower in the nook of a rock,

Which gives its perfumes to the gale,
 Uncropt by the wandering herds,
 Unseen and unrifled by men!"

The love of Orondo wax'd cold,
 And he mourn'd for the flight of his son:
 "Thy beauties unmann'd my soul,
 They have clouded the glories of Orondo,
 The eagle has borne the young adder,
 To wanton and coil in his nest.—
 I have lost my evening star,
 The *shield* of my age is gone;
 I see not the rising sun,
 Nor opening flower, with joy."

Virgins! lament Tacoma;
 For she lost the love of Orondo.

She fled to the shades from the sun,
 From the fierce eyes of Orondo,
 To enjoy her tears unseen,
 And her sorrows unrestrain'd.

Onotka's face burst on her,
 Like the moon through a murky cloud.
 He had heard her sigh out his name,
 And whisper their hapless loves,
 Indulging the tender thought,
 And soothing her soul with sorrows.
 He clasp'd her to his glowing breast,
 She sank with giddy joy on his bosom.

But

But she check'd his growing ardour.
 With a matron's voice she spoke :
 " Remember, *I am your mother,*
 You are a *warrior's son.*"

Virgins! lament Tacoma ;
 For her lover was her son !

His words were choak'd by sorrow ;
 But they rush'd at last like a torrent.
 " Curs'd be the day of my birth,
 And the stock from which I sprung !
 Curs'd be the hour he saw your charms,
 When they poison'd the heart of my father,
 When you sav'd these limbs from the grave,
 And gave the life of my soul to Orondo !
 But thou *art not his* Tacoma ;
 Thy heart was *pledg'd to mine.*
 Onootka's *arms* shall keep
 What *strength* alone acquir'd.
 When Orondo became my father,
 Was he freed from the duties of man ?"

Ye virgins ! lament Tacoma ;
 For the *son* was the rival of his *father.*

She read despair in his eye,
 The wish of his throbbing heart ;
 She sprung from his *wanton embrace,*
 And fled from his *tainted sighs :*
 He pursued her trembling through the woods,
 And

And panted behind her flowing hair.
“ O spare the wretched Tacoma ;
From guilt and horror spare her !
Revere your father's bed,
The fame of your lov'd Tacoma,
Who bought your life with hers,
Your life by the death of her peace !”

She found no safety in flight,
No pity from woful tears ;
She drew a reluctant arrow,
And pierc'd Onootka's heart,
As it glow'd with lawless fires,
As it throb'd to seize its prey,
And melted with fancied blifs.
“ Do I fall by the hand of Tacoma !
By the virgin who sav'd my life !
Let me kiss the arrow of death,
Impell'd by the angel of mercy.
O Tacoma! more lovely, more kind than
before !
Once thou savedst the life of Onootka,
But now his *honour and thy own.*”

Ye virgins ! applaud Tacoma—
She sav'd her lover's honour and her own.

The female savages joined in this
chorus, which, with the mournful sound
of

of the bonjoo, the rattling of their chains and ornaments of brass, and the clashing of their arms, had a very plaintive and sublime effect. Tacoma's remains were committed to the flames, during this chorus of applause. Many other dirges and harangues of a similar nature followed; and after all the bodies and skeletons were consumed, the consecrated ground was covered over with stones brought by the relatives and friends of the deceased. Inscriptions were made on the neighbouring trees and rocks in hieroglyphic characters, descriptive of the persons, and their exploits, who had been from time to time reduced to ashes, on this theatre of national commemoration and eulogy.

CHAP. VIII.

APPREHENSION AND IMMINENT
DANGER OF THE FUGITIVES.

ON the return of our hero to their wigwam, they found their fellow-passengers sufficiently recovered to pursue their journey. As delay was highly dangerous, they immediately embarked on the lake. Here Tim's knowledge of the French was highly useful, as they frequently met batteaux which hailed them, belonging to Indians in the interest of that nation, who were proceeding to join the Canadians in an attack on one of the British forts. As they were compelled to prefer the most unfrequented parts of the lake and coasts, they met much difficulty from encountering reefs and shoals, and intricate detours and windings along the banks and bays. At night they drew the boat ashore, and made up a slight hut and apartment for the

the female passengers. Our hero, who was an excellent marksman, had the good fortune to kill a buck, which furnished them with a very seasonable and grateful stock of fresh provisions, which Sancho dressed up very neatly for supper. They extinguished their fire as speedily as possible, through fear of discovery, and then went to repose, wrapped up in their bear-skins and blankets, under their hut of branches, with the boat for a shelter, in case of heavy rains.

In a few days they had reached a part of the lake, from which they could travel with the most safety and expedition to some of the English settlements. They dismissed their boat, and began their march at night, to prevent detection from the numerous parties of Indians who scouted through the country. In their journey, as they marched on the side of a hill, they on a sudden perceived the atmosphere highly illuminated, and in a short time could distinguish a house and
barn

barn in flames, and hear the yells of the savages from the opposite part of the valley. *Tonondoric* conjectured these Indians were in the British service, as the settlers in this neighbourhood were French, under the protection of Crown-point and Ticonderoga, and thought it would be fortunate if our adventurers could fall in with the party. While they were hesitating what course to pursue, they heard the fire of musquets from different quarters of the woods, and by the light of many houses now on fire, could distinguish groups of people running to and fro, as if in action.

The cries and yells approached nearer and nearer, and a party of whites and Indians soon broke into the recess where our travellers were concealed. They surrounded our adventurers, waving their tomahawks, and with rage and desperation in their faces and gestures, demanded who they were? Tickle answered, on perceiving they were *French* settlers,

settlers, in that language, "that they were friends, and wished for protection." Tonondoric also accosted the Indians in the language of the Iroquois, and was informed by them, that a scouting-party of the English and Mohawks were in the country committing great depredations, and that they were retreating, till they could collect a stronger force to oppose them. The Indians undertook to escort them to the nearest block-house, where they might remain in safety, until they could return to their habitations.

They could not by any evasion avoid the embarrassment of this friendly proposal, without suspicion. They were hurried on with great precipitation, and in a few hours arrived at a large block-house, inclosed with strong palisadoes. Here they met with a very hospitable reception. The garrison were in constant expectation of a reinforcement of Canadians and Indians, from Crown-point, to repel the Mohawk invaders. Our adventurers were
under

under the greatest apprehension of detection, from most of their party being ignorant of French; and Tickle was almost resolved to surrender to the Canadians at the nearest fort: only he dreaded their resentment against *Tonondoric* and *Ancuna*; whom he was resolved to make common cause with; but their hard fate prevented him from having recourse to so painful a measure. They had remained nearly a day in this block-house, expecting to be escorted further, when there was a cry given, "A reinforcement! a reinforcement!" and they soon saw a large party of Indians and Canadians advancing through the trees, with the French colours displayed.

Our travellers kept as much as they could in the apartments assigned them, to escape detection; but after some time, were told, that they had now an opportunity of an escort. On coming forth, what was their horror to behold *Pondiac* and other *Iroquois* chiefs, who had set off
in

in pursuit of them, and had joined this scouting-party ! They gave a horrid yell on seeing *Tonondoric* and *Ancuna*, and bellowed out, " Traitors, spies ! Revenge ! revenge ! *Great spirit*, we thank thee for throwing these *white ingrates* into our hands." They then related to the audience, that our adventurers had thrown their village into confusion, caused the death of many warriors, and seduced *Tonondoric*, and *Ancuna*, *Pondiac's* daughter, to run off and join the English. They fully substantiated these charges, which were confirmed by the total ignorance of the party (excepting our hero) of the French, though they had pretended to be of that nation. It was therefore agreed, that they should all be sacrificed, unless *Pondiac* chose to extend mercy to his daughter ; but the ferocious chief dragged her furiously by the hair, and would have tomahawked her himself, if the Indians had not wished to reserve her for another punishment. It was agreed

agreed that they should be all shot with arrows, for the improvement and amusement of the young warriors, and the scalps given to those who should first hit the object in the breast. The arms of the miserable prisoners were immediately pinned, and the distance marked out for the execution. Tickle exhorted them to meet death with fortitude, as now inevitable; and after pouring forth a fervent prayer to heaven for Dr. Homily, his friends and country, he offered himself to the Indians, as the *first victim*. This gallant offer was accepted with applauses; and he was conducted, as well as the other wretches, to a platform beyond the palisadoes, where he was stripped to the waist and fastened to a tree. The Canadians proposed to tie a handkerchief over his eyes; but he said it was needless. *Sancho*, as the young warriors were preparing to shoot, entreated, as a last favour, to have the liberty of embracing his friend and master. This the French
gene-

generously admitted, and the poor fellow clung round our hero, and lamented his fate, and the sorrows of his old master, so pathetically, that every heart was affected. When they tried to disengage him, he refused to submit, insisting that he would die with his dear young master, or they might cut him into atoms, before he would be severed.

The Indians were so much struck and amazed with this instance of friendship, that some proposed that they should be shot at together, and others would have prevailed for their lives had not *Pondiac* opposed it. But this delay, and the very design of executing them, were providentially the means of their deliverance; for at this crisis a considerable scouting-party of the *English* and *Mohawks*, against whom they might have maintained a siege, rushed on them, as they were beyond the palisadoes, and spread havoc and dismay through the astonished garrison. Dreadful indeed was the scene; they

they shot or tomahawked without mercy, and plundered and set fire to the block-house; the Mohawk warriors drowning the cries of the wounded and dying with their tremendous warwhoops, and covering their belts with reeking scalps. Their chief, with ferocious air brandishing his hatchet, approached at last the scaffold where our victims were expecting death. He cast his eyes on Ancuna, and she cried, "It is! it is my *Hendrick*, my warrior! our deliverer!" At the well-known voice he recoiled. His eyes met hers, and shot a ray of tenderness through their fires, like the lion when he sees his keeper. "Pulse of my beating heart! my Ancuna! is it you? you shall live for your Hendrick. You shall live, and all your friends!" So saying, he unloosed her limbs in a moment, and she flew to set Tonondoric and our adventurers free, and to recall to life the almost expiring young ladies. They were scarcely at liberty, when some voices were heard, crying,

"Where

“Where are they? O joy inexpressible! It must be they!” And two white men immediately rushed through the crowd, and fell on the necks of the weeping pair, exclaiming, “Dear Eliza, it is your D’Olier!—Daughters, it is your long afflicted father!” Dr. Sourby, Sancho, and our hero, participated in the common exultation. They were set at liberty, and recognized in their deliverers, captain Jarvis and Mr. D’Olier, who had headed a party of rangers and Mohawks under the young warrior *Hendrick*, and scoured the woods many weeks, to discover and rescue our adventurers. The transports of *Ancuna* and *Hendrick* were excessive; but *Tonondoric* looked collected and reserved, as if uncertain of his fate, and too proud to sue. Our hero recommended him to the favour of the party, as their guide and deliverer. No time was now to be lost; and captain Jarvis pushed forwards to the British frontiers, with all the speed possible. They soon reached a

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village, where they seized some horses, and, after a rapid march, the party arrived at New Hampshire, to their inexpressible joy and satisfaction.



CHAP. IX.

ORIGINAL LETTERS FROM DR. HOMILY
AND BARBARA FORESTER.

OUR hero was much pleased, on their arrival at captain Jarvis's habitation (which, with many other of the buildings in the village, had been by this time repaired from the depredations of the Indians), to find a letter from Dr. Homily, though of an old date.

"DEAR TIM,

Berkeley Hall.

"I HAVE been made happy by hearing at last from you, and that you are determined to return immediately to this place. Had not the sufferings of Dr. Sourby, and the disappointment of his

his romantic projects of finding true happiness in a state of nature, claimed my pity, I should have reprehended him very severely for feeding, instead of checking, the enthusiasm of a youthful mind, and encouraging those extravagant measures which melancholy and despair had dictated. Were you to renounce all the advantages of your past and future education, and the duties you owed to your friends, your country, and mankind, merely because a mistress was capricious, or borne away by the entreaties, threats, or prejudices, of her family? You fled the most certain remedy—business, diversion, and society. But I hope time has done more for you than any other physician; and that you will learn, for the future, never to confine the resources of your happiness to one channel, and that an uncertain one; but to place it chiefly on an *active discharge of your duty in every situation*, and on the approbation of your own mind, and consequently that of good

men ; or, what is better and unfailing, of an omniscient Judge, Protector, and Friend. And I cannot here, my dear boy, but congratulate you on the character I have heard of you from every quarter, since your departure. I highly applaud your magnanimity and presence of mind in dangers and difficulties during your abode at *Independent Hall*, and the tenderness and humanity you manifested to the Doctor during those afflictions, which I cannot but say his own *levelling principles* and *impracticable systems* have drawn on him. It is right, not only to avoid the rock on which a companion has struck, but to assist him to escape from it, and to repair the damage he has sustained. I shall wait impatiently for your arrival at Berkeley Hall ; and shall not reproach you or him for those peccadilloes, which have brought their own punishment, and, I hope, their own cure with them.

“ It

“ It was with great reluctance that I prevailed on myself to go on your errand to *Cranberry Hall*. To speak to Letitia *privately*, on the subject of your passion, I felt to be unbecoming, while her parents disapproved of it; and to hold an open discourse on the subject, could answer only a purpose opposite to your wishes and her tranquillity. I determined at last to visit the family, and leave it to chance to discover the cause of Letitia's displeasure. The cold civility with which I was received by her parents disgusted me much; and I was pained to find an unusual reserve in her manner to me, which I had not expected. She said very little to me at table; and retired from it as hastily as possible. As she had always been as dear to me as a daughter, I was exceedingly hurt; and took an opportunity, before I left the house, to step into her music-room while she was at the harpsichord. I laboured to turn the subject on our former intimacy;

F 3

timacy ; but she, with great art and resolution, waved it ; and I at last got my hat, and asked if she had any commands for Miss Lumeire: she thanked me, and said, ‘ She had written lately to that lady.’ I then took her by the hand, and said, ‘ Dear Letty, pardon my usual frankness ; but I am much hurt at your pointed coldness and reserve. In what—’ —‘ I am sorry,’ said she, faltering: ‘ no person respects you more, or will remember with more gratitude—’ —‘ Talk not of *gratitude*, my dear Letty, I mean not to press a suit which you are forbid to hear ; but the tenderness of a parent may plead for an unfortunate son, who—’ —‘ Dear Dr. Homily,’ said she, much embarrassed, ‘ do not wound my peace by a subject which I cannot listen to. It has already cost me too much : I must hear no more. I respect you, but—’ —‘ My grandson wishes not,’ said I ; ‘ he aspires not to your alliance ; but he only reasonably requests to know the *cause* of your *displeasure* ;

sure; of his loss of your friendship.'—
'My dear benefactor,' said she, recovering herself, and with a degree of disdain, 'do not be uneasy in that respect; Mr. Tickle can easily inform you if he chuses. He has certainly a right to direct his own conduct: I am not interested in it in the least; but there is a lady in your neighbourhood, Miss Moody, who can unravel whatever is mysterious in this business, much better than I. You will find, my dear Sir, that you need not be uneasy on the score of my displeasure at Mr. Tickle.'

"The entrance of her mother prevented any further eclaireissement, and I returned to Berkeley Hall little pleased with myself, the family, or her; as I thought I discerned, for the first time in her, some symptoms of the unfeeling and haughty temper of her house. I have been confirmed in my opinion by Miss Moody, whom I immediately visited. She said, the cause of Letitia's new conduct was, that she was educated in the

presbyterian and republican principles by Mr. Mawworm, and held my Jacobitical and *high-church doctrines* in the utmost abhorrence. Miss Moody added, that she had heard Letitia often *ridicule them*, as well as the pretensions of a person of your *suspicious birth and vagrant family*.

“ So now, my boy, the riddle is disclosed ; and, I doubt not, you will condemn the whole mess of them, with as much spirit as your grandfather. I would have seen them all at Jericho, before I would have bowed an inch to their pride, had I known what was at the bottom. Nothing can be more fortunate than this discovery : for I know not a greater source of discord in families, than difference in religious and civil views. It soon must beget hate. I am sure I could never esteem a woman that held our excellent church in contempt. What opinion could I have of the head of a person, who could see no beauty in our divine liturgy, or be offended at the use of an organ ? Could I expect much
love

love of subordination in one who would disapprove of the apostolical orders of bishops, priests, and deacons ; who would applaud the demolishing of cathedrals, and abolition of tithes ?

“ What a prolific harvest of dissension and civil war you would have had in your own bosom ! Why, she would have been another Trojan horse to our family ! Upon my conscience, Tim, you have had a lucky escape !—Besides, I would always expect misery from a match against the *consent of parents* ; for, first, it shews in a female an undue violence of passion, which generally manifests itself afterwards, to the injury and disgrace of the husband. Though I approve not of *compelling* daughters to marry, I see no sufficient cause why they cannot be happy in a single state, if denied the consent of their parents to leave it. Secondly, it displays a spirit of rebellion, which will revolt against *your authority*, as it commenced with that of her *own family* ; for there is

no instance of *resistance to lawful power*, which was not increased, instead of being satisfied or abated, by success. Thirdly, those republican doctrines in which she has been educated, apply as strongly to the case of *domestic as civil government*, and the same plea of *oppression or reform*, will hold as good in one case for resistance as in the other; you may therefore naturally expect they will *pari passu* be brought into exercise, and that a woman, who is not for *passive obedience* in the state, will be for *equality and revolt* in your house; and, therefore, *Melius non tangere clamo* (you had better take a lion by the beard). At the same time you need not be much grieved at the disappointment: I think I know *a young lady*, her equal in beauty and fortune; and greatly her superior in birth, education, and natural abilities, who would not suffer you to despair. She has the highest esteem and friendship for you; and, what is better, a high detestation of *Oliverian cant*, and the *rump*
absur-

absurdities. I never met a young lady, whose taste and judgment, in political and ecclesiastical matters, I more admire ; or whose sentiments will better accord with your own. She is a valuable companion ; and has the most mild, modest, and condescending carriage, that I have lately met with. She is often here ; and has delighted me much with her encomiums on your dear mother, my unequalled Matilda, whom, she says, she wishes to imitate through life. But we will talk more of this on your return to Berkeley Hall.

“ Tell Sancho, I am glad to find he is so good a lad ; and that brown Befs has had a foal by Nimrod ; and his poney, Florio, has been so much fed with Indian corn, that his hide is ready to crack. Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper, Pero, Dubois, Dinah, Marianne, and all our kitchen-folks, are well. You will remember me affectionately to Dr.

Sourby, and accept my tenderest regards.

“THEODOSIUS HOMILY.”

Sancho was also favoured with a letter from Bab, as follows :

Bab's Letter.

“DEER SANCHO, Cranberry Hall.

“I TANK you for your kind favour. My hart is all in butterbasin for your hard ships and miss for tunes. Dr. Sour boy must fartinly be graysey to leed you such a wile gooze chaife. I wish he was in a bear ham booze home for his folly. Dr. O my lye is parfaiçtly uneasy about your safe thigh. You o much to him for makkin you a skull-hard, as my Missiha Lettisha has maid me.

“Hapera po ! Dogtir O my lye was at our oufe, and hafter his deep art she looke very mal lank o lye. I broth her sum
deys

deys hafter youre he pist till; and she red it egg hen and egg hen. I tought she drop a teer on it. 'Poor Massa Tick hell,' say I, 'he desearve compafs hone for his fiddle i tye and o nest prince hipples. He fly from all you man so figh i tye for his Letty she's sake.'—'Ay, Bab,' said she, 'appy garl! yoo no not the hearty fishes of men! If henny man is troo and gener house, I had reeson to bee leeve Mr. Tick hell such; and I am fore eye for his trub bels. His conduck is very mice teary us; I may have bin two pressy pye tait in kon demnhing him; but it may be moor for tune hate for hus boat in the hen.'

"Dis is all she say. She tealk little, reed, and pley hupon de penny for tea hall dey; but she write nothing at hall, bee hing denhiadd de huse of penn, hink, and paipur. I have grate cum misf fir rat shion for her con dish on. There is not a moor pye house led eye in all A merry key. I am not worthy to kifs her
bottom—

bottom—foul of her shoo. But I hopp we have cum forts still in store behind for us all.

“ Missa Lettisse rise about six every morn hing in the summer. She reed de prayer, and a chap thure from de pye bell, and then she walk a little, and give order for brakefast. She giff her ordures to the makes, and loves hockonomy and dick whorum. She next walks for an hour orso, oftens halone, as she is rather moll on cholic, and ha voids master Hair on and cully nell Bakemen. When she return, she reed again in good books, or exherfize on her penny for tea, or sing Mr. Mill tone’s ill penn fir or so. I love her so much, you see, that I shall fill my he pistill with her pan egg heir it, as Dog tir Mawworm call it.

“ Affsh you red lye, dear Sanko, deep hen on my fiddle i tye to you, without hypock greasy or dish hep shion. Yoo prommiss me a *cat-skin* for a muff, but I would rather have you back in a whole skin,

skin, than any flirtations or nick nacks.
Be very gauze us and fir gums pecked
how you write, as we have many hard
gusses watching us. Your's till deth,

“BARBARA FOREHESTER.”

“*Pest grip.* Tell Dogtor Sourboy he
need not go so far to live like a beast, in
state of nature, and *yam yam* like a bear,
for my massa Hairon meke shift to live
like a hog in his own houze—and not a
mile from the church. He was much
hen heburrated lately, and by a fall from
his hofs got a greeat confusion, as the
hay pothecary tells us, in his gerryanium,
or perry grannum, I know not which:
he cannot remedy, he say, but by flea o’
bottom o’ me, which must be a komical
medsin. Sum peepel be called blockhed,
but ise tink massa Hairon’s hart be better
fried; and though my missa reject all
belly ducks from levyers, yet he use hur
worser than poor negro, or toad under de
harrho, worser than de o my side, tief, or
manu-

manufacture. She is full of jack green and moll and colly, and all on your massa hackcount; though she can't heer his name without hanger, pewterbason, and suppereyes. So return quick; and on my ferocity all will be well. Let Dog tur Sourboy stay, like king knee buckle-nay fir of babby linnen, among the wild beests; and let his nales and heir grow like a cat's claws and bare skin, which, you say, he call liburty. I wish massa Haron was with him, as he wants little teeching, being beast enough already. Sumtime he lock up missa Litty mew-sick, cause she muse herself with it; and shut up the books, cause we love reeding; and den she must not walk in de garden without his odyeous cumpanee.

" Yu remember de pretty lark your massa gave his deer Letishee, and she called it formerly ' Timmy,' and rear it with her own hands. It delighted her with its hairymony and sweet my lady, every day. So massa Hairen bare it great grudge,

grudge, and one day swore hee would wring its neck : missa, all flutter, beg he would rather let it fly away ; and say, ‘ Why punish the poor bird on my account ? It never do you any harm. Hurt not de poor innocent for my unfortunate sake ; rather let it have its liberty, though I be your prisoner. I shall not envy its freedom, though my dearest companion.’ Here she weep, and massa Hairen twist its neck, and throw it to his dogs to eat. Mistress and I struggled ; but he seized me by the hair, and cuff of de neck, and kick me out, and shove missa Letty ; who said, smartly, ‘ You monster ! you have only de form of de man !’ He smack his whip at her ; but she have great spirit and authorretee here. She bare it up like a hemp-refs, or Dutch chest. What it will cum to, Heaven bove only know ! I am quite thin and daly cate, so that folks call me go get itch and broodish. Missa keep now a jurn hall, or dairy, of all our trans hacks hins. I hope your massa do the
same,

fame, and den we shall have the pleashure
of peer rufing your berry green nations.

“ A dew dear Sanco,

“ Yours a fegs a neat lie,

“ BARBERRY FORE HESTER.”

[*Note.* Bab seems to have spelt according to the manner recommended by some late celebrated writers.]

The perusal of these two letters produced different effects on Tim's mind. He could not but feel resentment, at the unkind and cold treatment of Dr. Homily; while the artless picture which Bab gave, of Letitia's warm interest in his fate, and the severities she underwent, with so much magnanimity, on his account, excited his gratitude, and revived his tenderness. He found a mystery in the whole business, which time only could unravel. Miss Moody's letters breathed the warmest friendship towards him, and lamented the implacable aversion of Letitia. Having injured that
young

young lady so deeply, she was now become the most active enemy of her peace. She corresponded with *Aaron*, who preferred her to all her sex ; partly from her entering so warmly into his views respecting his sister, and from the fulsome adulation she paid him ; but principally from the *value of her estate*, which lay contiguous to his own.

Our adventurers having recruited themselves from their fatigues, were now ready to return to Berkeley Hall, accompanied by captain Jarvis, Mr. Dolier, and the young ladies, with all the family and effects ; being determined (as we before observed) to settle in New Jersey, in the vicinity of Dr. Homily. They persuaded *Tonondoric*, *Hendrick*, and *Ancuna*, to be of the party ; as our hero thought they merited every attention ; and that the British government would be glad of an opportunity of rewarding their services, and securing their attachment. They took the nearest route to
Hud-

Hudson's river, where they meant to hire a sloop, in which they could all, conveniently and speedily, proceed to New York, and so to New Jersey. We shall leave them on their route, until we take a view of the events at Berkeley and Cranberry Hall, from the date of the foregoing letters.



CHAP. X.

FLUX AND REFLUX OF THE TIDE AT CRANBERRY HALL.

THOUGH Letitia's situation was exceedingly uncomfortable, from the insults of her brutal brother, yet her heart was now more and more cheered with a gleam of hope, like the sunshine through the wintry clouds. It appeared to her, from Sancho's letters, that his master lamented her displeasure, as the misfortune, which made him shun society, and be indifferent to home. She every day heard
new

new instances of his virtues, and she could not reconcile them with the black treachery, of which he was accused. But the evidence of Miss Moody perplexed her, and the accounts which that lady so punctually received from him, indicated an intimacy and correspondence, which gave credit to her assurances. "Yet why should he expose himself to insult, from her family, to obtain an explanation? Why press so earnestly a suit, to the success of which he was indifferent? why should his servant relate so many affecting circumstances of his melancholy and despair, from the idea of my coldness and aversion? It cannot be otherwise; he must be true! He is still that honourable and generous youth, whom I once esteemed and loved: and whom even his enemies are constrained to applaud. I have been too precipitate: the dupe, perhaps, of the artifices of a woman, who never approved of his tenderness to me."

It

It was about this time, that our hero's first arrival in New Hampshire was announced, and his intention of soon returning home. She received from her correspondent Miss Lumeire, a letter, informing her, that her father had heard lately from Mr. Dolier, for whom he transacted business, a very particular relation of Mr. Tickle's adventures on his travels, and at Independent Hall; in which he dwelt in the strongest manner, on his merits, and his surprise that they could be undervalued so much by the unknown lady, the object of his ardent love; that his constancy and sorrow, from the alienation of her affections, had destroyed his cheerfulness, and driven him from the society of his friends. Miss Lumeire congratulated her on these undeniable evidences of Tickle's sincerity, and execrated the perfidious wretch, who could sully so excellent a character. Our heroine read this letter over with avidity, and

and could not help quoting some parts of it to her faithful Bab, to whom she gave a new gown for former services. Had Tim fortunately entered at this crisis, the breach would have been instantly closed, and their hearts, more than ever, cemented with mutual love. But while the sweet hope, which she now cherished in her bosom, brightened her eyes, and made her peculiarly affable to all around her, a dreadful storm was ready to burst on her head.

As they were sitting at dinner, Aaron drove up to the house, alighted with great dispatch, and rushing in, with eyes sparkling like the *basilisk*, exclaimed, "News! news! Now my sweet mistress! you have my liberty to love or praise him, as you please. You shall now have the free use of pen, ink, and paper, and write letters from the *living* to the *dead*." So saying, he read an extract from the New Hampshire Gazette, relating the irruption of a party of Indians

dians on the frontiers, and surprising, killing, and making prisoners, of a number of gentlemen, among whom were Mr. Tickle, Dr. Sourby, and a black servant: after which they burnt the village, and made two young ladies prisoners, killing and scalping many of the inhabitants. "There is no doubt of the truth; Dr. Homily and Mr. Lumeire have received letters from captain Jarvis and Mr. Dolier on the subject, and I have here one for Letitia, from Miss Frances Lumeire."

While he was making this harangue, our heroine gave a shriek, and at last sunk down on the floor. She was conveyed to her room in a senseless state. When she had recovered a little, a violent bleeding of the nose gave her head relief, and she tenderly lamented his fate, accusing herself, as being the innocent cause of it. "Alas, that with the purest intentions, I should be born to give anguish to all around me! that I should exercise

ercise severity against him only, who would most feel it and least merit it; and that, when I was just awake from the cruel delusion, I should find my loss and his misfortune irreparable."

Aaron, whether to enhance her grief, or from conviction, said, "he could not condemn her sorrow; for, if ever man loved woman, Tickle did her; and that it was but justice to say, he would have done honour to any lady; for all the world allowed him to be one of the most accomplished and generous gentlemen on the continent." Mr. Forester agreed in this eulogium, and the old lady said, "he was one of the handsomest, best natured youths, that any person might very well love." These consolations only augmented the grief of our heroine; and Aaron, with a malicious smile, observed, "Do not be cast down, Letty; I will engage to do one favour for you—I will send to Canada, and get his scalp and Sancho's from the Indians, for you and Bab." The

poor wench, who had just come in, and knew not till this moment the misfortune, cried out, "You cruel monster! though you be my master, you be worse than the savage to say so. *You* buy Sancho's scalp! It is all a contrivance to torture poor Missa Letty—It is one falsehood, be assured, dear missy. His heart is as black as my sweet Sancho's face: *He* talk of buying his scalp!" Aaron, with the most unfeeling brutality, whipped her most unmercifully, and would have renewed his blows, had not Letitia sprung up, and rushed between her and the descending strokes, saying, "Have you not triumph enough this day over us to glut your heart, but must you crush this poor bruised reed!—but, Sir, my determination is fixed. She is my servant, and if she is injured under this roof, I will immediately quit it. I will spend my small pittance among persons in the remotest part of the globe, rather than at home. They may be *strangers*, but they will at least be

human

human beings." This exertion of spirit diverted her attention, saved poor Barbara, and led Aaron to retreat, with—"A curse on such obstinate and perverse conduct. But if we do not humour her a little, she will squander her income upon others, and, as it is, we gain almost the whole; her expences being so trifling." He left Miss Frances Lumeire's letter on her harpsichord, which our heroine found to consist chiefly of an extract from one of Mr. Dolier's to her father, as follows:

"DEAR SIR,

"I LITTLE expected, when I wrote last, to have such a sad reverse to inform you of. Your friend—the friend of human kind—Mr. Tickle, is, I fear, no more, or even worse than dead. We were surprised in the neighbouring woods, by a scouting-party of Indians, and though our resistance was bloody, they compelled captain Jarvis and me to retreat, and surrounded the rest of our company, consisting of

your friends Dr. Sourby, and Sancho. An unhappy stranger, who was with them, fell with the first shot; and from the volleys fired afterwards, we fear some, if not all the rest. Mr. Tickle's gallantry, abilities, and magnanimity, certainly merited a happier fate; but if he is fallen, he fell fighting for his friends like a lion, and full of virtues and honour. Captain Jarvis desires you will convey this news as tenderly as possible to Dr. Homily; for he is so much distracted by his own private misfortunes, that he has not spirits to write.—How shall I tell you what my heart bleeds to think of! O Sir, the same party attacked captain Jarvis's house, and have made prisoners of his daughters—of my beloved Eliza and her sister. What will be their fate? Either to fall by the tomahawk, or to be victims to— Gracious Heaven! avert an event, the very suspicion of which distracts my heart. We have engaged some followers, and expect to join a party of Mohawk

hawk Indians, with whom we shall penetrate as far as possible into the savage country, to overtake or rescue them, if possible. Use all your interest to get them ransomed, if alive, through the Canadians. Your pity will excuse my saying any more on so dreadful a subject.

“ Yours,

“ DOLIER.”

“ Dreadful indeed!” said Letitia. “ It is then but too true!”—“ What is too true, my dear missy?”—“ That Mr. Tickle,” replied she, “ is either killed, or a prisoner among the savages. Brave young man! I did not know half thy virtues, till too late! but they shall always live in this grateful bosom.”—“ Lord have mercy on us, missa! and is poor Sancho—” —“ It does not say positively, that they are *dead*; but that it is very probable, and we should prepare our minds for the worst.”—“ Do not believe it, missa: heaven above love you too well to punish

you so. We shall see them back again. My Sancho will be very glad to share his master's fate. O how happy he will be, if he yet live, to hear you shed tears and do not hate him!"—"I *hate* him Barbara! May gracious heaven shower down on his head every blessing that I wish him; and turn into mercies, the afflictions which I may have innocently occasioned." She here dropped down on her knees, with so graceful and sublime an air and attitude, as she spoke, that Bab could not refrain clasping her feet, and begging with tears, "Do, sweet missa! pray some good for poor Sancho too, and his safe return with his massa; for you look and speak so like an angel, that your sister spirits in heaven above cannot have the soul to refuse your petition!"

CHAP. XI.

CALM AND COMMOTIONS AT
BERKELEY HALL.

IN consequence of our hero's letter to his grandfather, before the adventure of the *recluse*, he was anxiously expected at home.

"It is now, I think," said Dr. Homily, resting the bole of his pipe on the table, and counting the fingers of his left hand, "it is now fifteen days since we heard from Tim at New Hampshire; he may be here this very night."

"It is only thirteen," said Mrs. Barnes, the housekeeper, who was putting fresh tobacco on the table. "Our clock was mended that very day, and I bought some snuff, which never lasts me longer than a fortnight, and I have a good deal in my box: do you choose a pinch, Sir?"

“ Thank you, Mrs. Barnes. What, you have the old box, with the snug cottage yet, and garden? Well! when Tim returns, he or I will buy you a new one, and a pound of the best Irish black-guard.”

“ Ay, Sir, we have no snuff here, like what is sold in Smock Alley or Ringsend; Dublin: it is all adulteration here!”

“ Or at Glasgow, Mrs. Barnes,” said Mr. M’Gregor. “ You should let your grandson finish his education in humanity, at that celebrated university, Doctor. I think we shall have him home soon. I long to see them, and roast poor Sourby about his system.”

“ Why, Sir,” said Mrs. Barnes, “ if we may trust dreams, he will certainly be home in a day or two, and in great credit and condition. I dreamed last night, that I saw Dr. Sourby and him flying kites. Very comical, you will say, indeed. The wind was tempestuous; and Doctor Sourby, methought, was almost drawn from
his

his legs and carried away: but Sancho pulled and pulled, and kept it down. At last, I thought I saw both their kites descend in our court-yard; and, very surprising, there was a small box to the tail of Dr. Sourby's kite, which, on opening, was full of gold and diamonds, and the tail and wings of young master's were full of rich feathers, which he and Sancho stuck in their hats. And I thought you all looked *proud* and *well pleased*. This was my dream, as sure as I live, Sir."

"Well, goody Barnes," said Dr. Homily, "your dream looks like a satire on their building castles in the air; and if it foretels future events as certainly as your corns can bad weather, we may expect something."

"I should rather think," said Dr. Belamy, "by the rule of contrary, that Dr. Sourby will be a loser instead of a gainer, and have a dead weight at the tail of his system; to Tim and Sancho I think it augurs great glory."

“ To predict their speedy return from it, is like dreaming after the event,” said Dr. Homily: “ but, Mrs. Barnes, you may give my half-dozen old shirts and some ale to the wife of the grave-digger.”

“ Why, she is a rank presbyterian as well as her husband, and they call you a papist as well as me, Sir.”

“ Never mind them, it will do them good in their distress; and take a drink yourself, goody Barnes, to your young master’s health, and give the servants some porter, if Tim arrives to-night.”

“ My dreams are generally true,” said she, retiring.

“ I think they *will be so*, indeed, this time,” said the Doctor, “ for I see a chaise coming up the avenue.”

“ It is very surprising,” said Mr. M’Gregor, “ but it is a fresh confirmation of my system respecting dreams and second sight.”

“ It is Mr. Lumeire; but I cannot see any other person alight. He will have
some

some tidings perhaps, for you," said Dr. Bellamy,

Mr. Lumeire walked very slowly up the garden, with his eyes gravely fixed on the ground, and seemed almost afraid to enter. "Well, my good friend, I am exceedingly glad to see you," said Dr. Homily; "but I really expected to have beheld, at least, another alight from your chaise. You know we look for Tim."

Mr. Lumeire sighed, put his hand to his pocket, drew it out again empty, and repeating the same action, took, at last, hold of Dr. Homily's hand, and pressing it tenderly, said, "I am sorry, my good old friend—"

"I fear all is not right; but I hope," said Dr. Homily, "heaven will give me patience! The sloop with them is not lost? Tell me, is my dear boy alive? Does Tim live? and I shall not mind a few difficulties or losses."

“ It is a painful office, to communicate intelligence of this nature : but your christian fortitude—”

“ I bow to the will of Heaven,” said Dr. Homily, “ which is equally wise and benevolent, in what it takes from us or bestows : I hope only, that my dear boy has brought no disgrace on himself, or his family—has done his duty to his church and king, and maintained his character as an honest man and a christian.”

“ If he *has fallen*,” said Mr. Lumeire, taking some letters and newspapers from his pocket, “ he has died gallantly fighting for his country and friends !”

“ Then I can better bear,” said Dr. Homily, extending his trembling hands, “ this unforeseen shock ! (*Reading.*) Gallant lad ! O my poor unfortunate boy ! This indeed is grief unsupportable ! to die by the hands of savages ! to be exposed, mangled, and naked, a prey to wild beasts—no friend to close thy eyes ! without

out christian obsequies! without a stone to mark thy grave! Alas, poor Tim! to expire in a dreary forest, with gratitude and love dwelling on your poor grandfather's name with your last groan! praying blessings on this aged head with your parting breath! O that I could only have bathed thy wounds with my tears! that I could have cheered thy fainting soul, and winged it to heaven with my paternal benedictions and prayers! Curse on the infernal principles of that Sourby! but they have levelled him to a state of nature! to his wished-for equality indeed! What have they not to answer for? It is that spirit of pride and disobedience to law—that enmity to discipline, order, and subordination—that created *war in heaven itself!* that drove our first parents out of Paradise! that produces domestic jars; employs the sword of the son against the father, and brother against brother! that shakes society

ciety from its basis, and dissolves the happiest governments; that has made the world a theatre of persecution, famine, war, and desolation! that has now led two polished and christian nations to hire savages, to destroy the subjects of each other, and to give a certain price for every scalp! Thus has fallen my gallant boy, by an untimely and horrid death:—And *Sancho* too! I perceive.—Honest fellow! thou wouldest not be far from thy master, and, I warrant, fought like a lion in his defence.”

“It appears also, by the letters,” said Mr. Lumeire, “that Dr. Sourby was with them, and shared the same fate.”

“Ah unhappy Sourby!” said Dr. Homily; “you plunged yourself and them into this destruction, by your detestable maxims: but I am too warm on this occasion: I have been too harsh in my censure. Poor Sourby! he had many good qualities, and with a different education
might

might have been useful to society. Peace to his manes! May his virtues only be remembered!"

"It is a great consolation, Doctor," said Mr. M'Gregor, "that your grandson died universally respected and beloved. The papers, I see, all speak highly of his gallantry."

"Yes; noble fellow!" said Dr. Homily; "he shewed our *family courage* from his cradle; witness the story of the shark! What Greek or Roman exploit could excel it? Then he was nimble and expert in all manly exercises, like my brother the commodore, and had *his* firmness of soul, and that attachment to his cause and friend, which I may justly boast of."

"It is a pity," said Dr. Bellamy, "he had not gone with the commodore; his undaunted *courage* would have qualified him more for the navy than the church."

"There I must beg leave to differ from you, Dr. Bellamy," said Dr. Homily, taking

taking up his pipe. " A firm unshaken spirit is as essential to a good churchman as to a good sailor. He ought to embrace his principles with due deliberation, and maintain them through death and torture. This our religion teaches to be an essential characteristic. If the *trimming, latitudinarian conduct*, so fashionable at present, had prevailed in former ages, where would have been our most excellent church, and its noble *army of martyrs*? our *Ridleys, Cranmers, Latimers, and Lauds*? The little sneaking low-church policy, bending and shifting with every wind of power, may procure the sunshine of favour, but not the sunshine of the soul, and will never suit with that manly, intrepid, honourable character, which will be true to its principles, friend, and cause, in all weathers, changes, and misfortunes. Such a person may be depended on, and possesses an indispensable ingredient of the loyal subject, incorruptible magistrate, steady friend, and

and real christian. Though his party may be unfortunate, his hopes in life blasted, and his mistaken country his foe, he will feel in exile and misfortune, more solid peace, more elevating triumph (as I do now), than the cringing, fluctuating, time-serving, lean Cassius, Titius, Calphurnius, Smelfungus, or Bumbastus; though their empty heads are giddy with the unnatural sublimity and grandeur, to which they have been elevated by the extraordinary revolution of sublunary affairs."

The Doctor walked up and down the room (as he was speaking) with great agitation, and then said, "Thank God, I always inculcated these maxims on the poor lad's mind; and if he had lived, he would never have been a *turn-coat* or *trimmer*; no vicar of Bray or occasional conformist; but a true churchman, and steady royalist. But I shall now never have the pleasure of listening to his eloquence, or reading any of his learned apologies for our liturgy, or demonstrations
of

of episcopacy. However, he shall not fall without honours, and quit the earth without some solemnity, or *monument* of his existence and virtues."

"He certainly," observed all the company, "was a deserving youth, and merits some memorial of his fame."

"I think," said Dr. Homily, sitting down more composedly, "that I will place *his bust*, and one of his faithful *Sancho*, on the tomb of his mother, my dear Matilda, in the arbour, with an *ap-
posite* inscription, recording their virtues and fate."

"It will be a just tribute," said Mr. Lumeire.

"I will have them done with wings like angels, and Tim's shall be," said Dr. Homily, eagerly, "at the head of the monument, and Sancho's at the bottom. I will invite my friends and the neighbourhood, and we will walk in procession with them, to *Matilda's arbour*, where I will read the funeral service of
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the church, changing and omitting as the case requires ; after which I will myself deliver a discourse, suited to the occasion—It will be decent and edifying.”

This was warmly approved by all present, who thought the preparation and solemnity of the business would divert his mind from melancholy. Mr. Lumeire engaged to have the busts executed in a speedy and proper manner. Dr. Homily, after the departure of the company, went into his study, and employed the greatest part of the night in composing his projected discourse, and then retired to that serene and sound slumber, which never broods over the couch of faithless ambition, or fraudulent hypocrisy, cold-blooded treachery, or unprincipled grandeur and greatness.”

CHAP. XII.

CEREMONY OF THE CONSECRATION
OF THE BUSTS.

THE intelligence of the catastrophe of our hero and his companions, were related so circumstantially in the prolific journals of the day, that Dr. Homily had no doubt of the facts, and some days after sent invitations through the neighbourhood, requesting the attendance of his friends at the *funeral ceremony*. He had asked, but had been denied, the use of the pulpit of the church and meeting-house in the village; the episcopal clergyman disliking him as a Jacobite, and the dissenter as a friend of bishops, and the church liturgy: nay, the latter went so far, as to excite the populace against Dr. Homily's proposed dedication of the *busts*, as being papistical, and leading to *image worship*. The urbanity however of the old gentleman's manners, and his

his established piety, prevailed over the love of orthodoxy; and the most respectable of the neighbourhood attended at Berkeley Hall. The Doctor was arrayed in the most dignified habiliments of the order, and his wig was dressed in the best style that Sancho's absence would admit. The *busts* were put on a *black barrow*, and borne by four domestics. The pall was supported by some of the young gentlemen in the neighbourhood, who had been most intimate with our hero. The Doctor, Mr. Lumeire, Dr. Bellamy, and Mr. M'Gregor, followed as mourners. After proceeding through the garden and walks, they approached the arbour, and Dr. Homily read the service, with alterations, as proposed. The busts were then fixed on the tomb of Matilda, round which they all trod slowly in solemn silence, and then descended into the garden, where the Doctor mounted the steps of a large sun-dial, which was in its centre, and served him for a pulpit.

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He then delivered an excellent discourse *on the immortality of the soul, and the best grounds of consolation in misfortunes.* The occasion, place, manner, and fervency of the speaker, rendered it exceedingly affecting. The Doctor delivered it with great energy, as well as self-command, until towards the conclusion, when he was to dwell on the virtues and lament the loss of our hero, his feelings got the mastery, and his voice was choaked with sighs. He could only be heard to articulate, "It is enough! the gallant boy needs no panegyric, and I am unable to bestow it. The infirmities of age and the weakness of my heart, have overpowered my reason and resolution for a moment." A solemn and pathetic silence ensued for a little time, which was interrupted by the cry of Fire! It was soon announced from the road, that parson Rogan, the dissenting minister's new house in the town was in flames. Dr. Homily gave them all a hasty blessing, called for his horse,

horse, and ordered his servants to convey his fire-engine from the hall, and his buckets and waggons as quickly as possible to the relief of the sufferer. He himself, accompanied by his friends, was the first at the conflagration, and was the chief means, by his engine and zeal, to prevent the extension of the flames. He was in his great coat, put on hastily over his cassock; and with his band and full-bottomed wig, made rather a grotesque appearance. He commended the diligence of the people, ordered a hog-head of good English ale to be distributed amongst them, and sent by Mr. M'Gregor to the parson, ten pounds to relieve his distress.

CH A P. XIII.

A VIEW OF DR. HOMILY ON HIS
HOBBY-HORSE.

THE mind of good Dr. Homily found a relief from its sorrows, in this tribute paid to the memory of the deceased, and in the resources of piety and devotion; but what most favourably diverted its attention from these melancholy subjects, was an elaborate performance in which he had been for some years seriously engaged. This was a defence of our *religious establishment*, and an *abridgment of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity*, with the language familiarized and adapted to the most common capacity, enriched with copious annotations, and a very instructive introduction and appendix. In this noble employment, the Doctor found himself detached from all selfish and personal concerns,

concerns, and his heart and all his faculties were devoted to the cause of our glorious civil and ecclesiastical institutions. But he was most cruelly drawn from this digression, to subjects of chagrin and mortification, from which a soul so generous and harmless as his, ought to have been for ever shielded. There were (as we have before observed) in the Doctor's neighbourhood, and indeed at this time through most of the colonies, a number of *fanatics*, gloomy and morose, devoid of every liberal sentiment, and eager to detect and censure the errors and infirmities of their neighbours, who studied religion, as the Romans did the Greek philosophy, *causa disputandi, non ita vivendi*, as a subject of controversy, and not for practice; who condemned gaiety as presumption, measured the growth of men's sanctity by the decrease of their common sense and good-nature, and thought no one could be fit for the joys of another world, who did not assist in

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turning this into a gloomy theatre of ignorance, obstinacy, fullness, melancholy, despair, and madness: in short, like the Turks, who held him to be *most a saint*, who was *most idiotic and irrational*. These zealots, puffed up with spiritual pride, greedily embraced the opportunity for censure, which Dr. Homily's simplicity gave them, in his late, *perhaps eccentric*, sacrifice to his affection for his grandson. They pronounced it "a revival of popery, which ought not to be endured; that the adorning the figures of two mortals with the *wings of angels*, was a species of idolatry, and the performance of the *funeral service* on that occasion, *rank image worship*: that it was the duty of every *saint* to imitate *Moses* in his holy zeal, and grind these images and idols, which the Doctor had set up, into dust, as he did the *brazen calf*, that the land might not be polluted." The leaders (among whom was squire Aaron, who endeavoured, like a *frail sister*, to compen-

compensate for his own vices, by an unforgiving zeal, and abhorrence of the faults of others) used every art to induce the grand jury to indict the Doctor for antichristian and papistical practices, and nonjuring and jacobitical principles; but he was so generally beloved through the country, and the *deed of commemoration* was in itself so innocent, if not laudable and dignified, that the complaint was quashed with contempt. Disappointed in this attempt, they worked on the distempered heads and hearts of their followers so effectually, that a chosen party sallied out one night, and most sacrilegiously stole into the arbour, made sacred by the ashes of the lamented Matilda, and broke the *busts* of our *hero* and *Sancho* in pieces, carrying each of them a fragment, as a trophy of their holy zeal. This ungenerous and Gothic conduct much affected the gentle bosom of Dr. Homily, who had been a father to the fatherless, and a husband to the wi-

dow, regardless of their religious prejudices ; but, on the other hand, it roused him to new exertions against the monster *fanaticism*, and led him to drive on his *favourite hobby-horse* with more spirit and energy.

A county meeting was about this time called, to consider of some mode to relieve the dissenting clergyman and others, who had been sufferers by the late fire. A large party of all descriptions were met at a table, and having dined sociably together, began, among other topics, to discuss the Doctor's *funeral celebration*, and the depredations committed on his grounds. " I will freely offer my opinion," said Mr. Joseph Touchet, " that our friend Homily is too much given to carnal ordinances, and to the pride and vanity of external ceremony. What good thinkest thou, neighbour, could all his vain babblements and rag-fair show, do the spirits of the deceased ? "

" It

“ It was a very proper tribute to the memory of a worthy youth,” said Mr. Lumaire, who had accompanied the Doctor, “ and his faithful servant. It is very unjust and ridiculous in men, who are always clamouring for freedom of opinion, to interfere with others in theirs, and to condemn so harshly an act of paternal affection, which every generous mind must applaud, and the cold flinty heart of a hypocrite only could censure and persecute.”

“ It becometh every conscientious man,” said Mawworm, “ who loveth evangelical truth, to set his face against such idolatrous and popish doings. We all respect Dr. Homily, but must condemn his superstitiously reading the ceremony of burial over those images, and consecrating them on his daughter’s tomb, in the figure of angels. I think the dragons were properly demolished.”

“ I do not love,” said Dr. Homily, “ discussions of *this nature* on such occasions as this; much less any thing per-

sonal and irritating, when we are met on public business. I meddle not with other men's religious opinions; and justice requires, that those who claim religious liberty themselves, should not deny it to others; or think nothing should be tolerated, but what they judge to be orthodox; thus constituting themselves *infallible arbiters* of the consciences of their neighbours. The act for which I have been so much arraigned, was a *private* one in a *private capacity*, on my own grounds. Is it unlawful to discourse on the hope of immortality, and the comfortable prospects of religion, to a company of peaceful neighbours and friends? If we may have pictures, busts, and statues of ancient and modern heroes, poets, philosophers, or friends, in public and private edifices, what injury have I done by placing the busts of my dear grandson, and his faithful servant, on the tomb of my daughter? What abuse in reading over the sublime service of the church,

church, in a solemn and serious manner ; which was calculated to fill the mind with awful ideas of the brevity of life, the certainty of immortality, and a christian sorrow and respect for our departed friends? As to the Gothic invasion of my property, and destruction of those innocent memorials, I forgive the authors, for they know not what they do. They are under the influence of that *fanatic spirit* which has often waged war against all the monuments of reason and religion, humanity, morality, and every useful and ornamental art and science !”

“ That vain pageantry which thou and thy people,” said Joseph Touchet, “ use at your funerals, cometh of sinful vanity ; and is neither useful to the dead nor the living. Your souls delight in the pomps of the sinful world, and the pride of life, in superb monuments over your perishing bodies, and consecrated grounds for the worms.”

“ I cannot conceive,” said Dr. Homily, “ that men must be necessarily proud, if they wear clean linen and fashionable clothes ; nor *humble*, because they are dirty, or have their habits made in the most singular or awkward manner. A love of magnificence, elegance, and beauty, in the productions of *art*, is as natural, honourable, and elevating, as a love of the sublime and beautiful in the *works of creation*. If the wise Author of Nature has consulted, not only *utility*, but infinite *beauty*, in all his works, can man be degraded by imitating the example ? If he has clothed the lilies of the field with *richer dress* than Solomon’s ; if the meanest flower and shrub display exquisite *elegance and wisdom* ; if all nature, in short, wears the *gayest livery*, and the various birds and beasts are born with the most *showy and ornamental dress* ; why should man be an exception, and veil the human form divine in filth, meanness, wretchedness, and deformity of attire ? If the

the *universe*, which is the *grand temple* of its great *Author*, is replete with the most astonishing *magnificence* and profusion of beauty ; illuminated by millions of bright *constellations*, reflecting his wisdom, *goodness*, and *glory* ; shall the *temples* which men erect, be thought *too superb and dignified* for the majesty of *divine worship* ? Alas ! build your domes and steeples as high as you can, wretched mortals ! you will still be low enough from the sky ! accumulate all the monuments of the *painter's*, *statuary's*, and *poet's excellencies* ; and you will still be far enough inferior, in your churches and cathedrals, to the splendour and magnificence of the temple which the Lord of Nature has erected to himself.

“ *As to public burial-places and monuments*, they are the invention of the most ancient and wise legislators ; who taught the necessity of public sepulture and funeral rites, in order to prevent the concealment of murder. They seem an

honourable distinction between *man and the beasts that perish*; and arise from that natural solicitude, respecting his body and fame after death, which is a strong proof of his immortal destination. He quits not his body, as eternally separated; but as a mansion which he is one day to revisit.

“Funeral honours and monuments are proper expressions of our gratitude to our friends, and to the hero or sage. By rewarding the deceased with fame, they excite the living to imitate their glorious example. They call forth the industry and talents of the artist; and often ensure to him that immortality which his labours were purchased to bestow on others. But I have trespassed more than I intended on your time. Instead of answering calumnies and objections which are unworthy your notice, and wasting your time with any thing that regards myself, let us proceed to collect something for *the relief of the unhappy sufferers*

sufferers by the late fire: I will readily contribute my mite."

"Thou shouldest expend," said Joseph, "thy *mites* on the pomps and vanities of the world, and thy *gold* and proud *mammon*, with a liberal hand, on the poor! Would not that, friend Homily, be the truest magnificence?"

Dr. Homily said nothing, but began the subscription with ten pounds. He was followed by Mr. Lumeire and Mr. M'Gregor, with the same sum.

Mr. Mawworm said, "He would make a *collection* for the *sufferers* in his parish."

Honest Joseph, the quaker, observed, "I wonder, friend Homily, thou shouldest ask me to subscribe. Thou knowest it is against our principles to support any *preachers* who receive pay. If I give any thing to parson Rogan, it will be aiding and maintaining carnal ordinances, which I abhor and detest."

Aaron went out before this, with some of his followers, being engaged to attend

council for advice—Whether Dr. Homily could not be prosecuted for his high-church principles? But a very handsome sum was subscribed for the sufferers.

Dr. Homily was just mounting his horse to depart, when the extraordinary incident occurred, which is related in our next Chapter.



CHAP. XIV.

PLEASING REVERSE OF FORTUNE.

WHEN the company were bidding adieu at the door of the inn, a man, with his horse running down with foam, rode up to Mr. Lumeire, and said, "He came express from New York." Mr. Lumeire opened the letter delivered to him, with great precipitation, and exclaimed, "Is it possible? Gracious heaven! it must be so! (his countenance expressing at the same time, wonder, joy, and curiosity.) This, indeed, is worth recording."

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They all gazed at him with astonishment; when, dismounting from his horse, he flew to Dr. Homily, and embracing him, cried, "Am I at last the bearer of glad tidings! He is yet alive! He is reserved to be the comfort of your old age!"

"What!" cried Dr. Homily, "is it possible? What!—destroy me not with vain hope! What foundation is there? My dear friend, let us know the whole. Have they been heard of? Are they still alive?"

"All alive," said Mr. Lumeire; "and, what is more, retaken—returning home—and will probably be here to-morrow. Here, read it yourself."

"Gracious heaven!" cried Dr. Homily, "accept my thanks! What! it is, I see, an extract from a letter of the governor of New Hampshire, sent express to New York.—It must be true! He says, 'A party of whites and Indians, under the brave Hendrick and captain Jarvis,

Jarvis, have brought in (let me see) a Mr. Tickle, two young ladies, Dr. Sourby, and a black, with an Indian warrior and princèss.' Let me look again—' A Mr. Tickle.' It is he! there can be no doubt of it!—I shall then see him once more! O blifs unexpected! My dear Will, your hand! Gentlemen, I thank you all for your congratulations. Let us return in, and read the particulars over a bottle, which I insist on your drinking to his health."

They went in accordingly, and Mr. Lumeire read the remainder of the letter, which informed the governor of New York of the capture; "That our hero had been very instrumental in saving the lives of the party; that Hendrick, Ancuna, and Tonondoric, meant to visit New York and New Jersey; and, he doubted not, would meet, in every district, with the civility and honours which they merited, and their alliance with the British interest demanded."

Dr.

Dr. Homily sometimes clapped his hands, and then played a lively tune on the table, while these particulars were read. He ordered pipes, and drank the healths of Tim, the warriors, and Ancuna, not forgetting Sancho and Dr. Sourby. "Good God! how I long to have them here! What an affecting relation we shall have of their adventures!—their hair-breadth escapes and hardships! Poor Sourby must be sadly weather-beaten! Come, gentlemen, a bumper!—Here's Tim's health and speedy return. The letter, you see, mentions their safety was much owing to him.—O! he's a gallant fellow! By the Lord Harry, I have not been so merry this century!"

While they were drinking the bottle, the Doctor's servant arrived with letters from Tim, Dr. Sourby, and captain Jarvis, announcing their deliverance; and that they had engaged a sloop, and would proceed to New York, and thence to
Eliza-

Elizabeth Town. "At that rate they may be here to-morrow. I think, Mr. Lumeire, it is time for us to go to Berkeley Hall, and make some preparations for the reception of these Indian chiefs, to whom you see Tim ascribes his deliverance, as well as to the young princess."

"Do favour us, Doctor," said the company, "with a perusal of some of the letters before you go. It will oblige us much."

"My eyes are so dim," said Dr. Homily, "with the dust, and my hands tremble so much of late, that one of you gentlemen, I hope, will read them for me: but I have little time to spare." Mr. M'Gregor read here the substance of their adventures.

"What an heroic fellow," said Dr. Homily, "that *Tonondoric* is. By the Lord, I shall love him like a brother! He shall have the best chamber at Berkeley Hall."

"And

“ And *Ancuna*,” observed Mr. Lumeire, “ exceeded the tenderness and delicacy of courts, in her behaviour to the female fugitives.”

“ She shall have all Matilda’s trinkets,” said Dr. Homily, “ and her best silk gowns, if she will accept them. But *Sancho* ! what do you think of *Sancho* ? He deserves to be a bishop. I always loved the lad.”

As Mr. Lumeire encouraged the Doctor’s departure, they now, on finishing the letters, mounted their horses and rode home ; the Doctor shouting, “ *lo triumphe !*” to every neighbour he met, and, “ The lad is safe ! Tim will be here to-morrow.”

The news soon spread around ; and our hero being a great favourite, the young people expressed their joy by bonfires, and firing of musquets and frequent huzzas. When he arrived at Berkeley Hall, he found, by their exultations, that the joyful intelligence had travelled
faster

faster than himself. Mrs. Barnes prayed blessings on their heads; and recalled to their minds her dream, which she said was now completely verified. The Doctor gave her a new gown to appear in on their arrival, and most of the night was passed in the hurry and pleasure of preparation.



CHAP. XV.

THE ARRIVAL OF THE LONG-LOST TRAVELLERS.

SOON as Aurora had unbarred her golden gates, and the sun poured his welcome beams on Berkeley Hall, Dr. Homily leaped from his couch with all the alertness of youth, and paid a most fervent tribute of gratitude to heaven for its mercies. He locked up his *manuscript abridgment of Hooker*, and all his scattered papers and fragments, carefully in his bureau, and placed the loose books on their

their shelves in order. A velvet suit, which was in excellent preparation, was laid out to air. Some of the fairest pipes were selected for the chiefs to smoke ; and all the economy of the day sketched and arranged.

Mr. Lumeire and the Doctor had just begun breakfast, when Mr. M'Gregor entered hastily, saying, " Well, they are to be here to-day. The governor has sent orders to the magistrates to give them a respectable reception, and to convey the chiefs to Burlington, where he will deliver to them the public presents."

" It will be exceedingly grand," said Dr. Homily. " They shall dine and sup here, however, and set off to-morrow. I will smoke a hearty pipe, I warrant, with Tonondoric."

" At New York, as I find by the papers," said Mr. Lumeire, " the guns were fired ; they paraded to the fort ; and the ladies welcomed Ancuna, and paid respects to Mr. Tickle for his gallant

lant behaviour. We have no guns, but the bells might ring."

"They may do as they please in that respect," said Dr. Homily. "Put the tables ready, Mrs. Barnes, and set out your cheese and cold meat, and the best English beer, in case they come in before dinner. The chiefs may like a luncheon."

Soon after this, a countryman came running breathless into the room—"Joy! joy! Sir, they are come! I saw them! They are just landed! Tim looks as fat and as brown as an Indian—And as to Sancho, he is quite changed!—he carries himself as grand and stately as a warrior!"

So it was indeed. They were received at landing with the applauses of the multitude, and respects of the magistrates and principal persons of the country. The procession began in the following order: Captain Jarvis and Mr. Dolier led the way, bearing an English ensign, and a warrior's helmet, and bow
and

and quiver, in token of amity: the magistrates two and two: Dr. Sourby, and the physicians and clergy of the place: our hero and Tonondoric, followed by Sancho, Hendrick, and Ancuna: and some of the justices and council brought up the rear. Sancho was dressed in the Indian style, as well as the other warriors; and our hero wore a plume of feathers and coronet, to oblige them.

They marched to the court-house; where a short speech to welcome them was made by the chief magistrate, and the healths of the king, governor, and sachems, drunk.

A band of young ladies now entered the room, headed by Miss Moody; who presented the lovely *Ancuna* with a *civic crown*, and extolled her virtues. On seeing our hero, she flew to his embrace, and expressed a degree of tenderness which did not escape the attention of the spectators. The female troop joined in the procession, which paraded to
Berkeley

Berkeley Hall, and entered the garden before the house, dividing to the right and left, to let our hero and Dr. Homily meet in the centre. The Doctor pushed forward from the portico of the house, and our hero from his rank. They rushed into each other's embraces, amid the applauses of the surrounding multitude. Tonondoric approached Dr. Homily with great dignity, saying, "I had a son once ; but now we are brothers, and your son is mine. May you long see the rising sun and opening flower, with pleasure." Our hero introduced young Hendrick and his lovely bride, with a suitable eulogium. Dr. Sourby and Sancho were received with cordial transports ; and the captain and his brave son-in-law, with gratitude and respect. The major part of the cavalcade were liberally entertained at Berkeley Hall ; and at night, cider was distributed to the populace at every public house, in celebration of the safe return of
our

our hero. Dr. Homily insisted on being honoured with the company of the chiefs and Ancuna, as long as they remained in that part of the country. He invited a select party of his friends to dine and sup with them; and the evening passed, as is recorded in our next Chapter.



CHAP. XVI.

ENTERTAINMENT OF THE INDIAN WARRIORS AT BERKELEY HALL.

AT our hero's request, and to gratify Hendrick and Ancuna, Dr. Homily joined their hands in holy wedlock, according to the form used by the church. Miss Moody and another lady officiated as bridesmaids; and our hero and Dr. Sourby, as attendants on the bridegroom. The old chief acted as father; and all being conducted with the greatest order and dignity, he was so pleased with the service, that he exclaimed, "I never heard

heard a better *talk*, than from brother Homily." *Hendrick* would receive nothing from Tim, but a laced hat, a sword, pair of pistols, and musquet, with a belt and cartouch-box. *Ancuna* was arrayed in some of the most resplendent robes, ear-rings, and necklace, of Matilda, and presented with her watch and rings. *Hendrick* being asked how he liked her *dress*, said, "It is very beautiful, but it *hides Ancuna*. We never paint the rose, or perfume the magnolia." Indeed, it was agreed by all, that she appeared to most advantage with the simple ornaments of her country; and she therefore modestly declined, the next day, all the presents, except the beads, rings, and pendants. *Tonondoric* accepted of a fowling-piece and a pair of pistols; but said, "We thank you, brother. We are rich enough at home. A bear-skin is warmer and stronger than a blanket; and a bow and arrow more convenient than a gun. We want little—you want every thing.

I will

I will receive only that tobacco-box as a pledge of your friendship, and we will take a pipe out of it, and mix our smoke like brothers together."

Dr. Homily was transported with delight at his frank manner, and said, "Brother Tonondoric, you saved my son's life, and whatever I have is yours. Do here *as at home*."

On this, the warrior rose and called out, "Where is the *raven chief*? I love to have him by my side. His heart is like ours, brother. Let him smoke with us."

Sancho made many excuses; but Dr. Homily insisted on his sitting, declaring, "He is no longer a slave. He is *free*, and shall be independent."

Sancho embraced the feet of his old master, and said, "I ask no other *liberty*, than that of *choosing* whom I may serve. I shall be a slave indeed, if I am not permitted to attend on and live with old and young *massa*."

"The *raven chief* speaks like a man," said Hendrick, "and we will smoke together."

The company pressed them to take a cheerful glass; but they declined, observing, that an old sachem had said, "that wine was made of the juice of a lion's heart and of a woman's tongue; for when he had drank freely of it, he was as fierce and quarrelsome as a lion, and talked like a woman."

"What do you think, warriors, of our buildings, churches, furniture, and the splendour of our dresses, tables, and carriages?" said Dr. Sourby, with a sneer of contempt.

"I should be afraid *Taxondoric* would be lost," said the sachem, "in his dress and grandeur. As *we* live, all our care is for *ourselves*. But your greatest trouble is with things which we do not want. If we have food and health, we are happy. But you may be made miserable, by a thousand wounds which your bodies do not

not feel. You have shewn me many *great houses, musquash!* but few such *great men* as *Hendrick, my son, or the raven chief.*"

"These buildings that you see, brother *Tonondoric,*" said Dr. Homily, "are all great men, or the fruits and signs of *great men*; who, by their knowledge, enable our eyes to see much further; to number the stars, and measure their course; to make the sea transport us better than land; to find our way when the mountains sink into the ocean; to make rivers run through the dry land; to turn the swamp and morass into fields of corn; to render the mountains fertile as the plains; to disarm the lightning; to make comfortable the summer's heat and winter's cold; to raise the weakest man, superior to the strongest beast; and to give the plenty, productions, and manufactures of the most temperate and fertile countries, to the most barren and remote. These are the trophies of *our great men*; and though brother *musquash* (as you call him)

may be a bad hunter or warrior, he is very useful in the station for which he was formed by birth and education. If he has been an object of your *ridicule*, it is only from his rushing out of *the element suited to him*. You would not laugh at a *whale-fish*, brother, because he could not fly; nor the eagle-bird for not swimming like a dolphin."

"Very true, brother," said *Tonondoric*; your knowledge and way are good for you; and ours for us. I see the *musquash* chief is at home now, in his own element. He has plenty of *tongue* and *tooth-work*, and little for the *hands* and *feet*.—He has all *head and belly-work*—he is right, brother.—Say I right, *musquash*?"

Dr. Sourby was much nettled at this, and the remembrance of his former treatment; and began to harangue against the brutality and ignorance of the Indians; "that they lived in want of all the elegancies of life; without physicians or spiritual guides; in vicissitudes of famine and
plenty;

plenty ; furrounded with difficulties, dangers, and death. If you say their wants are few, and therefore they are happy, you might as well argue, that he who has no legs *wants no stockings*, and he that *is dead, nothing at all* : for their *life* is little short of *death* ; if intellectual and social enjoyments are the *true life of man* : *cui vivere est sentire.*"

" If we have no physicians," said Hendrick, " we have such few diseases, that we do not *want them*. If we have not the *virtues* which your pawawers teach, we have few of the *vices* which you practise. We have not fine *clothes* ; but we have strong, active, and hardy *limbs*, that need no covering, either in winter or summer. We have not the delicacies of all countries, but we are as well satisfied with the food which our lakes and forests supply. The *sports* which you eagerly pursue for *pastime*, are our only *labour*. We think our mighty lakes and rivers, our mountains and forests, vallies and
1 3 plains,

plains, are more beautiful and sublime than any of your *ornaments* ; and the canopy of the sky a richer roof than any of your houses and temples. If we are *severe* to our enemies, we will *die* for our friends and country. We know little of *religion* : but we think we must please the great spirit, by following the glorious example of our ancestors. Where do you *think, musquash* ! that our heroes are gone?—Where is the spirit of Hendrick, my brave father? If *your heaven* is distinguished by such warriors as *musquash*, Hendrick and Tonondoric would disdain the company of such heroes.”

Dr. Sourby was going to resume his argument, with still greater warmth ; when Mr. Lumeire interposed, by observing, “ that good humour and sociability were recommended by all religions, and that the various worships of men in different countries, if springing from a devout and grateful heart, might be as pleasing and grateful to the Lord of the universe, as
the

the various hues, figures, and species of flowers and fruits, which the different climates of the earth produced from a good soil. He created the various powers, circumstances, and situations, from which this variety of opinions chiefly arifeth."

"I cannot fit filent," faid Mawworm, "and hear fuch doctrines maintained. Unless men, I affirm, hold the right faith, according to *Calvin* and *John Knox's* writings, and the articles of the kirk, they must perish; whether doctors of divinity or Indian warriors." Dr. Sourby agreed, that truth of opinions was indifpenfable.

Sancho, perceiving that the chiefs were irritated, bowed to Dr. Homily for permission to fpeak, and *Tonondoric* and *Hendrick* cried, "Hear the raven warrior! a talk from the raven. I like the *raven's* religion," faid *Tonondoric*; "it is fhort, and requires a good *heart* only, and little *head-work*."

“What did you tell him of our religion, Sancho?” said Dr. Homily, eagerly. “Have you discoursed much with them? Inform us.”

“Only,” said Sancho, “part of what your honour teach me out of the catechism, and what I learned of *massa captain Montresor*, an officer.”

“What did you teach him from me, Sancho?”

“To fear God and honour the king, and all that are put in authority under him: to love, honour, and succour my father and mother, my brothers, sisters, and friends; and to do my duty in that state of life, to which it may please heaven to call me, &c. and so forth.”

“Good lad!” said Dr. Homily; “but you want rubbing up in your catechism: yet it is excusable, from your long absence from home. Now, what did you learn from captain Montresor?”

“When he was upon his death-bed,” said Sancho, “in the field of battle, the priest,

priest, though he was in a hurry to die, would not give him blessing or *passport*, without a long explanation of his faith! 'Well then,' says the captain, 'I know not much of argufying or creeds, articles or confessions.' I will tell you in this way.—But I forget it myself—you will let me tell it as if it was I."

"Go on," said the Doctor.

"Suppose then, a man is dead, such as you, massa, and you go to the door of heaven, where St. Peter stand, suppose for argument, with his keys. You knock. 'Who is there?' cry St. Peter. 'What you want?'—'I am Dr. Homily, I want to come in there, St. Peter! if you please.'—'*What are you?*'—'I am a churchman—true church of England-man.' He look in his great book: he see you are good churchman, and he say, 'Walk in, Dr. Homily, and sit there, very high among the church people.'—Next come neighbour Joseph there, and he knocks.—'Who are you there, with

a broad brim?' say St. Peter.—'I am Joseph Touchet, friend Peter! open thy gate.'—'What are you?'—'One of the people called friends.' St. Peter look in the book, and find, *Joseph* has been hard in his dealings, proud with success, and without humanity or charity: but full of hypocrisy; kissing other men's maids and wives: and St. Peter say, angrily—'Ah, Joseph, Joseph, thou hast *been sly!* very sly! Thy round hat, long skirts, down-cast eye, and sober face; thy yeas and nays, will not do here: Go! go! we know thee, friend;' and he shut the door in his face.

"Next come Mr. M'Gregor. Heknock: he say, 'he belong to the Scotch kirk:' St. Peter find him good presbyterian, and he tell him, 'Walk in and sit among the presbyterians.'

"Then come Tonondoric and Hendrick. 'Who are you?' says St. Peter. 'Mohawk chiefs.'—'What is your religion?'—'The *Mohawk, or the missionary* religion.'

ligion.' He look in his book; he find you good warriors, good fathers, sons and brothers, husbands and friends; he read there, how you *serve your country*; and *save young massa and our lives*; and he say, 'Walk in, *Tonondoric and Hendrick*, and sit among your fathers and friends!'

"Next come the *raven chief*, I suppose. St. Peter ask, 'Who there?'—'I *Sancho Homily*,' for he would not know my *new name*. 'What is your religion?'—'I do not know head-work, massa Peter! but I am honest lad, faithful servant to massa Homily, and learn the catechism and creed he teach me.' St. Peter look and say, 'You are *an honest fellow* to be sure, though of no sect; walk in, good *Sancho*, and sit *just where you please*.'"

The chiefs highly applauded Sancho's story, and said, "his religion was good for them; as every man might be *honest*, though bad at *head-work*; and so much chaff was mixed with the true *wheat*,

that a man might starve before he could sift it out."

Mr. Mawworm, Dr. Sourby, and Joseph Touchet, were rising to answer and reprobate Sancho; but Dr. Homily observed, "that there was undoubted truth in what had been said, if properly understood. *Opinions* are true or false *in themselves*, and baneful or useful in their *tendency*; but with respect to those who embrace them conscientiously, in a diligent and faithful search after truth, they are equally *innocent* and *meritorious*, if opinions can be such. For all that justice can demand, or mercy reward, is the pursuit and practice of what *is right, according to the best of our abilities*. Our religion represents the Deity as no respecter of persons; but that in every nation, he that feareth him and worketh righteousness, shall be accepted by him. The Author of our religion is the light that lighteth every man that cometh into the world;
and

and he made a propitiation, not for our sins only, but those of the whole world. He that heareth its glad tidings, let him walk by its light; and he that is in darkness and afar off, by the best light which Providence affords him."

"Brother Homily," said Tonondoric, "your words and your religion are good; and that which *our grandfathers and grandmothers* taught us is *good too*. Your speech is long and pleasing, like a winter's story by a hiccory fire: but the *raven chief's talk* and religion warm the heart like good brandy. Brother, your health. Let us smoke the pipe of peace, and not quarrel about religion. It cannot be a bad religion, that makes such good fathers and masters as you; such good and useful lads as the raven chief, and such warriors and friends as Hendrick and young Tonondoric; or such a lovely bride, and faithful daughter, as Ancuna. May she cling round her husband like the vine, and bring forth warriors and
young

young maidens, as comely and plenteous as the clustering grapes on the branches." So saying, he rose and tossed off a bumper of brandy; and, embracing Ancuna, delivered her, blushing, to the maidens, to conduct to the bridal chamber; all the company drinking their healths in a bumper. Dr. Homily, soon after this, retired himself, and left the chiefs under the care of our hero; who, with Mr. Lumeire, Dr. Sourby, and a few others, continued in conversation and social glee, till the morning was far advanced, and the sunbeams began to discover the depredations and follies of the night.



CHAP. XVII.

A MOONLIGHT ADVENTURE.

WE would here gladly draw a veil over a scene, in which our hero was a distinguished figure, if our candour and historical verity would permit it.

The

The reader will recollect, that Miss Moody took an active part in the transactions of this memorable day. She had for some time gained a great ascendancy over Dr. Homily; and her attention on the present occasion, and the strong interest she appeared to take in the family's prosperity and honour, added much to his esteem and affection. When he saw our hero take every opportunity of paying his respects to her, and eagerly engaged in private conversation, he was delighted with the idea of their mutual attachment; frequently, when his eyes met theirs, nodded approbation; and in the course of the evening, as they were sitting tête-à-tête, and Tim was earnestly inquiring every particular about his dear Letitia, Dr. Homily pressed their hands, and said, "Tim, this is one of my greatest favourites, and I am glad to find that you are not insensible of each other's merits."

"My

“ My knowledge of Miss Moody’s accomplishments, and high value for them, have been confirmed,” said Tim, “ by long intimacy and friendship.”

“ I hope,” said Dr. Homily, “ the intercourse and union will be more and more cemented, to your mutual happiness.”

When the ladies departed, about one o’clock in the morning, our hero, naturally, escorted the bridesmaids home. He was hot with the Tuscan grape, and his heart was, in some degree, emancipated from the dominion of love, by a temporary rebellion against the tyranny of Letitia, which had been painted to him in the most odious colours. The blooming health and vivacity of Miss Moody, would have had more of the ripe temptation to a sensualist, than the chaste and dignified charms of Letitia herself; and the occasion, her endearing affability, and the winning blandishments she lavished on our hero, as well as the solid services
and

and obligations she had conferred, must have biaſſed in her favour a heart more obdurate and inſenſible than our hero's. He conducted her home; and, after repeated acknowledgments and farewells, was returning, when ſhe inſiſted on accompanying him to the garden-door up the alley, as it was ſummer, and the moon ſhone in the moſt inviting manner. 'Twas ſuch a night,

“ When the ſweet wind did gently kiſs the trees,
And they did make no noiſe. In ſuch a night,
Troilus, methinks, mounted the Trojan wall,
And ſigh'd his ſoul towards the Grecian tents,
Where Creſſid lay that night.”

MERCHANT OF VENICE.

They proceeded arm in arm along the parterre, when ſhe lamented her diſappointment in not hearing from his lips the minute particulars of his adventures. “ I am intereſted in each toil, and will receive a pleaſure from every eſcape, which my hero, the champion of our ſex, as I muſt call you, has met with.”
She

She then put some questions to him ; and, in detailing his travels, he naturally was led to tarry and sit with her, in a beautiful arbour, interwoven with flowers, which courted them in their way. As he hastily related his difficulties and distress, or his success and triumphs, she sometimes bathed his cheek with her tears, or embraced her gallant friend with transports of joy and admiration. So much attachment and sensibility could not but impart some degree of fervour and tenderness to a bosom so benevolent and susceptible as our hero's.— But we will not attempt to vindicate a conduct, which was indiscreet, if not criminal : though we cannot yield credit to the reports which gossip fame malignantly and wantonly whispered on this occasion.

It was near three o'clock, when Miss Moody's brother, who had gone soberly to bed at twelve, not having heard her return, got up, and inquired of the maid,
who

who was dozing in the kitchen, where his sister was. She answered, "That her mistress had gone out into the garden, about two hours before, with Mr. Tickle, and had not yet returned." He sallied forth immediately; and our hero seeing him approach, led Miss Moody towards the house, and bade her good night. "This conduct of yours," said he, "is unaccountable and disgraceful to you both. I shall not now ask an explanation of you, Mr. Tickle, but at a more seasonable hour; when, I doubt not, you will prove to me, that you act to my sister on honourable principles." Our hero was preparing to reply; but he seized Miss Moody by the arm, and led her hastily into the house, leaving Tim to return home not entirely satisfied with himself. The dialogue between the brother and sister we shall reserve for a future Chapter, having more agreeable subjects at present.

CHAP. XVIII.

TONONDORIC'S OBSERVATIONS AT
BERKELEY HALL.

IN the morning Dr. Homily performed family-prayers to his visitors, and Tim played on the organ some anthems and church-music, which highly delighted the chiefs. Sancho also executed some musical pieces, greatly to their amazement, on the French horn. They handled and gazed on these instruments with a kind of religious awe, looking as if they thought some angelic spirit breathed through them its mellow dulcet strains, and that

“None but a God could surely dwell
Within the hollow of the shell.”

They were then conducted over the pleasure-grounds; and the Doctor descanted on the sublimity of the prospects, and the beauty and utility of the improvements.

ments. They confessed it was all wondrous pretty ; but that the beauties of nature were as little improved by those decorations, as Ancuna's figure, air, and symmetry of limbs, would be by stays, a long cloak, petticoats, hoops, or furbelows. Sancho described the advantages of the gardens, orchards, and hot-houses ; when *Tonondoric*, shaking his head, observed, "*Brother raven*, you and I have little, and we sit loose on the earth. These fine things are like the roots of the great tree ; they fasten the man to the earth, and make it hard for him to quit it. He that has so much to love, and so much to lose, must have much to fear. You and I have *nothing to fear, but guilt and dishonour.*"

Our hero observed, " Your *hatchet*, *Tonondoric*, in the hand of a warrior, gains glory. It avenges a friend. It defends your country. But in the hand of a coward, it sleeps, or descends on the head of the unsuspecting guest. Our
money

money is power—like your tomahawk or musket. He that has the most of it, like the warrior who has most strength and courage, may be most happy, *if he uses it right*. Our houses are only wigwams; the better for being larger, more convenient, and full of game and good cheer, if we open them to our brother warriors, and let them partake with us freely; or relieve the old or sick of our tribe, or the stranger that wishes to smoke the pipe of peace with us.”

“Right, brother,” said Hendrick; “wisdom opens your lips. But we fear, such rich clothes and warm houses may unnerve the hearts, as they do the limbs, of your people. You may depend so much on horses to carry you, muskets to kill for you, glasses to see for you, and your gold to fight for you, that you may lose the use of your own legs, not be able to defend yourselves with your own arms, to see with your own eyes, or have hearts to fight for yourselves; like the
musquash

musquash chief, who earns not his own meat, raises no corn, kills no game, fights no enemies, and gets no children. We wonder he hires nobody to eat and drink for him; but that he can do very well for himself."

Dr. Homily observed, "That indulgence certainly tended to create weakness and effeminacy: but the British soldiers and sailors proved that our people were as hardy and intrepid as theirs."

"Yes, brother," said Tonondoric; "our son, and the raven chief, are proofs, that the hardiest warriors may spring up in the bosom of civilized countries."

"Your mode of life," continued Dr. Homily, "may be suited to the primitive ages, when game greatly abounded, and lands were unoccupied. But you see your numbers decrease, and ours multiply. It is, because we improve the means of living by agriculture and commerce, and thus increase population. Our cities are like *bee-hives*, where none are idle, but those
whose

whose fathers, by *double industry*, made as much honey as would maintain their offspring without work."

Tonondoric said, with a sigh, " Our people feel what you say. We decrease — You grow strong. Our hunting grounds will not keep us: the great spirit seems to say, ' You must hunt no more ; you must dig the ground, and learn to work and live like the whites'."

Mr. Lumeire observed, " Your decrease is visible, and its cause. The British government ought to encourage you to divide and inclose your lands ; and teach you to build houses, lay out gardens and orchards, and raise corn and cattle like them. This is the natural field of a commercial people like the British. They should wish not to conquer, but civilize the globe. What a demand would open for their commodities, if the immense nations who dwell, or might settle, between us and the Pacific Ocean, were civilized, and used the various articles of
Euro-

European consumption?—Still more extensive, if South America and Africa were also led to peace, regular government, and civilization.—I am delighted with the very fancy.”

With various discourse of this kind they passed the hours, till it was time for their departure from Berkeley Hall. Our hero proposed, with captain Jarvis and Mr. Dolier, to accompany the chiefs to Burlington, where they were to have a council and talk with the governor and provincial assembly, concerning the Indian alliance, and the further prosecution of the war.

Tonondoric said, “He would preserve a *neutrality*, as his nation, the Iroquois, were in the French interest, and he could not fight against his country.”

Hendrick proposed to lead the Mohawks, like his father.

They left Dr. Homily’s amid the acclamations of the populace, well pleased with their reception, and with a promise,

that they would visit Berkeley Hall before their return to the frontiers.

As they were quitting the place, Mr. Joseph Touchet came hastily up to Dr. Homily, and said, "Thou knowest, good friend, it is the duty of one neighbour to assist another; and that I have a store of British goods. Wilt thou recommend me to thy Indian acquaintance, for an order of such articles as their nation may want?—It will be of great use to me, friend, I assure thee."

"Neighbour Touchet," said Dr. Homily, "I am sorry thou only knowest the duty of a neighbour when it is for thy profit. Thou refusedst lately to assist the sufferers with thy money, because not of thy communion, though christians; and now thou wouldest trade with these *heathen* for filthy lucre sake."

"Let him alone, massa," said Sancho; "he would hold the pope's stirrup, and a candle to old Beelzebub himself, for the ready *rhino*: but he say, 'It is one damnable

ble

ble sin to give any thing to *red coat or black coat.* O! Joseph is a fly one!—and a good christian too!—Isn't *he*, massa, a good christian, who love his enemy? Say I right, massa? Now *money* is the great enemy of *Joseph's soul*, and he love it as dear as his life."

Tonondoric and the company laughed heartily; and the chiefs, on Dr. Homily's recommendation, agreed to give Joseph a handsome order for blankets, hatchets, and other stores. Friend Touchet rendered many thanks in his way; and told Dr. Homily, drily, "Thou art pleased to be severe with me, neighbour; but I am no *man of war*! If it pleaseth thee, I will turn t'other cheek to thy smitings. If thou hast any business to transact in the *money-way*, I will do it for thee; but to give away my money or time for nothing, is quite out of my way. Every man in his way, friend Homily."

CHAP. XIX.

DIALOGUE BETWEEN MISS MOODY,
HER BROTHER, AND DR. HOMILY.

“ I CAN submit to this no longer,” said Mr. Moody. “ Indeed, Miss Moody, I cannot reconcile your behaviour to that discretion which I always believed you possessed of. To be seen, as you may have been, by any of your neighbours, walking or sitting in the garden at so late an hour, with a gentleman, must sully the most established character—unless the footing you and Mr. Tickle are on, will justify it.”

“ He has always,” replied she, “ behaved like a man of honour, and I cannot suppose will prove unworthy of my confidence. Dr. Homily highly approves of our intimacy, and gave it his sanction this very day in a public company.”

“ I think

“ I think it a duty,” he answered, “ I owe to your reputation, and my own honour, to inquire further into this affair. I shall certainly have no objection to Mr. Tickle, and he can have no reason for disguise and concealment.”

After this they retired to their apartments; and, on a renewal of the discourse in the morning, she assured her brother, that an attachment had long subsisted between them; and that his declarations of affection, and his honourable intentions, were well known to the family, and to many of her friends: that Dr. Homily was extremely fond of the connexion; and that nothing would delay the completion of their union, but the education and travels of Mr. Tickle. This frank and explicit communication fully satisfied Mr. Moody, and he warmly congratulated his sister on her honourable choice.

Soon after our hero's departure from Berkeley Hall, Dr. Homily took an air-

ing, as usual, on horseback; and being seen by Mr. Moody on the road, was prevailed on to alight. As they walked up the garden, the Doctor inquired affectionately after the young lady;—"who," said he, "is a great *favourite of mine*; and, what is very agreeable to me, appears to have been long a favourite of my grandson. Their principles will beautifully tally; and your sister is possessed of those virtues, talents, and accomplishments, which are most essential to connubial felicity."

"You do her great honour," replied Mr. Moody; "and I know no gentleman's esteem that she will more value than yours."

In this kind of reciprocal compliment they were engaged, when Miss Moody came tripping down to them, and gave the old gentleman a very flattering welcome, asking his opinion of the various improvements in the garden, and his directions what authors she should next peruse.

peruse.—“ You must know, brother,” said she, “ that I have the honour of being admitted a pupil of the Doctor’s : but I fear I shall disgrace his precepts.”

“ That I deny,” said he, taking her hand tenderly : “ Tim is going for Oxford, and you shall be under my tuition, and I will see which of my children will make the most rapid progress. I’ll warrant, I’ll present him with a bouquet of flowers from this garden, that shall rival any in England, and be fit for the bosom of an emperor.”

“ I shall owe, Sir, much to your care ; and if he continues to think favourably of me, after a comparison with the accomplished ladies of your favourite isle, I shall owe still more to his generous temper, and think his constancy well deserves to be repaid by mine.”

The Doctor shook her cordially by the hand, and said, “ That charms like hers were the most infallible receipt to secure constancy, especially in a bosom so much impressed with them, and the principles

of honour, as his grandson's." He then launched out into an animated and copious panegyric on our hero; in which he was joined, with equal ardour, by Miss Moody; and the brother felt every doubt removed, and applauded the wisdom of her choice and conduct.

They dined that day together at Mr. M'Gregor's; and after dinner, Dr. Homily drank the health of Miss Moody, and renewed the topic of the morning, with such ardour and openness, that all the company considered Tim's future marriage with her as settled by both parties; and, as usual, lavished many encomiums on the accomplishments and virtues of the lady and our hero.

Intelligence of this nature cannot long be concealed. The free behaviour of Miss Moody on Tim's public entrée, their long intimacy, the news of their late hours in the garden, were now no longer mysterious, on the supposition of an engagement so determinate and avowed.

CHAP. XX.

DR. SOURBY'S ADVENTURE IN
THE RECLUSE'S CAVE, AND
OBSERVATIONS ON HIS
RETURN HOME.

“YOU are rather too hard, gentlemen, on our friend Sourby,” said Dr. Homily, smiling; “he has only met with the fate of great projectors, and wasted most of his gold in discovering the philosopher’s stone; but the experiment will not have cost him too much, if it makes him sensible of the advantages of good government; which, like the ordinary blessings of nature, escape our attention from being *common* and *familiar*.”

“Your remark is just,” replied Dr. Sourby; “for the social blessings never impressed my mind more forcibly, than by the contrast. When we advanced from brutal ferocity and anarchy, to cultivated fields, neat and convenient villages, ele-

gant country-seats, and civilized, orderly, and magnificent cities; it was like a change from murky darkness to cheerful day, from a wild tempestuous sea, to a placid and commodious haven. In the one situation, man resembled the first rude essays of the chissel on a block of marble, in which only a clumsy imitation of the human form divine, could be discerned; in the other, the symmetry, elegance, and perfection of the Apollo of Belvidere, or the Venus of Medicis. In the former state, human nature is scarcely superior to that of the brutes; in the latter, it approaches in beauty, excellence, and dignity, to that of angels.

“ I am also,” continued he, “ from experience and mature reflection, convinced that we enjoy more liberty in well-regulated society, than in this fancied state of nature; particularly if by liberty we understand a *power* (as Mr. Lumeire has suggested) *of advancing our own felicity, and that of others, by a co-operation of exertions.*

tions. Even in a condition and place (if such can be supposed) totally exempt from human laws, man would have no *liberty*, or *moral power*, to perform any act which would injure himself or others; he would there be as much under an obligation from the laws of nature, as in civil society, to perform all such acts as would tend to public and private happiness, and to avoid those which were hurtful to himself or others. Wise national laws are only *declaratory* of the eternal laws of nature, and *directory* of the most prudent and effectual methods of executing them. Under a just and free government, every man being under the *equal protection* of impartial laws, enjoys the *truest equality and independency*, because his rights, and those of his fellow-citizens, are ascertained and protected by a *common measure and force*. But where there are no common laws, or they are not firmly and impartially executed, superior *cunning, strength, or even villany*, become

come the *measure* of men's *rights* and *ar-biter* of their *disputes*; and thus the most dangerous *slavery and inequality* are introduced. Miserable is the *servitude*, said a great lawyer, where the law is vague and unknown; which must be the case wherever the peace, property, and personal safety of men, are exposed to *illegal violence*, whether exercised by the many or the few. I have fully experienced this in my travels: I found the *reign* of force, fraud, treachery, and cruelty, prevail in proportion as I receded from the *reign of law*, as voyagers are exposed more and more to tempests and obstructions of ice, and observe sterility and deformity in the works of nature, as they recede from the temperate zones, and approach towards the poles. But on my escape from captivity, and return to civil society, every step I advanced, I perceived more and more, the wonderful improvements of art exhibiting themselves in the conveniences, elegancies, and magnificence

ficence of the habitations, farms, and villas, and the order, decorum, security, and decent manners of the inhabitants."

"I congratulate you heartily," said Dr. Homily, shaking him by the hand, "on this happy change in your sentiments. We may now expect to find those talents employed for the benefit of your country in some active station, which would otherwise have been wasted in wild system and unprofitable speculation."

"The history of the *recluse*, which you have given us," said Mr. Lumeire, "is a striking example of the danger of those dissocial principles; but I beg leave to ask, whether none of you had the curiosity to visit his cave on your return?"

"I went to it myself," replied Dr. Sourby, "a few days after, attended by a countryman with a spade; and on diligent search, found an earthen jar, containing about 30l. in dollars, and some valuable

valuable papers of the deceased. In one of them he gives an *abstract of his will*, which he says is left in the hands of a friend, residing as a hermit in an obscure recess among the Allegany mountains. Annexed to it is a map of the place, and directions to discover the abode of the hermit. He requests, in affecting language, that if any person, by the sudden death of the testator, should accidentally meet with this abstract of his will, he will immediately publish it in the newspapers, or proceed to his friend before described, and assist him in the execution of his will; for which purpose he bequeaths him the sum there deposited.

“The abstract is to this purpose: ‘That having (from the licentious and immoral principles which he imbibed from an erroneous plan of education) been through life a pest to his country and mankind, and at last a burden to himself, as well as to the earth, he could not make better
amends

amends for his vices and follies than by bequeathing his property, to be employed for the benefit of the community, in the following manner; *viz.* He wills that ten thousand pounds, which he has in the South Sea annuities, shall go to the foundation of a lectureship in Great Britain and America; the lecturer in each country to be chosen annually, as directed; whose business it shall be to deliver a course of dissertations, 'on the advantages of civil society; the duties of man as a citizen, and the blessings of the British government:' and that those annual dissertations shall be distributed gratis, at the expence of the foundation, if the trustees should find them worthy of it.

"He also bequeaths five thousand pounds to be given within three years to the author of the best 'short view or explanation of the nature and excellence of the British constitution, level to the meanest capacity; which shall also be annually distributed as aforesaid'."

"I think

“ I think no time,” said Dr. Homily, “ should be lost in discovering the testator’s friend, and carrying so laudable a bequest into execution.—Were there many other papers of a curious nature ?”

“ Many fragments of plans and projects, which seemed,” replied Dr. Sourby, “ to have been the work of his younger years, when he was an active politician in Europe, and a distinguished member of most of the speculative clubs and societies. I have in my hand a paper, containing a very singular discourse, which he delivered at one of these meetings: a specimen of which I will give you, if you please.”

“ Pray favour us with it, Doctor,” cried the company unanimously.

On which he read, as follows.

Receipt for a Political Earthquake.

“ From the observations which I have made on public commotions and civil wars,

wars, I am well convinced, that a few active men, of moderate abilities and accommodating principles, may endanger, if not subvert, the peace and order of the most powerful empire, and by perseverance, co-operation, and diligence, obtain an ascendancy over the majority of a nation. By representing accidental misfortunes to be *intended evils*, and charging the *necessary restraints and unavoidable burdens* of a government on the administrators of it; by flattering the passions of the multitude, and uniting in various parts of a kingdom the idle, licentious, ambitious, and disaffected in the same views and movements by correspondence and association, you may raise a political earthquake, that will shake the most respectable civil and religious establishments into pieces.

“ Lord Clarendon attributes the miseries of his times to these causes, ‘ I know not,’ he observes, ‘ how those men have already answered to their own consciences, or
how

how they will answer it to Him who can discern their consciences, who, having *assumed their country's trust*, and, it may be, with great earnestness laboured to procure that trust; yet by their supine laziness, negligence, and absence, were the first inlets to those inundations; and so contributed to those licences which have overwhelmed us. For by this means *a handful of men, much inferior in the beginning in number and interest, came to give laws to the major part*. And (to shew that three diligent persons are really a greater and more significant number than *ten unconcerned*) they by a *plurality of voices, in the end*, converted or reduced the whole body to their opinion. It is true, men of activity and faction, in any design, have many advantages, that a composed and settled council, though industrious enough, have not, and some that gallant men cannot give themselves leave to entertain. For, besides their thorough considering and forming their counsels before they execute them, they

they contract a habit of ill-nature and dissingenuity, necessary to their affairs and the temper of those on whom they would work, that liberal-minded men are incapable of. And whosoever observes the ill arts by which these men used to prevail on the people in general; their absurd, ridiculous lying to win the affections, and corrupt the understanding of the weak, and the bold scandals to confirm the wilful; the boundless promises they presented to the ambitious; and their gross, abject flatteries and applications to the vulgar-spirited; would hardly give himself leave to use those weapons for the preservation of the three kingdoms." *Clarendon's Hist. of the Rebellion.*

"I will not trespass on your time," said Dr. Sourby, "with any more of his political observations: but read, if you please, *some fragments of his meditations and confessions*, towards the latter part of his life, when he seems to have been labouring

ing under the horrors of guilt, and a full sense of his miserable and abject condition.

Fragments of the Diary of the Recluse.

“ *Friday.*—Alas! what miseries have I not caused by disseminating noxious principles; by scoffing at religion, and endeavouring to rob the simple and unwary of their surest guide and anchor—hope! It is impossible to estimate the sum of my guilt:—the chain of fatal consequences is immeasurable.

“ Many a youth, from my philosophy and example, may have plunged into vice, violated private property, and the peace and order of society; and at last have suffered the punishment of his crimes, and brought his parents to an early grave.

“ Like the introduction of a *pestilential disease* in a city, no one can calculate the extent of mischief which his *more pestilential precepts, and example of vice*, may introduce into

into society, the contagion being communicated, and spread as rapidly and widely in one case as the other. But by diffusing sedition and revolt, and being instrumental in promoting a civil war, how much deeper my guilt!—What millions perishing by famine, the sword of the enemy, or the hands of their fellow-citizens, may call for vengeance on my head!—Alas! the burden of my guilt is insupportable.

“ *Sunday.*—Do I still pollute the earth?
—A monument of vice and wretchedness!
—A traitor to my country—Deserted by its enemies, whom I served—Hated by my relatives—Perfidious to my friends—Abandoned by all mankind.—*What then remains?*—*Why, I MYSELF remain!*—Vain wretch! what resources of comfort canst thou find in thy own bosom?—An enemy to all others, canst thou be a friend to thyself?—At enmity with heaven and earth, canst thou have peace within?—
No!

No! thine own heart is thy greatest enemy and tormentor.—Where then canst thou seek for peace?—In *the grave!*—There thou must expect, from perfect *justice*, that punishment which thou hast here escaped.—Alas! I already suffer severer pangs than I can endure!—Oh that I could swallow a draught of perpetual oblivion!—that I could lose all remembrance and consciousness of myself!—that I could sink into nothing!”

“How wretched,” said Dr. Homily, weeping, “must have been the condition of this misanthrope! But as he at last was brought to sincere repentance, we may hope his sins are forgiven. Let us, if you please, Dr. Sourby, have no more of this melancholy subject; I long to hear what reception the Indian warriors and my grandson will meet with at Cranberry Hall.”

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The conversation then turned on this topic; and as our readers may be as impatient as Dr. Homily, we will follow our travellers thither; after first paying that attention to Miss Forester, which her virtues merit.



CHAP. XXI.

WONDERFUL REVOLUTIONS AT
CRANBERRY HALL.

WHEN we last quitted our heroine, she was involved in the deepest distress for the loss of Mr. Tickle; whose virtues and constancy were acknowledged by her family as fully as by herself. She felt a melancholy pleasure in dwelling on the tender theme, and giving a full flow to her eulogiums on our hero; and she found in the simple Barbara a companion, who would sympathize in her sorrows, and listen all day to the tale

tale of woe, in which she felt herself as much interested as her plaintive mistress. Thus the very indulgence of their grief not only furnished its most certain relief, but a delicious pleasure; which every other amusement or enjoyment, all society but their own, seemed only invidiously to interrupt. She thought it a just and proper tribute to the memory of so faithful a lover, to wear weeds as for a husband; and she bought mourning also for Barbara as the widow of Sancho. The public indeed, in general, looked upon their catastrophe as undoubted.

We shall leave it then to the heart of every reader of sensibility to picture our heroine and Bab's sudden transports of joy, on first hearing that they were retaken; and, afterwards, that they were safely landed at New York, and received with marks of great distinction by all ranks of persons. The heroism of Tickle, and his gallant exertions to save the
young

young ladies and his friends, were on every tongue. This public tribute to his merit was like incense to her heart, confirming its choice by the suffrage of the wise and good of both sexes.

Her own family were the foremost in congratulating her. After much deliberation, the politic Aaron persuaded them, that our hero might be a more advantageous match than even colonel Beekman, from his expectations; and particularly as he would, from the generosity of his temper and great love of Letitia, be very inattentive and careless about fortune; or even take her without any except her own. This reasoning had great weight with them, and they agreed to yield to her wishes. Aaron had another reason for his conduct. He was strongly attached to Miss Moody, or rather was much enamoured with her estate; and he had heard her partiality for our hero so strongly reported, that he deemed him a formidable rival, to re-

move whom, a dozen sisters would have been a cheap sacrifice.

Letitia was agreeably surpris'd at this change, and imputed it to their being borne away with the tide of our hero's prosperity, merits, and fame. Fortune seem'd now to blow its most favourable gales, and the appearance of affairs to court her to joy and triumph. But a small cloud still hung in the horizon, which soon darkened all her prospects, and tempestuously levelled or swept away her hopes.

Aaron came in, a few evenings after, a little intoxicated, shouting, "Most glorious news for you, Letty. He is arriv'd at home; fresh and ruddy as the morn. I saw him pass in procession with Indian kings and a princess.—Rare doings! —The first personages in the province to do them honour—You ought to have been there; for let me tell you, if you don't dress up a little and use expedition, he may be forestalled. I am not jealous:
but

but Miss Moody's manner of receiving him, presenting the princess with a crown, and publicly embracing him, drew much attention. And then her being bridesmaid, and during the day and night sitting tête-à-tête with Mr. Tickle, were greatly remarked. I don't half like it; you must strike while the iron is hot."

While Aaron was thus haranguing, Letitia frequently changed colour, and answered, with a sigh, "That young lady's intimacy with Mr. Tickle has been long observed: but he has a right to use his discretion."

"You are always at cross purposes, Letty, with your brother," said Mrs. Forester. "When he opposed Mr. Tickle, you were all fire and flame: but now we approve of him, you are become cold and indifferent. When he was supposed dead, you mourned like a widow, and now he is alive and uni-
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versally

versally applauded, you run counter to the wishes of us all."

Letitia begged pardon if she had offended, and retiring to conceal the anguish of her bosom, said, "He lives not to me if he is dead to honour. How hard is my fate! to be obliged to condemn one whom all approve, and that he should make the heart to which he is most dear, the only exception to his generosity, the only victim of his insincerity and inconstancy!" — Her half-articulated words were little understood by the company, but sufficiently indicated, that she was not pleased with the conduct of Mr. Tickle; and that a union between them was not a consummation so devoutly wished for by her, as they had expected.

Next morning a carriage arrived, from which two young ladies alighted; Miss Lumeire, the bosom friend of Letitia, and Miss Eliza Jarvis, who had shared in our hero's captivity. It was also announced

nounced by a special messenger, that the *Indian chiefs* would be that day at Cranberry Hall, in their journey to Burlington; and colonel Forester and Aaron, who was now a justice of the peace, were requested to escort them forward with all due honour.

"You were never more welcome, dear Frances," said Letitia, as soon as they were alone; "for I never so much wanted your consolation and advice."

"Prosperity, indeed, my dear," said Frances, "requires as much caution as adversity; and you must be now at the summit of earthly felicity. Your hero is returned in triumph, and expected to lay his laurels at your feet tomorrow."

"He has laid them already, perhaps," said she, "at the feet of a more deserving mistress."

"He *cannot* present them to one more amiable or accomplished," replied Miss Lumeire.

"And *will not* lay them at any other's, I will stake my life," interrupted Miss

Jarvis, "but her's, who is the queen of his idolatry. I see, madam, in you, the lady whose charms were faintly traced in a portrait, which Mr. Tickle always bore about him, and no force could ever extort from him. It was that picture, which he produced as the image of her to whom he had sworn eternal fealty; and whom he would not abandon to escape death, when the lovely Ancuna was decreed to be his bride. Dear madam, pardon me: you know not the virtues, the faith, the honour, and the attachment of that generous youth to you; and the sufferings he has undergone for that attachment."

She then poured forth such a torrent of panegyric on our hero, that Letitia arose, embraced her, and concealed her blushes and transports in her bosom; saying, "Forgive my weakness; but when you have heard my tale, you will allow that I have strong grounds of doubt; though I ought to have permitted him to
have

have pleaded his cause, before judgment."

CHAP. XXII.

INTERVIEW OF LETITIA WITH OUR HERO AND THE INDIAN PRINCESS.

THE bustle of preparation agreeably diverted Letitia's anxiety; and if she had been as conscious of her personal charms and accomplishments, as was every admiring beholder, she could not have suspected a lover of being a rebel to her dominion. But she looked at her own merits with the diminishing, while she contemplated those of others with the magnifying end of the glass.

Our hero, accompanied by Sancho, resolved to take occasion from this public visit, to gain, if possible, a private interview with Letitia; and therefore pushed on some stages before his party, with the

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pretext

pretext of apprizing the family of their approach. Bab saw them coming up the avenue, and cried to her mistress, "Dear madam, run to the window. They are coming. What a beautiful plume of feathers Mr. Tickle has on his head! He is handsomer than ever. And Sancho! what a grand figure! He looks all the world like the picture of the king of Mexico, with his feathery crown and quiver."

They were received with the warmest congratulations by all the family; and though the air of Letitia was chastened by reserve, her eyes discovered a joy and interest in the success of our hero, more grateful and intelligible to a lover, than the strongest language. The ladies, with great address, left them for a short time together; when Letitia said, faltering, "Your safety and honourable return have given universal joy."

"The most pleasing part of my good fortune," answered he, "will be the restoration

storation of that hope of your esteem, the unexpected loss of which has been among my severest misfortunes."

"Your generous conduct," said she, "during your late excursion, must command the approbation of every heart, and will dispose me to believe, almost against credibility, that every *other part of your behaviour* has been equally honourable. There was a time when I had reason to think every instance of your success and glory my own."

"Let me conjure you to tell me, adorable Letitia, in what I have offended. If I knew a day, an hour, a moment, in which this heart ever swerved from its allegiance and homage to you, I should wish it to have been my last, and that it might for ever be blotted from the page of my life. I have weighed every thought and deed, to find the *offending one*, in vain: and my accusing angel, for once, has forgotten that mercy and justice which were her sovereign attributes, by condemning

demning me unheard. What pangs have I not suffered from a sentence, which I am conscious must have been reversed the moment its ground had been discovered."

"Perhaps," said she, with a smile of forgiveness and sorrow, "it would have been more just to have heard your defence: but what defence could be made against such *stubborn facts*; which could not be disbelieved, without the supposition of guilt and treachery, which I cannot conceive a person of birth, education, and common humanity, could be capable of?"

"What guilt, what treachery do you allude to, my dear Letitia! O keep me no longer in suspense; on a rack more painful to my mind than any tortures which the barbarians of the forests could inflict. Who, where is the villain that dare accuse me of guilt and treachery towards *her*, without whose esteem life is no boon to me? By my peace and injured

jured honour, by your own justice and dignity of character, I conjure you, disclose this *black mystery* which has clouded all our prospects!"

Letitia was melted and assured by his manly address; but agitated and alarmed by his earnestness and fire. Her gentle bosom recoiled at the dread of involving even her greatest enemy in disgrace, re- crimination, and the merited vengeance of so justly incensed an adversary. She hesitated and weighed, whether his innocence might not be established without the detection of his accuser, and whether her own triumph would not be a sufficient punishment. She then offered him her hand, with ineffable grace, saying, "If it is any retribution to you for your sufferings, to know that this bosom has suffered more, perhaps, than your own, from the supposition of your guilt, and will triumph as much as yours in the establishment of your innocence, accept it from her, who here frankly acknow-
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ledges, that she is ready to restore you to her heart, if yours can as frankly declare that it has never departed from its loyalty."

"Then," said our hero, falling on one knee, "may this bosom never more be the mansion of peace, and never more enjoy that reciprocal affection, which is its light and life, if it has ever admitted a thought or wish inconsistent with the purest and most ardent attachment to you."

She raised him up, and they mingled the tears of tenderness and joy, of gentle reproach and bland forgiveness, more delicious than all the light pleasures of frivolous flattery, or the gross gratifications of sensual attachment. She promised to disclose fully to him, on a fairer opportunity, the grounds of her late displeasure; and congratulated him on the favourable disposition of her family towards him. These transporting communications were interrupted by *Sancho*, who

who announced the near approach of the Indian warriors. They accordingly mounted their horses, and joined in the cavalcade. They paraded through the neighbouring village, escorted by the principal gentlemen of the country, and crowds of the populace of both sexes. When they had entered Cranberry Park, colonel Forester and squire Aaron, with a body of the militia, received them with volleys of musquetry and various military honours. A hollow square was then formed, round some tables fixed for the purpose, covered with articles of refreshment and liquors, with which the chiefs and company drank some public toasts. The young ladies, conducted by Miss Forester as the queen, marched into the centre, bearing three civic crowns or coronets, which Letitia placed gracefully on the heads of *Ancuna*, *Hendrick*, and *Tonondoric*, thanking them in the name of the ladies of the country, for their generous conduct to the captives, and respect for
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the sex; for their humanity in preserving their lives, and magnanimity in rescuing the young ladies from captivity and insult.

The chiefs, as well as *Ancuna*, listened respectfully to this address; and, having been before apprized of the quality and character of our heroine, and concerted their plan, *Ancuna*, with the most dignified air, advanced to Miss Forester; and bowing, said, "To you *I* owe my deliverance: to you *my warrior* owes his *Ancuna*. Wear then this crown. Had you been less lovely, Hendrick would have lost *Ancuna*: but she need not blush to be thought inferior to you." Here she placed the coronet gracefully on the head of the astonished but transported Letitia.

Hendrick then approached our hero, who was beside Letitia, and offering him his wreath, said, bowing, "Young *Tenondoric*, to you *I* owe *Ancuna*. Had you not been greater than Hendrick, you could not have resisted her charms. But the

the hawk may yield to the eagle without disgrace. Wear this."

Old *Tonondoric* then stepped up with majesty, and said, joining their hands, " *This*, fair and fortunate maiden! is *my son*, and you two are one. You are my *two eyes*! May you be dim only with age; be bright with joy, and unclouded with sorrow; may you both see objects alike, tremble when each other is hurt, speak pleasure and love, and gently close your lids together in the sleep of death."

Our hero, after receiving Letitia's hand, said, "Warriors and father! *Tonondoric* once saved me from death. He has now given me a second and more valuable life than the first."

Tonondoric then led Sancho forth from the ranks. "Here is the *raven chief*: he is a gallant warrior, and I love him, though he bears his diamond in a case of *ebony*. His heart, like his face, will never show the *blush of guilt*, or the *paleness of fear*." He put the coronet on his head,
and

and shook him heartily by the hand, amid the acclamations of the populace. After this ceremony, the crowns and other presents were given to the Indians, and they were introduced to Cranberry Hall, and entertained with great plenty and good cheer. Old Mr. Forester and his wife were exceedingly elevated at the distinction paid to their daughter, and their proposed son-in-law. The ladies loaded *Ancuna* with civilities, and she expressed so much affection for Letitia, in a simple but dignified manner, that a reciprocal friendship was formed before her departure.

After a merry repast, the chiefs, our hero, and Sancho, proceeded on to Burlington, where they were received with due honours; and, after adjusting measures for the war, and cementing ancient treaties, were escorted to the frontiers of New Jersey, on their return home.

CH A P. XXIII.

SQUIRE FORESTER'S DECLARATION OF
LOVE TO MISS MOODY.

OUR hero and heroine might be now considered as almost at the summit of human felicity. He was conscious of no violation of his faith, and she had rested his fate on that ground. He was, therefore, confident of the happy issue. She, from all his public conduct, and her private knowledge of him, had every reason to assure herself of his complete acquittal. Her love, which had been so long unnaturally restrained, returned with more impetuous force, sanctioned by the approbation of her own family.

Aaron, who had hitherto only made distant approaches in besieging Miss Moody; whose person, lands, goods, and chattels, he considered as his natural inheritance and appurtenances; began
now

now to resolve on losing no time, but taking the fortress by a coup de main.

He therefore wrote a letter in form to her brother, declaring his honourable intentions, to make Miss Moody lady of *Cranberry Hall*; the settlement he would fix on her, and the concessions he would expect in return. He concluded with requesting his approbation, and countenance with his sister. He also wrote an elaborate epistle to Miss Moody, with a formal offer of his hand and fortune, and a specific detail of the *articles of capitulation*, which he would sign on her surrender. These preliminaries did not much surprise Miss Moody, whose keen penetration had long since discovered her influence over squire Aaron's heart, and the convenient situation of her estate to his. But what were her agitations of surprise, resentment, consternation, sorrow, and rage, when she read in the squire's letter, an account of Tim's favourable reception at *Cranberry Hall*!

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that the family would give their assent, and that Letitia was reconciled to him! She sometimes lamented her hard fate, in loving one so destitute of all tenderness for her: at other times reproached herself for her folly, and shuddered at being exposed, with all her treacherous arts, to the world, to be the scorn and contempt of the happy pair, and execrated by the worthy of both sexes. The triumph of Letitia's virtues, so opposite to her own, raised her hatred and envy to the highest pitch. Convulsed with these furious passions, she saw the dye was cast; that nothing but a desperate effort could extricate her. She was determined to venture every extremity, either to secure the prize, or revenge herself, by the destruction of her rival and insensible friend. She was secure of having her brother and Dr. Homily in her interest, if she could force an issue to the business, before a deliberate communication could take place between the parties. She was determined,

ed, therefore, to see Dr. Homily immediately ; and employ him and her brother in the attack. The latter was fully disposed to fall in with her views. Aaron's letter, respecting the addresses of our hero to Letitia, had filled him with astonishment and rage, which she fomented in the most artful manner. They flew to Dr. Homily's, and found him at home. On entering his room—" My venerable benefactor and father, as you have taught me to call you, could I have ever expected to come to you with an accusation against the son you taught me to love—a charge of a total want of that honour and those virtues, which only could have gained my regard—that after exhibiting our connexions and engagements to the view of the world, he should abandon me to contempt, on the first return of favour, which his capricious mistress has flattered him with? But I cannot believe so much baseness and treachery can be lodged in a breast cherish-

cherished by you, and enlightened by your instructions and example. What pangs have not a blind confidence and reliance on his vows and assurances excited in my bosom!"

Here she wept, and seemed almost fainting with excess of grief and rage. Dr. Homily, after reading Aaron's letter, used the most soothing language to compose her mind, and assured her, that the matter must be misrepresented, that he could answer for his grandson's honour, and, at any rate, would use all his paternal authority to compel him to fulfil his engagements, or he would no more acknowledge him as a son.

"Far would I be from putting a constraint on his inclinations," said she, "had not my, perhaps, indiscreet confidence in his honour, and your partiality, exposed me to the raillery of friends, and the insults of enemies. My rejection of the very offers in my hand, in favour of Mr. Tickle, are a proof of the independence

ence and disinterestedness of my conduct, and implicit reliance on his adherence to his engagement. One would almost believe, that the family were in conspiracy against the happiness of yours. What persecutions have you not both endured, from the petulance and puritanical principles of *Aaron*? what an insurmountable barrier did she often pronounce your *civil and religious opinions* to be against your grandson's alliance with her? But now, when he is the object of public admiration, she falls in with the tide; the family objections are over; and the *hope of the house* has the assurance to make himself the rival of your grandson, by way of diversion to his sister's stratagem, and to dash down at once our scheme of felicity."

"It has, indeed," said Dr. Homily all the air of *puritanical meanness and artifice*: but it will not succeed. The church and you will be triumphant. If his heart has wandered for a moment, from his

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real interest and rectitude, I will recall it, in an instant, to honour and happiness." After much discourse of this nature, they took an affectionate farewell of each other; Mr. Moody determined to write an immediate answer to Aaron, and Dr. Homily to our hero.

CHAP. XXIV.

SQUIRE AARON'S TRIUMPH AND TREACHERY SUCCESSFUL.

THE family at Cranberry Hall were sitting sociably after supper, descanting on the late transactions, admiring the beauty and dignity of *Ancina*, and the talents and virtues of our hero; rallying Letitia on her new honours, and predicting her approaching happiness; when Squire Aaron entered, with a surly manner and wrathful eye, the certain harbingers of a gathering storm. "If ever," said he, with an oath, "there was a cool,

cool, unfeeling, accomplished villain, it is Tickle. I thought my suspicions were always sufficiently awake: but his cunning and baseness exceed all rule and calculation. One would think he was born to be my eternal tormentor, and the pest of our family. Here, when we had received him with open arms; when he had avowed his constancy to Letitia, before (I may say) men and angels; when honour, interest, reputation, all should bind him to be true; he has been playing a double part, and sporting with my sister's peace and character, while he was robbing me of the affections and hand of a young lady, who would otherwise have been mine." The company expressed great astonishment and indignation at this folly: but he persisted in his affirmations; and, to confirm them, produced the following letter which he had just received from the brother of Miss Moody.

" DEAR

" DEAR SIR,

" THE tender you have made of your hand and fortune to my sister, would not be rejected, had she not been under the *fullest previous engagement to Mr. Tickle*. We have, therefore, only to acknowledge the honour of your proposal. We are much surprised that you should be ignorant of this *intended match*, as it is a matter of notoriety through this country, and sanctioned by Dr. Homily's and my full approbation. We can hardly believe here, the reports of the transactions between Mr. Tickle and your sister, before the Indians; though modern gallantry authorises many freedoms, which old-fashioned sincerity and constancy would not justify.

" I am your's to command,

" EDWARD MOODY."

The indignation and alarm of *Letitia*, and indeed of all the company, at this strong demonstration of our hero's infidelity,

fidelity, may be better conceived than expressed. He arrived at this critical juncture, when they were agitated by doubt, sorrow, and resentment. A dumb silence ensued on his entrance, and he himself was appalled by the reluctant civility, and frozen looks, which everywhere encountered him. Letitia arose before an explanation could take place, distrusting her self-command; and reached her room, supported by Miss Lumeire, in deep and silent agony.

Our hero was thunderstruck with this reverse, and with eager, though tremulous voice, inquired the cause.

“ You are the cause, Mr. Tickle,” said Aaron; “ and to shew you that we are not hasty in our judgment, read there the charge, its proof, and your condemnation. After which, as you will find it impossible to equivocate, you may go, if you please, as soon as you can, to the place from whence you came, and thence to the place of execution : but it is needless

less to pray for mercy on a soul so black and impenitent."

Tim seized the letter, glanced a vindictive eye on Aaron, and read it with horror, anguish, and rage. He leaned his feverish forehead on his hand, smote the table vehemently; and then perused the letter over and over again.

"What! struck dumb with guilt?—What evasion can you recur to?—What can you say in defence of such usage to respectable families?" said Aaron, with malignant triumph.

"I can say," cried Tickle, "that from any other man, at any other place and time, such language should receive the correction it deserves: but, as appearances, in a great measure, justify your resentment, and condemn me, I shall never enter within these walls, and deem myself ever worthy the execration of mankind, unless I fully vindicate myself from this strong charge of duplicity and dishonour." So saying, he left the

company, and pressed eagerly into the room where Letitia was endeavouring to divert her anxiety by music.

"This is not a time for ceremony, dearest Miss Forester, when what is more valuable to me than life, *my honour and your love*, are at hazard. Let me only entreat you to suspend a decision until I have made my defence."

"I have suffered too much already," said she, "from suspense, when a fair and candid eclairsissement would have removed every difficulty. But the question is now at issue.—If you can vindicate your own honour in the business, you will never be reproached by Letitia."

"Miss Moody," said he, "will cheerfully herself acquit me from the charges of her brother."

"I hope you have very strong reasons for your confidence in that lady's acquittal," said Letitia, "or can depend chiefly on the openness and rectitude of your own conduct."

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“ That lady has ever behaved to me with un sullied honour,” said Tim; “ and, if it were proper for me to unfold it, with such disinterested friendship as would command your highest applause. She has been the depositary of all my wishes, sighs, and anxiety at your displeasure. She lamented, with me, your severity, and rejoiced at your reviving regard. She has been the bosom-friend to console, advise, and sympathize in the vicissitudes of my passion. I should therefore triumph in this appeal, as she best knows my fidelity to you, and will most rejoice in proclaiming it.”

“ Good God ! what do I hear ?” said Letitia, much agitated. “ Miss Moody the confidant and applauder of your love to me ?—What shall I say ? Let me not pass a hasty judgment, or suppose guilt and treachery, the enormity of which makes me tremble. All further discussion on this subject is painful and unnecessary.—I will avoid all recrimination.—On

your full refutation of the charge, depends the sentiment my heart is proud to entertain of you, or its eternal abhorrence and contempt."

"Then my happiness is sealed," cried Tim; "for Heaven and my own conscience have already acquitted me; and I will remove every doubt created by mistake; and compel treachery, if there be any in this case, to acknowledge its falsehood."


Letitia requested him to conduct himself with moderation, as well as firmness, on this occasion; remembering, "That her peace and honour were combined with his." She saw a fierceness and determination in his countenance on his eager departure, that made her tremble with solicitude. She was glad to find this odious charge brought forward, and now near a final decision, without her having been reduced to an explanation, distressing to her delicacy and pride. She found it impossible to reconcile our hero's positive

tive declaration, of Miss Moody's encouraging a passion, which she had in her letter so strongly reprobated. Neither could she believe, that the brother would have rejected Aaron's proposals, on the ground of an engagement, without the most clear conviction. Our hero's general character was thrown into the opposite scale; and, aided by her partiality, kept the balance fluctuating.

Aaron, boiling with rage and jealousy, mixed with his usual brutality, and innate hatred of our hero, flew from apartment to apartment, venting his reproaches and curses, imprecating vengeance, and triumphing in this full detection of Tickle's perfidy and dishonour. Instead of consoling the gentle Letitia in her sorrows, and raising her depressed forehead; he crushed her with the weight of invective, and malignant predictions of her disappointment and disgrace.

She bore his bitter insults with dignified silence: but at last, retiring to

her bed-room, said, " Unnatural brother, spare yourself the trouble of being my executioner: for if it will gratify your mind, I confess, your wretched sister is almost as miserable as you can wish her."



CHAP. XXV.

THE MASK DROPPED, AND OPEN
HOSTILITIES COMMENCED.

OUR hero drove on furiously most part of the night, and continued the remainder of it at an inn on the road. Uncertainty, indignation, and solicitude, expelled sleep from his pillow, and distracted his heart and head. Sometimes he conceived it might be a black forgery of *squire Aaron's*; and, at others, that *Miss Moody* might have been compelled to give currency to such a report, to repel the anger of her brother. This last conjecture predominated.

His

His bosom glowed with anxious apprehensions of the consequences of his own indiscreet conduct. He recalled all the evidences, with which their common-imprudence and folly might have supplied their friends and enemies, and the world at large, of the connexion and engagement now pretended. Dr. Homily had given it his recommendation, and had dropped expressions which might now naturally be interpreted to confirm it. He had himself ever found Miss Moody a most generous and indulgent friend. If, by their incautious behaviour, her reputation, prospects, and family-peace, should be endangered; did it become him, as a man of honour, to leave her unshielded? or rather, to throw entirely on her, that load of censure, which her too great partiality for him, only had occasioned?—On the other side, could he survive the suspicion of being faithless to Letitia?—No! he could not admit the thought. “But might he not

expect from Miss Moody's tried friendship, that, if he warded off the present storm, she would vindicate him to Letitia, and her friends, and remove every shadow of doubt from her mind?"

Generous youth! into how many difficulties art thou plunged, from imprudent confidence; from even gratitude itself; and from that spirit of gallantry, which would pardon, and even bear, the disgrace of those frailties in another, which seemed to spring from an excess of generous attachment!

He rose at break of day, and impatiently hurried to Berkeley Hall; whence he dispatched a note to Mr. Moody, requesting the honour of his company at breakfast. He arrived before Dr. Homily was risen, and took a turn with our hero in the garden. Tim, after a polite acknowledgment of the favours he had received from his family, and his high esteem for his sister; expressed his surprise at the honour done him of a
projected

projected alliance, which he had never before heard of; and solemn engagements, which, certainly, neither he nor Miss Moody had ever formed.

Mr. Moody recoiled, with a look of astonishment and rage.—“ This language, Sir, is very mysterious from a person who has lived in *such habits of intimacy and freedom* with my sister, as nothing but an engagement will justify to the world or me, or, indeed, to your own, and my sister’s honour.”

“ For your sister,” replied Tickle, “ I have all the esteem and veneration which her virtues and friendship merit: but neither my declarations, nor conduct to her, will give sanction to such a charge.”

The argument became very warm and interesting between them, when they were joined by Dr. Homily; who innocently commended our hero’s speedy return, on the *wings of love*, to a mistress, who so much merited it, and every day secured more of his paternal regard.

"You seem, Dr. Homily," said Mr. Moody, "to be under as great a mistake in this affair, as myself, according to this gentleman."

"How! what! I cannot be wrong in supposing," said the Doctor, "that my grandson is sensible of your sister's accomplishments, and that their attachment is reciprocal!"

"It is impossible, Sir; I have told Mr. Moody," said Tim, "that no lady possesses more of my esteem and friendship than his sister, and that I will ever act to her on the principles of good faith and honour: but as to any intentions, or promise of marriage, I utterly disclaim them."

"You alarm and shock me," said Dr. Homily. "Surely you cannot form an idea of abandoning a young lady, after she has given such public demonstrations of her affection. Your honour is embarked with her's; and I cannot persuade myself you can admit a thought of sullying it."

Yet

Yet I fear the arts of that Machiavelian family may have tainted your principles by their own. For I am sorry to hear reports of a *renewal* of your attentions to a certain lady, whose family insulted your grandfather, as well as you; and whose *civil and religious tenets* can never coalesce—at least with mine—or any that I can esteem.”

“I am sorry, my respectable benefactor,” said Tim, firmly, “that you should so hastily condemn me.—To save a discussion that can only be painful to all, I will never swerve, I declare before you both, from any *assurance, promise, or engagement*, which I have made to Miss Moody; and will, without scruple, leave my cause to the decision of the young lady herself.”

“There spake my grandson,” cried the Doctor, “like himself. Nothing can be more reasonable and candid than the proposal.”

After

After breakfast they repaired to the field of battle, and, while Dr. Homily and Mr. Moody walked in the garden, our hero ascended to the sister's chamber with great precipitation. She received him as usual, with expressions of affection; but prevented his expected address, by a flood of tears, and exclaiming, "What miseries have I not borne since your absence! what anguish has torne this hapless breast! It is not sufficient that I should be the victim of hopeless love; but that my disinterested friendship, my efforts to promote your wishes, and the effusions, and innocent indulgence of the chastest attachment, should be construed criminal. Alas! I fear, not only the peace of my mind, but the esteem of my family and friends, are endangered." She then related to our afflicted hero, that her brother was so much incensed by her interview with him in the garden, and other freedoms which had been reported to

to him, that he insisted on an explanation; and that her honour could not be saved with the world, without the *belief of an engagement*. She therefore conjured him, by every bond of esteem, gratitude, pity, and gallantry, not to abandon her to insult and ruin. She solicited, with sighs and tears, that he would only *countenance the report* till the storm should be dissipated; and she would, in the mean time, give the most satisfactory assurances to Letitia, that he could require.

We shall not attempt to describe the horror, anguish, and perplexity, which wrung our hero's heart while she was speaking. The big drops rolled down his forehead. "I need not," said he, "dwell on the anguish I feel for you; because it will be impossible for me to relieve you. Whatever the most ardent friendship can do for you, consistently with my own honour, I will readily perform; but I never can *acknowledge engagements* which would brand me with eternal infamy,

infamy, and sacrifice the happiness and fame of a lady, who has already suffered too much, even from the report of such a connexion."

Miss Moody's eyes now sparkled with pride and indignation. Convinced that she could not triumph over his attachment to Letitia, and apprehensive that her treachery had been already revealed, she dropped the mask of the *angel*, and glared the *fiend* on his astonished view, without disguise or modification.

"What do I hear, ingrate! Am I then to be abandoned at last to that capricious *idiot*?—Am I to be treated as a wanton for your gratification, while your tyrannical *sultana* happens to be in the vapours?—My reputation, rank, and family, my peace and prospects, are, it seems, of no weight!—But, Sir, there is a civil authority in this country, which will *compel* the fulfilment of engagements; and I have friends to protect me in my claims."

"Am

“Am I awake?” said Tim. “Is this my disinterested friend?—Madam, I thank you for delivering me from this fatal delusion. I now see the precipice on which I have been playing;—but it is not too late. From my *pity* you might have endangered me;—but a breast like your’s, cannot feel those pangs from which I was most anxious to shield it. This place is now hateful to me. I bid you adieu.”

“Think not,” said she, in desperation, “to escape thus!—You shall account to me, my friends, and your country, for this infringement of your faith. And know that I have written already to your idolized queen, to check her proud triumph. She is in possession of that evidence, which, if necessary, shall stamp your guilt in a *court*, and compel you to reparation.”

This last stroke almost stunned the intellects of our hero, and he was just exclaiming, “Then I am undone!” when Dr. Homily and her brother entered.

They

They saw their mutual agitation ; her tears, which flowed most copiously ; and Tim in the attitude of unutterable grief and despair.—“ Whence is all this ? What is the cause of your tears, and his affliction ? ”

She threw her arms first round Dr. Homily's, and then her brother's neck ; exclaiming, “ That I should have lived to experience such injustice and cruelty ! and from the man whom I valued, chiefly for those virtues which you had taught him ! O, Dr. Homily ! he refuses to fulfil his engagements ; he even has the cruelty not to acknowledge them ; though I have the most incontestable evidence to authenticate them.”

Dr. Homily looked at our hero with mingled anguish, consternation, and anger ; Mr. Moody, with fierce disdain and revenge.

Tim, after remaining with his arms folded, walked to Miss Moody with a firm air, and said slowly, “ Can you, Madam,

Madam, in the face of Heaven, and before me, declare, that I have ever tendered love to you, and formed engagements?"

"Can you, ungenerous Tickle!" said she, "deny them? Then read *this paper*, and be for ever silent."—Here she put into his hands a copy of the affidavit, which her servant, and friend, had proposed to make.

Our hero now saw her thorough baseness, the cause of Letitia's displeasure, and his own danger, in one moment. He lost that command of temper, which her sex had hitherto exacted. "Base and perfidious woman! I am sufficiently defended against your malice, by knowing you. Henceforth I substitute contempt and disdain, for pity and mistaken friendship." So saying, he darted out of the room, leaving her mistress of the field.

She communicated, as if unwillingly, the fatal paper to Dr. Homily and her brother; and they agreed, that the evidence

dence was complete and unequivocal, and would secure full reparation. She attributed his sudden change to the recent interview with Letitia's family, whose arts had poisoned his mind: though she had candidly informed Letitia of it, at the *very time of the engagement*; which would be a further proof of her veracity and consistency. Dr. Homily was highly irritated at our hero's dishonourable conduct. She requested him not to proceed to extremities, until he had tried the influence of parental admonition and authority on his mind.

CHAP. XXVI.

A GOTHIC APPEAL TO COLD IRON.

OUR hero's condition was now truly deplorable. He could not think of going to Berkeley Hall, with such infamy hanging over him; and he saw not a path

to

to extricate him from Miss Moody's artful machinations. He heard her threat respecting Letitia, and had every misery to fear from the sample he had seen of her profound policy and desperate darings. Instead of returning home, he walked with quick pace in a wood, not far from her house. Unfortunately for both, her brother saw him from the window, and construed it into defiance. He put two swords under his coat, and two loaded pistols in his pocket, and then walked deliberately to the spot, accosting our hero with, "What are you delaying for here? Do you wish a further evidence? Or, finding your guilt detected, do you feel compunction, and desire a reconciliation?"

"For neither of these causes," replied Tickle; "but I was indulging my sorrow, that a young lady, of your sister's education and family, should have recourse to such detestable arts."

"Sir,

“ Sir, she is above the practice of any arts ; and if she is disgraced, it will only be, from having admitted to her company a wretch so infamous as you, who *shall acknowledge her innocence*, or suffer the correction he merits. Take one of these swords, I insist.”

“ I wish to be calm,” said our hero, “ and not punish the guilt of the sister on a mistaken and gallant brother.”

“ Draw, Sir ! and add not the disgrace of cowardice to the blackest perfidy.”

“ If we are to decide it by arms,” answered Tickle, “ let us have seconds. It will detain us a little only, and you will not be the worse for more temper.”

“ Come, no evasion ! Draw immediately.” So saying, he struck our hero over the back with his sword.

The contest was maintained with great spirit on both sides, till Mr. Moody, after making a violent lunge, which our hero evaded, received a wound in his sword-arm, which put him at the mercy of his
anta-

antagonist. Tickle assisted him to bind up his arm, which bled much; and begged that this might terminate the rencontre. Mr. Moody replied, he was determined *that one of them should fall*, unless Tickle would promise to fulfil his engagement. He drew out pistols, and offered one to our hero; who said he was already provided, having those in his pocket, with which he travelled. They took their distance, and fired without effect: but at the second discharge, Mr. Moody received a dangerous wound in his breast, staggered a few paces, and fell on the earth. Tim ran up to him, and offered him assistance; but he said, he feared it would be vain, as the wound, he believed, was mortal. Our hero took him up in his arms, to carry him towards his house: but the pain of the motion, and loss of blood, were so great, that he begged him to desist; saying, with a faltering voice, "How is it possible that a gentleman so generous to the *brother*,
could

could be so base to the *sister*?" One of his servants now came up, and our hero, seeing he would have every needful relief, proceeded immediately to Berkeley Hall, to change his clothes, which were embued with the blood of his antagonist.

The intelligence of the *murder*, as it was called, of Mr. Moody, spread rapidly through the country, aggravated with circumstances of horror, or decorated with deeds of valour, as suited the passions and imaginations of those by whom the tale was circulated. When Dr. Homily heard of it, impressed as he was with our hero's obstinacy and dishonour, he lamented the hour he was born, and the day in which he was rescued from savage hands, to brand himself with infamy, fall by the public executioner, and expose him, in his old age, to the insults and scoffs of his enemies. "This boy, this last hope of temporal felicity, I had cherished in my bosom, and made
the

the principal figure in all my pictures of prosperity! and *he* is now converted into my greatest curse—into an envenomed monster, to twine round my heart, and blast all my future comfort and peace! But why do I speak of my own peace? Wretched old man! it is your duty to surrender him up to justice, that you may not be a partaker of his crimes. It will be your last benevolent office, to lead him to repentance, and, by accepting his tears and sighs of contrition, to sooth his troubled breast with the hope of forgiveness, also, above!—Alas! little fit am I for this distressful task, for my old heart has been rent and shattered with many sorrows.” When he saw Tim covered with the blood of his antagonist, he recoiled from the embrace which our disconsolate hero was preparing to give him, as a last farewell, and said, “No! I cannot admit the assassin, the betrayer of the sister, and the murderer of the brother,

ther, to my breast. He must make an atonement to the justice of his country, and by deep contrition and repentance become an object of the mercy of Heaven, as he is now of my pity and abhorrence. Why, gracious Heaven! have I lived to see this spectacle of guilt and sorrow—the brave, the magnanimous son, changed to the desperate and bloody murderer; hardened against compunction, and the exhortations and tears of his wretched father!”

“Best of benefactors,” said Tim, firmly, “drive me not to despair by your severity. The justice of my country I am ready to meet; the acquittal of Heaven I fear not; your unjust censure and hasty reproaches wound me more than those of my enemies. I cannot now even bear your tenderness, till I restore peace to your bosom and my own, by a full vindication of my honour. I go to deliver myself up to my country; and may Heaven

ven ever blefs you, my deareft benefactor, and forgive you, as I do, this injuftice to your fon!"

So faying, he rushed from Dr. Homily, and was going into the road, when he was met by Mr. Dolier, captain Jarvis, and fome other friends. He related to them briefly, all the tranfactions. They were ftruck with horror at the art and perfidy of Mifs Moody, and had no doubt of the innocence and honour of our hero: but they infifted, that the circumftances were fo ftrong againft him, the probability of Mr. Moody's death fo great (as he was now fenfelefs and given over, fo that his evidence would be loft to our hero); the enmity and influence of the family, as well as the Forefters, fo dangerous; and the opinions of the people fo hostile to duelling; that, however innocent, he would inevitably be a victim to treachery and revenge: and that, on the contrary, time would allow the heat of party to abate, would enable him and his friends to col-

lect evidence, and to penetrate and defeat the black artifices of his enemies.

These arguments had their due weight on our hero; and as it was soon found that he was to be immediately apprehended, he pushed off across the country, through the most unfrequented paths, towards a small sea-port town, called Shrewsbury, whence, if necessary, he might be put on board some vessel from New York or Philadelphia bound to Europe. Neither the time nor his feelings would admit of his seeing Dr. Homily again, and he only whispered Sancho to follow him, some hours after, and meet at night, as he directed. He was scarcely departed, before a posse of people beset Dr. Homily's house to apprehend him. His friends delayed admitting them, as long as possible, to favour his escape, and engaged them in searching the house, buildings, and neighbouring village. A report was then raised, that he was secreted in a sloop in the offing, and the pursuit

suit was diverted for many hours by contradictory accounts. Orders were, however, sent to all the sea-ports, to prevent the embarkation of a person of his description, and diligent search was made; there being now little prospect of Mr. Moody's recovery.

No person was more active than *squire Aaron*. Revenge, jealousy, and his delight in blood, conspired with personal hatred, to impel him to every exertion. Added to this, was the prospect of gratifying most essentially, and securing his darling mistress. Immediately after the receipt of her brother's letter, and our hero's departure from Cranberry Hall, he had followed, by easy journies, to her house, where he arrived a few hours after the rencontre. He testified the strongest sympathy in Miss Moody's distress, and zeal to avenge her cause. That lady, finding her loss of our hero irretrievable, and being now as much under the influence of hatred,

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jealousy,

jealousy, and revenge, as she was before of love, resolved to make a virtue of necessity, and profit of the squire's passion, to retrieve her fame, and completely triumph over her enemies. She reprobated the character and pretensions of our hero, which she had only been induced to countenance, from public fame and the solicitations of his grandfather: "That the late event was in some degree fortunate, as it discovered his treachery to both families; set her free from an odious engagement, and enabled her to punish the impostor, and give her hand to him who had long possessed her heart." This language fired Aaron with love and gratitude, and gave wings to his zeal; which received also no inconsiderable impulse, from the hope of much additional wealth, by the death of her brother. Our hero, therefore, must inevitably have been apprehended, had he not gone, where he could be least expected, into the very den of the tiger, to Cranberry Hall itself; while Aaron was
searching

searching for him, in Dr. Homily's neighbourhood, and along the shores of the bay. His resolution to vindicate himself to Letitia, and restore peace to her bosom, rendered his life precious to him, and an honourable acquittal essential. When he reflected on his conduct in this fatal affair, he found a cheering glow of self-approbation, which rendered his mind less anxious and agitated, than when it was punished by suspense, and a reluctance to expose a supposed friend to suspicion and disgrace. Her perfidy had released him from all embarrassment, and given a clue to unravel the mysterious displeasure of Letitia. Dr. Homily was induced, by the arguments of Tim's friends, to suspend his judgment, and inclose some money, for our hero's use, in a letter, which he gave to Sancho, who was to set out, with all expedition, and meet him, that evening, at Cranberry Park.

CHAP. XXVII.

DANGER OF OUR HERO, AND INTREPID
CONDUCT OF LETITIA.

THE report of the rencontre had reached Cranberry Hall long before our hero. It had acquired various forms and colours in its progress. It was sometimes a bloody battle, in which both were mortally wounded; and then an unprovoked assault, by Tickle, who had basely assassinated his antagonist, and would suffer death for the murder. All agreed that Mr. Moody could not survive; and some reports affirmed, that the assassin was apprehended. What a source of sorrow for the heart of Letitia, already enfeebled by repeated assaults of misfortune! She represented to herself, her faithful lover wan and fainting with loss of blood; dragged to a dungeon, among malefactors, to undergo an ignominious trial; and, perhaps, an untimely death.

death. And for what? For attempting to vindicate his own fame; to dispel the groundless suspicions which the treachery of her rival had excited. "The gallant youth could not live under my displeasure. It drove him, at first, to rush into solitude, into captivity and danger of death. It now has impelled him to sacrifice the brother, to efface the guilt and stain created by the perfidious sister! If he had not been true to me, why would he have hesitated to acknowledge his love? to have taken the hand which was forced on him? Would he have embued his sword in the blood of the brother, for urging an union which he so eagerly aspired after? No! His truth, her treachery, my folly, and his undeserved misfortune, are now established too fatally! Generous youth! when he left me, I read his purpose in his eyes—to seal his innocence, if necessary, either with his own blood or that of his accuser! Why had I not retained him by

my embraces, and soothed the tumults of his bosom by my confidence? Thus his peace and life might have been rescued."

Such were Letitia's reflections, when our hero arrived after a hasty journey across the country, at Cranberry Park; where, after waiting some time in the thickest shade, Sancho came, as was agreed, and delivered him the parcel from Dr. Homily, and a small portman-teau. They tied their horses to the trees, and, favoured by the darkness, approached the house, which our hero was determined at all risks to enter, to vindicate his honour, and bid adieu to Letitia. Sancho lurked about, till he saw Bab, whom he conducted to his master; he told her of his determination, and that he would reward her handsomely for the important service. She agreed to ask her mistress's permission; but our hero eagerly stole up stairs after her, and was at the door, when she whispered her mistress,

mistress, that he was near. " Good God ! what do you say ? I tremble with apprehension for his safety. Go, dear Bab ! tell him to fly instantly !—No ; I will see him myself, whatever be the hazard ; he merits it."—So saying, she was rising up, when our hero gently entered ; he supported her, fainting almost with the violence of her emotions in his arms. They remained a few moments lost in melancholy transport, and Tim exclaimed—" And are you not then estranged to me ? Have you not hastily condemned me ? Does your heart do justice, at last, to the ardour and sincerity of mine ? Then shall I yet triumph over my enemies." Her voice was lost in the excess of her sensibility, and she could only say, " I do ! I do ! Pardon my injustice. But you see what artifice I had to encounter. You feel, alas ! too unfortunately the energy of her malice and perfidy !" Our hero briefly related to her, the various stratagems she had practised from

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the letter signed "*Incognita*," to the last climax of her treachery and revenge. He produced many of her letters, in which she reported conversations and interviews with Letitia she had never had, and extracts of letters she had never received.

This mass of art and baseness astonished our heroine; and she lamented, in the most pathetic terms, her credulity, and the misfortunes she might have prevented by a candid and full explanation. Tim could not bear her self-accusation and abasement; he kissed the tears from her cheeks, and upbraided himself for the many sufferings he had inflicted on her by his confidence in so unprincipled a monster.

Letitia frequently interrupted this delicious interchange of returning affection, by reminding him of his danger, and conjuring him to depart. "O! fly to some safe asylum, and return not till time has dispelled the storm. If you are but in safety, I shall not regret the distance. O, fly, my love!

love! Torture me not with apprehensions." He repeated his adieus, and hesitated to depart—but was compelled by her to promise only the last embrace.

They were dissolved in deep and silent sorrow, when Barbara, who was sentinel on the stairs with Sancho, announced that Aaron was in the house, and coming forward.—Retreat down the passage was impossible, and to conceal him in her bed-room, dangerous to Letitia's honour. She desired him, with great presence of mind, to remain where he was, and descend from the window, if it was necessary and practicable. She locked the door after her, and met Aaron on the stairs. He had traced our hero by accident to the neighbourhood, and suspected at last he might be with Letitia. The sight of Sancho on the stairs confirmed him. He insisted on the key of her room, and she refused. He attempted to take it from her pocket by violence, and she resisted, assisted by Barbara; till he threw
her

her with such impetuosity against the bannisters, that she received a dangerous contusion, and swooned away on the floor. Regardless of delicacy, or of his bleeding, and almost expiring sister, he tore the key from her pocket, and rushed towards the room. *Sancho*, deeming the case now desperate, gave him such a violent twitch by the coat-laps, that they descended together precipitately to the bottom of the stairs. He then assaulted this faithful black, who patiently received his blows, or only held him by the arms.

The servants, with Mrs. and Mr. Forester, now rushed to the assistance of Letitia; and were so much engaged by her situation, that they paid no attention to the vociferations of Aaron, whom they all condemned for his cruelty to his sister. She was carried speechless, and in a high fever, to bed; and a surgeon, who was sent for, pronounced her in great danger.

This

This delay and interruption were most fortunate for our hero: they gave him an opportunity of letting himself quietly down from the window, and reaching his horse unperceived. Aaron, at last being disengaged, ordered *Sancho* into custody, and searched his sister's chambers, the garrets, and, in short, every possible lurking-place in and around the house and parks. *Sancho's* horse was found, and the poor fellow lodged in close confinement; where every temptation was applied to lead him to a discovery of his master's route. Aaron swore he would have him tried capitally, for attempting to take away his life, and making him prisoner in his own house.

The surgeon found it necessary to bleed *Letitia* copiously, which restored her to some intervals of reason. In these, her first inquiries of *Bab*, were, "Whether *Tim* had escaped?" On hearing it, she said, "Then I am happy! I, have also been the instrument, by my fall, of retard-
ing

ing his pursuers.—This is consoling! Tell my cruel brother that I forgive him."

"But do, dear missa," said Bab, "intercede for *poor Sancho*.—They threaten to hang him for his massa."

Letitia promised she would, and ordered her to send him a guinea, and some necessaries. She soon relapsed again; and when Aaron, now alarmed at the consequences, approached, and begged her pardon most submissively, she started back with horror, shrieking, "There is my murderer! Cruel brother, look not so fiercely on me! It is not he! He never did you an injury! O! spare his life! See, he tears my locks! Spare me from this indecency and insult! Keep him off! keep off his savage hands!"

These violent paroxysms had now considerably reduced her; and Mr. Forester and Aaron began to consult seriously on the consequences which might result from the catastrophe. Sancho and Bab
were

were the principal, and indeed only evidences of the deed which was the cause of this danger. His life would be forfeited by the death of his sister, unless these witnesses could be silenced, or removed. The former they thought impracticable; the latter, difficult and dangerous.

CHAP. XXVIII.

SEQUEL OF THE ROUTE, AND DILIGENT PURSUIT OF TICKLE.

OUR hero had reached the remote part of the park, where they had left their horses, before the affray on the stair-case was ended, or any directions could be given for pursuit: indeed, the misfortune of Letitia engrossed fully their attention, and created a diversion very fortunate for his escape. He thought it unnecessary to wait for Sancho, who was well apprized of his intended route and desti-

destination. He therefore delayed only to secure Sancho's great coat and baggage, lest, in case of disaster, they might fall into the enemies hands.

With the utmost expedition he pressed forward towards the sea-coast, through the midst of large forests of pines and cedar. As day approached, he found that rest and some refreshment would be indispensable for man and horse. Soon as the sun-beams enabled him to quit the beaten path, he sought the deepest recess, and chose one for his retreat ; which was a small piece of meadow thickly environed with wild vines, elder, and blackberry-bushes. It was almost impervious to the eye, and penetrated with great pain and difficulty. In the midst he found plenty of water and grass ; and, among the aboriginal productions which fenced it in, black grapes, cherries, blackberries, sand-plums, and whittleberries. Of these he made a sufficient repast, and prepared

pared for repose, by gathering some leaves beneath a wide-spreading tulip-tree, and then wrapping himself up in his great-coat, with his portmanteau for his pillow, and some leaves drawn over him for concealment, he enjoyed a sound sleep for many hours.

When he awoke he saw his horse feeding tranquilly near him ; and having taken another repast himself, he pursued his journey again, as rapidly as the sandy roads would admit. Finding at night that his horse was too weak to proceed further without more invigorating food, and thinking he would be in little danger at a place so remote, he determined to stop at a small inn which he saw on the road. He put up his horse himself in the barn ; and then, with his portmanteau in his hand, and covered with Sancho's riding-coat, he entered the house, ordered corn, and engaged a bed for himself. He told the hostess he had been ill of an intermittent fever; and requested so courteously

ously that he might have supper in his bed-room, that she consented; and he retired to rest without being much noticed by the house. He got breakfast soon after sun-rise, and paid his reckoning. As he stood at the bar, two travellers alighted from steeds running down with foam. They ordered some milk-punch in the kitchen; and our hero heard them say, "It is impossible that he can escape; the reward is so great, that every quarter of the country will be searched, and every vessel, shallop, and boat, on the coast."

Tim immediately passed on to the barn, and saddling his horse, led him quietly off; and quitting the high road, when out of sight of the inn, rode into the thickest part of the woods, which along that coast were very free from obstructions, and penetrable almost in every direction.

From all circumstances, and what he had just heard, he thought his danger
immi-

imminent. He had no doubt but his person and dress would be distinctly advertised: he therefore chose the first copse he met with, to conceal his horse; and dismounting, examined Sancho's baggage. He stripped off his own clothes, and dressed himself in a blue jacket and long trowsers of Sancho's, which he drew over his boots. He put on his head a coarse blue cap, and about his neck a large silk handkerchief. He rounded his hat with a knife, and flapped it like a hunter's. He next got some stones, and sunk his coat and waistcoat in a morass.

Thus metamorphosed, he struck into the most frequented road, resolved to pass for the servant of a Swiss officer then in the province. He had not been long from the woods, before he met with some countrymen, who inquired what travellers he had passed; and told him, five hundred pounds were offered to apprehend a gentleman who had killed another; and that a person answering the description

scription had been remarked on the road. He replied to them in French, and broken English, that he had seen only a few labourers. He asked them the nearest road to Shrewsbury ; and they directed him, cursing his outlandish lingo, and their useless delay. He rode up boldly to the next inn, where he proposed to bait and dine. Fearless of detection, he took the refreshments of the kitchen with the other servants ; and endeavoured, by alacrity and pleasantry, to escape suspicion. He assisted in cleaning the knives ; and there being an assize dinner served up, he was under the necessity of giving them a lift ; and conducted himself in his new office with great dexterity. —But he was in more danger than he dreamed of. A gentleman's servant alighted, with his master, and was assisted by our hero in the barn to give a feed to his horses, as the people of the house were greatly occupied. He swore, on seeing Tim's horse standing there, " I ha

it was either Mr. Tickle's, whom the whole country was pursuing, or as like him as one of his eyes to the other. I have often seen him ride on him at Staten Island, from whence my master, colonel Dongan, is lately come."—Tim told him, in broken English, "That he was very right, for his master, the Swiss officer, had bought him of Mr. Tickle."

While the servant was gone to attend on his master, our hero paid his reckoning, and thought proper to decamp; as he might be apprehended on suspicion of having stolen the horse, or be known to some of the travellers. He therefore again abandoned the high road; and when he approached Shrewsbury at night, he determined to leave his horse and portmanteau concealed in the woods, and explore the town, to see if he could hear any thing of Mr. Dolier, or meet him at the place appointed. Not finding him yet arrived, he passed two very wearisome days in the greatest solicitude, and generally

rally heard himself, at the houses where he ventured at night for refreshment, execrated as an inhuman assassin, whom it was the duty of every man to detect and punish.

He was now without the consolation of a friend to consult, or communicate with; uncertain of the fate of her he held most dear, and whether he should not undergo a perpetual banishment from her, his country, and friends, and that with the infamy of the most horrid and execrable crime; lamented by those who knew his innocence, but detested by mankind in general. Under this pressure of accumulated woe, the consciousness of integrity, and an ardent wish of vindicating it incontestably to the world, supported his afflicted heart, and prevented him from yielding to the rash resolution of surrendering himself, and undergoing an immediate trial: for he read in the public papers the accounts of the transaction, which his enemies had industriously

ously circulated, representing, that “ he had quarrelled with Miss Moody and her family in so dishonourable and violent a manner, that Dr. Homily himself, who was present, had reproved him severely : that he had lain in wait in a wood near the house, where he had been seen by different evidences lurking : that he had been observed, after the firing of pistols, leaning over the body of Mr. Moody, as if in the act of wounding him with a sword ; and a gash from such an instrument appeared in his arm : that he was covered with the blood of the wounded gentleman, who was speechless at the time of the servant’s approach, and still continued so : that a pistol was seen in the hand of Mr. Tickle, and no doubt was made that a ball from it had been the cause of the danger and probable death of the unfortunate Moody : that the assassin had fled immediately after, and had audaciously stolen into the house of colonel Forester, with a view of carrying off his daughter by

violence: that she had been wounded in the struggle, and the squire, her brother, kept prisoner, and assaulted under his own roof by the black 'servant of this depredator: that he was still concealed in the country; and a considerable reward would be given by both families, and by the government, to any who should apprehend him, or inform of persons concealing him, or aiding or abetting his escape."

Many of the facts here perverted could certainly have been substantiated; and it would have been impossible for him to refute some of the charges which were strongly supported by probable circumstances. The influence of family, wealth, power, connexions, and the popular tide, were strongly against Tickle. He was universally pronounced *guilty*; except by a few friends, who relied implicitly on his honour, or were well acquainted with the intricacies of the business.

Mr.

Mr. Dolier at last arrived, and met him, some miles from the town, in the woods. He said, that nothing but immediate flight could save him; and *that* was almost impossible. Our hero agreed to follow this faithful friend as a servant, and accordingly entered the town as such, with his horse and portmanteau. Here they remained until Mr. Lumeire had freighted a ship for Dublin, in a joint concern with Dolier; and proceeded in her to Sandy Hook, under pretence of a jaunt, which was usual at that season of the year, to the fishing-banks. Mr. Dolier, with apparently the same view, frequently sailed in a shallop, attended by our hero, who was expert in fishing and maritime knowledge. By a private signal agreed on, the vessels both steered off the coast in company; till, at a proper distance, the ship was hailed, and they were invited, as if accidentally, on board, by Mr. Lumeire. They intrusted the secret to none; but agreed for a

passage with the captain, for Tim, in the *steerage*, as an honest lad, who had some expectations from his friends in Dublin.

When they had nearly lost sight of the Neverfinks, or highest mountains on that coast, these faithful friends, after wishing the ship a good voyage to Europe, returned in the shallop to the fishing-banks, and in a few days arrived safely at Shrewsbury.



CHAP. XXIX.

DANGEROUS SITUATION OF LETITIA.

IT is our duty now to gratify, as soon as possible, the curiosity of our readers respecting the transactions at Cranberry Hall. The fever of our heroine gradually abated, but left her constitution so much impaired, that the physicians dreaded a rapid decline. Her anxiety for the fate of Tickle, whose misfortunes she imputed to herself, and whose ruin she

was led to consider inevitable, preyed upon her spirits, and made her recovery hopeless. It was at last the opinion of the most celebrated medical gentlemen, who attended her, that a voyage to a more southern latitude would be most conducive to her health. She accordingly agreed to pass the winter at the island of Madeira; and preparations were accordingly made for her journey to Philadelphia, where it was proposed she should embark. She made it a condition of her compliance, that *Sancho* should be immediately discharged from the confinement he had undergone; that *Bab* should bear her company, and *Dr. Homily* be permitted to visit her before their departure.

These preliminaries being assented to, *Sancho* was liberated, and dispatched with an invitation to *Dr. Homily*. He found his old master exceedingly bowed down by his sorrows.—The return of

this trusty domestic gave him some consolation, as he was without company, Dr. Sourby and his other visitors having gone to New York to facilitate, if possible, our hero's escape. When Sancho reported to him the deplorable condition of Letitia, and her last request, he was much moved, and determined to visit her the next day.—“ Unfortunate young lady !” said he, to himself : “ though she has been the cause of so many misfortunes to my unhappy boy, yet it was not the fault of her heart, but of those erroneous principles which she imbibed from her religious education, and the bad example of her family. It is my duty, as a christian, to forgive the insults she has heretofore given me and my opinions ; and the disobedience and destruction in which she has involved the last hope of my age. I will go, and not only forgive her, but join my prayers to her's, for the forgiveness of Heaven, and the restoration
of

of my poor son, if not to the blessings of life, to the paths of righteousness and honour.”

Sancho, after delivering his message, inquired anxiously the route of his master, and requested Dr. Homily's permission, in the most urgent manner, to follow him to Europe.—“ No one can wait upon him like me. I can save him much expence ; and, if he should be unfortunate, support us both by my daily labour : besides, when he is ill, a stranger will not know his humours, or attend to his wishes so tenderly as I, who have known him from a boy. My dear old massa ! grant me this one favour ! I ask no money, but only a letter of direction to find him abroad. I have some cash laid up, which will do ; and I can work my passage as a sailor to Dublin.”

Dr. Homily was melted at this tenderness ; and shaking Sancho affectionately by the hand said, “ Well, you are a good lad ! and though I can ill spare you my-

self in my present afflictions, yet you may be more wanted by your poor *young master*.—You shall go.—I will send a letter to him by you; and you shall not travel at your own expence.” He accordingly wrote to his grandson, and gave Sancho ten pounds for the voyage.

Sancho insisted that it was unnecessary; or that half would do:—but on being compelled to take it, and receiving his old master’s last adieu, and prayers for his safe return, he twined round the legs of Dr. Homily, bathed them with his tears, and sobbed, “Heaven above is my witness, that I would not quit you, old massa, for the whole world!—but you know I may be of service by going.—Be not cast down.—Things will go well with him; for he is as innocent as a child unborn, and as brave and generous as a lion. I will bring him home safe and sound, I warrant.”

“I hope your prediction may be true, Sancho: for, alas! I am now like an
old

old tree blasted by the lightning, stripped of its leaves, robbed of it's branches, and mangled almost to the roots."



CHAP. XXX.

ARRIVAL OF TWO UNCOMMON
TRAVELLERS.

AFTER Sancho's departure, Dr. Homily had ordered his horse for his visit to Letitia, when two strangers, of *very venerable appearance* and manners, inquired for him, on particular business. They represented, "That they were from *England*; had settled in Boston with other British emigrants, to the amount of two hundred families; that they had quitted their native country from the same *religious and political scruples* as the Doctor's, and proposed having a convenient *place of worship*, if they could, by the assistance of the *well-affected*, make a sufficient

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ficient collection; that hearing of his extraordinary munificence, and well-known principles, they had waited on him for his contribution."

"We had the pleasure," said one of the strangers, who called himself Hicks, "to see, a few days ago, your intimate friend, the clergyman of Rye; and he sent his respects to you."

"O! Mr. Whitmore," observed Dr. Homily; "an excellent writer in defence of our church-government and liturgy."

"His publications have done great service through New England," replied Mr. Clayton, the other traveller: "but the circulation of Lefly's Rehearfal, and Chillingworth's Demonstration, has worked wonders. No less than five dissenting clergymen have conformed to the church in one day; and many of the most distinguished students of Yale college have done the same."

"I am heartily glad of it," said Dr. Homily, shaking them by the hands. "I hope

hope you will pass the day with me. I am preparing a polemical work myself, that I hope will do some execution."

"We heard of it from some of your friends; and, from your acknowledged talents," replied Mr. Hicks, "it will do the cause great service. Will it be voluminous, Doctor?"

"Two quarto volumes," answered Dr. Homily. "It is an abridgment of Hooker's Ecclesiastical Polity, with a preface, and copious notes. I will, in the course of the day, read you some pages of it."

"Nothing will give us greater pleasure," said Mr. Clayton.—"But pray, Doctor, if I may take the liberty, is not that a picture of the great Bishop of Cloyne hanging over your chimney-piece? What dignity in his brow! What acuteness in his eyes! What benignity in his countenance! Our countryman has justly said, 'That to different men different good qualities are given;' but,

“ To *Berkeley*, every virtue under heav’n.”

“ Yes ; that is the picture of one of the greatest philosophers of the age,” replied Dr. Homily. “ He honoured this villa, which bears his name, with his company ; and formed hints of many of his divine works under that very spreading tree which you see yonder.”

“ I had the pleasure of seeing him,” said Mr. Clayton, “ at Manchester some years past.—I think he was just returned from Italy.”

“ Pray, Mr. Clayton,” cried Dr. Homily, “ was you a native of Lancashire ? I know a very respectable family of that name. One of them, I think, kept an academy ; and was a most zealous friend of church and king.”

“ I have the honour,” answered Mr. Clayton, bowing, “ to belong to that family ; and my worthy old friend is a relation of the celebrated George Hicks.”

“ I af-

"I assure you, gentlemen, that I have not," said Dr. Homily, shaking them again cordially by the hands, "for many years felt such satisfaction, as I now do, in having under my roof *two Englishmen* of your *names and family*, of your *principles and talents*. I have a thousand questions to ask you about *poor old England*; about my native country, neighbours, and friends. You will excuse me for stepping out a moment, to give orders to my housekeeper."

"We did not mean to trespass," said the strangers; "but this will, to us, be one of the most agreeable occurrences since our departure from old England: for we find, from your reception,

"—Sunt hic etiam sua premia laudis,

Sunt lachrymæ rerum, et mentes mortalia tangunt.

Ev'n here rewards on virtuous deeds attend;

Ev'n here our sufferings meet a pitying friend."

"I can only answer you, with *Dido*," said Dr. Homily, "that, 'Being acquainted

quainted with misfortunes myself, I have learnt to pity those of others.'

"Non ignara malis, miseris succurrere disco."

The good old gentleman retired for a few moments.—Not to trespass on the reader's patience, he persuaded the strangers to dine, and to pass the night in great festivity at his house. He next morning gave them ten pounds for their intended chapel; and promised, if they called on him some days after, to give them as much more.



CHAP. XXXI.

APPEARANCE OF TWO DIFFERENT
CHARACTERS, OR THE USUAL
MODE OF CONSOLATION.

DR. Homily had been so much delighted with his English visitors, that his engagement to the unfortunate Letitia almost escaped his memory, and even

even the consciousness of his own woes had been considerably suspended. He was however, after their departure, just mounting his horse, for his journey, when *deacon Liptrap* and *Mawworm* the *pedagogue* rode up to the house, and said, they were sent from *Cranberry Hall* to accompany and expedite his visit. Dr. Homily related the occurrence which had detained him, and spoke of the great pleasure of meeting with two of his countrymen.

“If you mean the persons that this morning left your house,” said Mawworm, “they were no more *Englishmen* than I am, by what dropt from a person who saw them pass. He said they were New-England-men, and he believed no better than a couple of swindlers.”

“Mere calumny,” replied Dr. Homily. “I am well satisfied they are scholars and gentlemen; their conversation has been a great consolation to me.”

“I am

“ I am very glad of it,” said Liptrap ;
“ for I assure you, we much *pity* your
late *misfortunes*, and came purposely to
condole with you, and *animate* your heart
with christian philosophy.”

“ I thank you for your pity,” replied
the Doctor, with a sigh. “ My situation
at present is indeed very distressing. Poor
Tim !”

“ You have *great cause* indeed to be
wretched,” observed Liptrap ; “ for there
is little hope of the recovery of Mr. Moo-
dy; and if he dies, your grandson must
inevitably suffer.”

“ And considering his *fiery temper*,”
said Mawworm, “ which from his youth
involved him in disputes ; such a ca-
tastrophe might have been well ex-
pected.”

“ Heaven have mercy on the poor
lad !” cried Dr. Homly. “ I always
thought him *brave* and *generous*.”

“ Ah, Doctor !” said Liptrap, “ what
you call *bravery* and *generosity*, were his
unruly

unruly passions and self-will. Your *over-indulgence* of him when a boy——”

“ And your conniving,” continued Mawworm, “ at his imprudences and mischiefs, and calling them marks of his *savaiier character*. Wrong, very wrong ! I pity you sincerely : but you certainly are *answerable* for much of his guilt.”

“ Alas !” said Dr. Homily, “ if I have *erred*, it has been only from tenderness. I wish the poor lad’s breast may be as free from guilt as mine.”

“ There, there,” cried Liptrap, “ is an instance of your vain-glory and self-righteousness. Your calamities, Sir—excuse my christian freedom—have not yet, it seems, cured you of pride, and the vanity of your heart.”

“ My dear friends, I am sufficiently humbled,” sighed Dr. Homily ; “ my aged head is bowed down with sorrows to the grave.”

“ We wish to *comfort* you and *sympathize* in your griefs ; for surely no man has *endured more*.”

“ Let

"Let me strive," said Dr. Homily, "to submit patiently to the will of Heaven."

"No man has met with such a succession of woes," cried Mawworm;—"compelled to leave your country; your paternal estates forfeited; not able, except covertly, to exercise your functions."

"Grievous afflictions indeed," said Dr. Homily, with mournful air.

"And then, when arrived in a strange land, to lose his wife and his daughter," replied Liptrap.

"Aye," continued Mawworm, "and in *such a shocking manner*; to have her betrayed by a stranger, the hospitality of his house injured, his daughter violated, deserted, and falling prematurely *by a broken heart* into her grave."

"Dear Matilda! unfortunate daughter!—But thou art happy in heaven; thy father only is unfortunate in having survived thee;" said Dr. Homily, scarcely refraining from tears.

"And

“ And then, “ said Mawworm, “ this *last concluding act of the tragedy!* His grandson a fugitive for a murder—a most atrocious murder ;—and, if taken, he must perish by the executioner, detested and execrated by all mankind.”

“ May his repentance be sincere !” said Dr. Homily. “ May he be pardoned above !”

“ If his *religious faith and moral principles*—you will pardon my doing my christian duty, Doctor—are not much changed,” observed Liptrap, “ from those which you have implanted in him ; I fear his reliance on his *good works and repentance* will avail him little.”

“ I never taught him any principles, Sir,” said Dr. Homily, warmly, “ that he need *be ashamed of* ; if to fear God, and honour his king, and do his duty in every station as he ought, be not such. Neither am I fully persuaded that he *merits* the *odium* heaped on him. The general course of his conduct through life has been *brave and generous* ; which is incom-

incompatible, totally so, gentlemen, with the baseness and cruelty he is accused of. As to *my* being *driven* from my country, I always *loved* it, and would lay down my life for it. I never acted against it; and if I am wrong, I have erred conscientiously.—As to my *religious principles*, I glory in them, and *would at the stake*.”

“ Ah Doctor, Doctor,” said Mawworm, “ thou art still hankering after the flesh-pots of Egypt, and resting in carnal ordinances, and will-worship.”

“ What your fanaticism affects to sneer at,” cried Dr. Homily, “ has been defended by arguments unanswered and unanswerable: and as to my *misfortunes*, if I thought they tended to advance true piety, and the cause of good government, civil and ecclesiastical, I should deem them *blessings*, and bear them proudly, *as a crown of glory on my head*; though (like my *Master's*) composed of *thorns*.” So saying, he pushed on his horse, beaming fortitude and dignity from his countenance, and leaving the disap-

disappointed drivellers to croak in unison behind. He soon reached Cranberry Hall; but with a disposition not very favourable to Letitia. She had been represented to him as a pupil of *Mawworm* and *Liptrap*, and very hostile to his political and religious principles. Miss Moody had even, as the reader may recollect, asserted, that our heroine had *reprobated and jested at them*, and grounded her objections to marry Tickle on the difference of their churches. Persuaded that she had been the principal cause of his disobedience, and the atrocious act which sullied his fame and endangered his life, nothing but a spirit of genuine humanity could have led Dr. Homily to submit to so irksome an interview. This being premised, as an apology for him, if necessary, we will introduce him to Letitia in the next Chapter.

CHAP. XXXII.

OUR HEROINE'S INTERVIEW WITH
DR. HOMILY.

LETITIA was sitting in an elbow-chair, supported by pillows, when Dr. Homily was announced. Her face had lost its bloom, and her eyes their sprightly lustre. As the old gentleman approached, she bowed affectionately, and said, with a feeble voice, "I am much, indeed, indebted to you for this kindness. It is my misfortune to be most troublesome to those I most love; but, as I shall not long be a pain to my friends—"

"My dear madam," interrupted he, "distress me not with any apology for what christian duty, if not affection, would have compelled me to."

"I know your goodness, Sir; and I have sent for you on a solemn occasion. You may judge by my *appearance*, that I shall soon be delivered from my misfortunes.

tunes. I have, therefore, requested you might be a witness of my hearty forgiveness of all who may have injured me, and of my reconciliation with my own family."

"This will be acting like a christian," said Dr. Homily, "and a proper step towards obtaining the forgiveness of Heaven."

"I also am ready to *ask forgiveness*," she added, "of those whom I may have offended, and to make all the reparation in my power. Whatever pain," she continued, "I may have ever given to you, Sir, has been unintentional, and—"

"Spare me, dear Letitia, from the distress which any concession of yours must give me. You have never injured me; and the sufferings of my poor son you could never have *intended*!"

"But by my imprudence," replied she, "by my hasty decision—by perhaps too much pride and obstinacy—I fear, I fear
I have

I have been instrumental in the disgrace and misery which one of the worthiest of men is now exposed to!—This is too much to bear!—to have been the cause of his rashness, of his danger, and, perhaps, ignominious death, by my doubts of his love and honour, when all his distress and difficulty arose from the purity and fervency of his passion. Heaven and you may forgive me: but I never can myself!—Yet let me wave the afflicting subject for a few moments.—I wish to preserve my soul in calmness, for the last and most solemn act of religion!" She then whispered Bab to call in her friends; and accordingly, Col. Forester, his lady, and Aaron, entered with Mr. Mawworm and deacon Liptrap. She rose as they came in, supported by Bab and Dr. Homily, and taking *Aaron* by both his hands, said, with a tremulous voice, "My dear brother! I desire to be reconciled to you, and most freely forgive any pain which you may (I am sure unintentionally)

sionally) have given me. It must have been more an error of the head than heart. As I shall not long be a cause of solicitude to you by my infirmities, or of displeasure by my errors, I entreat your forgiveness of any I may have committed." Aaron pronounced, "that he had no reason to complain of her, that he was perfectly reconciled, and was sorry that he had any way accidentally done her harm." She then embraced him, and falling on her knees before her parents, implored *their forgiveness* of any offences she might have committed. They raised her up with much affection, and embraced her, while she prayed most fervently, that "Heaven would shed blessings on their heads, and that no remembrance of their daughter's errors or sorrows might ever pain their bosoms."

When this moving scene was closed, all the company retired, except Dr. Homily, whom she requested to remain by her. After recovering a little her exhausted

hausted spirits, she expressed an earnest desire that he would administer to her the sacrament, and read the service for the sick. "Though I shall be exceedingly happy to comply, my dear madam," said he, "with your pious wish; yet do not, out of *compliment to me*, give a *preference* which may displease Mr. Sullen your preacher, who is also of *your religious persuasion*."

"Though I respect," answered she, mildly, "the *religion of my parents*, I have made no scruple, Sir, when at my aunt's, to frequent and commune with the church of England. In every thing that is *essential* to faith and practice, we, I believe, agree; and I hope—"

"God forbid," said Dr. Homily, eagerly, "that I should *hesitate* to do an office of mercy and duty, however differently I may think on the point. I shall *rejoice*, my dear young lady—(giving orders to Bab)—But how much have you been misrepresented! I applaud your philanthropy.

py. It is the distinguishing characteristic of a christian. I am pleased with your approbation of our excellent church, and will discharge my duty with inexpressible joy."

After some pious discourse to her, suited to the occasion, he read the service, and went through the solemn administration with great devotion.

Letitia appeared to have gained new strength and fortitude from her exercise of piety, and told Dr. Homily she was now prepared to resume the discourse, which they had before agreed to suspend.

"You condemn yourself unjustly for your conduct to my grandson," said he; "for I think the ground of his criminality is his *perfidy to you* and *Miss Moody*. She has put it beyond doubt, by an affidavit, and the strongest circumstances."

"I wonder not," said our heroine; "at the prejudices of the world, and I can

almost pardon now my own long mistake, when I find a person, even of your discretion, deceived by her artifices."

"How! *artifices!* Dear madam, what a load of misery would you remove, if you could confirm my wishes. Poor Tim! great indeed must have been the proof to convince me that thou couldst be *base* and *cruel!*"

"His soul is as free from stain," cried she, "as yours, believe me, my worthy father, as I was wont to call you in happier days. He is the victim of *my unhappy errors*, and the most unexampled *treachery*. Before his flight, he left in my hands letters, which, compared with mine from Miss Moody, clearly unravel all her arts, and prove his *faith and constancy to me, unsullied.*"

"Angels of grace defend us!" said Dr. Homily, running round the room in ecstasy. "Is it possible! But it *must be so*. I have this day had one proof of her treachery.

chery. She described *you* to me, as an *enemy of the church, and a ridiculer of my opinions.*"

"What then is she not capable of?" cried Letitia. "How could I be supposed to condemn a religion, which had directed and influenced the virtues of the angelic Matilda!—The perfidious wretch is *her opposite* in all goodness.—But I am too warm—I perhaps have done wrong, by my unbecoming violence and severity."

"No," cried Dr. Homily, embracing her; "you have done right by *execrating villainy*, as well as *extolling true merit*.—But where, my dear Letitia, are the papers you spoke of?"

"I will put them all into your hands," said she, "for your own satisfaction, and to vindicate his fame. Here, Bab, bring the small trunk."

She here laid before him Miss Moody's *anonymous letters*; stated the affair of the ring, which the Doctor recollected, as

well as his own advice; her declarations and pretence of friendship to both, at the very time that she laboured to create a breach, and by her artifices effected it. In short, the curtain was perfectly drawn, and the whole mystery revealed distinctly to the astonished Doctor. He lifted his hands repeatedly to heaven; and at last broke forth: "What a diabolical stratagem! What depth of hypocrisy! How have I been imposed on! It is now my turn to *ask pardon* of Heaven and you, for my unjust judgments;—but more than all, of the poor unfortunate boy!—Alas! where is he now wandering? banished from every blessing, and from you, whom he justly esteems the first of blessings! lamenting, more perhaps than all, *my cruelty* to him! But, God be thanked! he is innocent. He has no guilt on his bosom. There is the triumph! I regard not much any difficulties he may sustain, with a pure conscience for his shield. Pardon me, my dear daughter; for you *shall* yet
be

be one day mine. I must hasten to spread these facts through the country. His fame is bleeding, is almost expired."

"I will detain you," said she, "only to say, I am sure he is as innocent of the last charge, as of the former. Should he ever return, as we shall probably meet only in heaven, give him this my last cordial embrace, and adieu! Tell him, my love can now never abate: that I confide, he will still pursue the course of *wisdom* and *virtue*, and be happy! Adieu!" Her voice here faltered, and she sunk down exhausted in the chair. She bowed her head and waved her hand, for the Doctor to depart. He pressed it to his lips, and concealing his tears, retired from the room. He hastened to mount his horse, and galloped on with great speed towards Berkeley Hall. His eyes, after he had proceeded a mile, lost the dimness of sorrow, and flashed with indignation and triumph. When near home, he was met by Mr. M'Gregor, who had ridden

out in search of him. As they approached, the Doctor cried out, "Rejoice with me, for my son is *innocent* ; Tim is restored to my heart."

"Then some more fortunate person," said Mr. M'Gregor, "has met you sooner than me."

"No," said Dr. Homily, "I have told it to none. I have the papers in my pocket. Come home with me, and you shall read them."

"What papers?" said Mr. M'Gregor. "It is not yet in the *papers*, I am sure ; for *he recovered only last night*, and sent to me, and made a *declaration of Tim's innocence* before me and the *notary*, only an hour ago."

"Who is recovered ? Who has made a declaration ?" exclaimed the Doctor, eagerly.

"*Mr. Moody is out of danger*," cried Mr. M'Gregor, "*and declares Tim is innocent.*"

“*Io! triumphe!—Io! triumphe! Te Deum laudamus,*” sung the Doctor, all the way home.

CHAP. XXXIII.

AN EVENT WHICH THE SAGACIOUS
READER HAS PROBABLY
ANTICIPATED.

DR. Homily, accompanied by Mr. M'Gregor, waited the next day on Mr. Moody. They found him out of danger, and rapidly recovering his health and strength. He acknowledged his obligations to the Doctor, for his warm expressions of friendship; and observed, “That this critical change was the more agreeable, as it enabled him to do justice to a brave and magnanimous gentleman. I am sorry to find, to the disgrace of human nature, and my own private regret, that some persons have carried their malice so far, as to give the most

unfair and wicked representation of the late unfortunate affray. I shudder to think of the consequences that might have resulted to the *life and fame* of your grandson, from the great distortions, which I find have been made of the facts. So far from assaulting me, he calmly requested my forbearance. I commenced the attack ; and though he nobly gave me my life after disarming me, I persisted in compelling him to renew the combat ; which was conducted by him, till I sunk under my wounds, with the highest honour. He even exposed himself to capture, by endeavouring to carry me, in his arms, to my house. I return thanks to Heaven for preserving my life, to save his, and justify his wounded honour."

" It is indeed," said Dr. Homily, " a most fortunate reverse. Two gallant youths, animated with the same noble principles, would have fallen victims to
the

the *basest artifice and hypocrisy*. For he has not only been injured by the late misrepresentations, but by a perversion of all the facts, which drew on him our resentment, and your fatal rencontre."

"I can readily believe his innocence," replied Mr. Moody, "from my knowledge of his generous conduct. But, what then must I think of my sister? Surely her baseness cannot be such!—I am almost afraid of hearing more."

"'Tis undoubtedly," said Dr. Homily, "a most painful truth for me to speak, or you to hear. But to you only, and our common friends, shall so dishonourable a transaction be revealed. I wish to vindicate the honour of my family, without injuring that of yours."

"Too generous friend!" said Mr. Moody, "and worthy of so gallant a son! Open freely the whole wound, though more painful than any I have yet received."

Dr. Homily then gave a concise state of the mysterious case, and put all the letters demonstrating Tickle's innocence and Miss Moody's perfidy, into the brother's hands; requesting, that, after he was satisfied, they might be committed to the flames.

Mr. Moody was thunderstruck. Surprise and indignation agitated his frame. "Is it possible that I have cherished such a viper in my bosom? Have I been the victim of a *sister's* perfidy; and has she risked the life and reputation of her own *brother*, and her dearest *friend*, to gratify her revenge? Such guilt ought not to pass unpunished."

Dr. Homily entreated him to moderate his resentment; but he rang the bell violently, and desired his sister would come to him for a few moments.

She was at this time sitting with squire Aaron, brooding over their defeated projects of mischief; and forming schemes for their mutual aggrandizement and
exalt-

exaltation. For the reader must be informed, that, after the last rupture with our hero, she had accepted the tender of the squire's hand; and they waited impatiently for either the death or recovery of her brother, in order to consummate their nuptials. She thought, even in the latter event, that she could not more effectually punish her rival, and baffle the hopes of Tickle, than by marrying the brother of Letitia.

She entered the room, with her usual affectionate deportment to Dr. Homily. His silence and severity of aspect, in a moment alarmed her guilty breast; but recovering herself, and turning to her brother, she affected to be apprehensive, from his message, that he *was worse*.

“*Much worse*,” said he, with a firm tone. “Sit down, Madam, for you have given me a *deeper wound* than any weapon could inflict! You have wounded the *peace and honour* of your family! Nay, you! you! cruel sister! gave me the wounds
under

under which I almost wish I had expired, rather than have been obliged thus *to tear you from all my esteem and confidence.*"

"I know not," said she, with all the appearance of conscious guilt, "to what this tends. Be calm, and do not agitate yourself. There is no part of my conduct which I cannot fully justify. But—but no one is exempt from calumny—some new contrivance of your assassin to injure me, and mislead you. But I defy his malice, or those of his advocates." (Rising to go.)

"No, Madam," said he, with a determined tone; "you *shall look on the black picture of your guilt. Your offences shall be brought home to you 'even to the tooth and forehead of conviction'.*"

"I am unused to such language," cried she, with mingled shame and rage; "I will not be catechised on my conduct, for the amusement of your visitors, I assure you, Sir."

"You

“ You shall hear, Madam, the bitter recital of your crimes ; however your guilty breast may be harrowed, and recoil from the monstrous detail.”

He then repeated to her the whole *degrading* tale, and exposed to her the *clue* which demonstrably unravelled all her arts. She writhed, and alternately wept and raged, under the tortures of remorse, disappointment, and shame.

Pride and resentment at last triumphed over conviction. “ Is this the victory which you are so proud of? Do you rejoice in degrading *your sister* before, perhaps, the associates of her calumniators? Are these the letters which are ascribed to me? (taking up the papers, and casting them into the fire.) Thus then I commit the vile forgeries to the flames. But the authors and abettors of this imposition shall not escape !”

“ Perfidious woman ! unworthy the name of sister ! I had still some hopes of your *repentance* ; but this *last act* confirms
your

your baseness to be incurable. *I banish* you for ever from my company; and will no more acknowledge you to be my sister."

"You will repent yourself ere long," said she, retiring, "of being *duped* by the artifices of my enemies. As to your favours or friendship, I regard them not: but will punish severely, those who are concerned in this diabolical plot against my peace and fame."

She pulled the door after her with great vehemence, and returned to squire Forester, much agitated, with all the *passions of a fiend portrayed in her visage*. She complained bitterly of the violent treatment she had received from her brother, and imputed it all to the machinations of their foes, particularly Dr. Homily and his associates, in order to invalidate her charges against Tickle, and to prevent her proposed nuptials with the squire. Letitia, whom she now most mortally hated, came in for a great share
of

of her reproaches. Aaron thought this a favourable opportunity to press his suit. And she, after a little decent resistance, agreed, the necessity of the case required that she should put herself under his protection, by an *immediate marriage*. She collected her most valuable articles, and packed up all that belonged to her in the house. The squire escorted her, and two of her female friends, to a neighbouring clergyman's house, where the hands of the fond pair were united by Hymen; as their hearts had long been by similar resentment and malevolence. The news was announced with great festivity at Cranberry Hall, and the neighbourhood was profusely entertained on the arrival of the wealthy bride.—*Sad source of sorrow and calamity to the hapless Letitia*; who had now her most deadly enemy under her own roof, to add new rancour to her savage brother, and to direct his vengeance more effectually.

ally to her torment and destruction. Her only refuge, therefore, was to hasten her departure from this abode of *domestic tyranny*. She accordingly, though feeble, set off with Bab on her proposed voyage to Madeira. She declined the attendance of Aaron and his spouse, on this occasion; but they *insisted* on accompanying her to the place of her embarkation. The situation and sufferings of our amiable heroine, about this time, will best appear from her *last letter* to her friend *Frances Lumiere*; which we will give in our next Chapter.

The recovery and declaration of Mr. Moody, and the sudden marriage of his sister to the squire, developed the whole scheme of iniquity against our hero; and restored his character to its full lustre. Dr. Homily and Mr. Moody were inseparable companions. They lamented the sufferings which Tickle was exposed to, and sent letters and bills of credit to Europe,

Europe, to facilitate his return. After attending a few moments on our heroine, we will follow him in his disastrous flight.

CHAP. XXXIV.

LETITIA'S LETTER TO MISS LUM- MEIRE, AND DR. HOMILY'S DISASTER.

"MY DEAR FRANCES,

Cranberry Hall.

"THIS probably will be the last letter which you will receive from your unfortunate friend. In quitting my native country, I feel, in my *hopeless condition*, as if I were taking my *farewell of this world itself*. My feeble heart is broken down with its weight of woes; and there is literally '*but a step between me and death*.'

"Yet in the wise decrees of Providence, my misfortunes are probably real blessings, detaching my affections from the delusive phantoms of this vale of tears;
re-

refining them in the furnace of affliction; and dissolving those hopes which held me to the earth. *Strangers* now will hear my last sighs, sustain my sinking frame, close my dying eyes, and lay me in the peaceful grave. Alas! shall I say, strangers will, perhaps, perform for me these last offices, with *more tenderness and pity than my own kindred and family!*—Surely, some part of my conduct must have been uncommonly atrocious, or my fate most rigid; to excite such desperate hate, such unwearied persecution, as I have lately experienced at home. I have searched my own breast, and reviewed the whole series of my actions with the utmost severity, and I cannot find any offences to justify such cruelty. And for even these *venial errors* I have striven to atone, by meek submission, and humble supplications to be forgiven by my brother, as I had freely forgiven him. But the very *injuries* I have forgiven, the very *acknowledged guilt* of my enemies, have furnished

nel to their hate, and impelled them to more unextinguishable revenge! My head, as well as my heart, has suffered by these trials.

“ Had my strength permitted me to escape from this scene of brutality and horror, I would not have continued here an hour after the arrival of the most perfidious and unforgiving of human beings; who, I could be persuaded to believe, has accepted the *brother's* hand, to satiate her revenge with the misery of the *sister*. You would pity, my dear Frances, the painful feelings of your friend at being compelled to reside, even under the same roof with, and to acknowledge as a sister, a woman who had destroyed the whole fabric of my happiness by her treachery; and involved in ruin a youth, the pride of his family and country. *To forgive* her, required much christian self-denial and meekness; but to be pressed into the society and conversation of such unexampled baseness,

ness,—is it not like having a bloated toad, or venomed adder, *thrust into my bosom?*—I resolved, therefore, to hasten my proposed departure, and to suffer in silence.

“I strove to avoid her presence; but was reproached by my brother and parents for fullness and morosity. I fled to music or reading for relief; she chose always to thrum the instrument herself, or to prefer the book I wished to read. My brother told me with his usual rudeness, that I must consider the harpsichord and library as the property of Mrs. Forester, his lady. She affected to relinquish it to me, with the most cruel triumph. ‘Let her, my dear Aaron, find relief in *reading and music* from the anguish of *disappointed love*, and the fate of a *vagrant lover*, pursued by the justice of his country.’ I replied, with sufficient firmness, ‘That I had resources of comfort in *conscious integrity*, which she could neither *deprive me of*, nor *conceive*; and that

was equally steeled against her open enmity, or the more dangerous poison of her friendship.' I retired to another room, while her haggard countenance, and quivering lips, strongly expressed the horror and debasement of detected guilt. I disdained, after this, to reply to her reproaches, and have since maintained an equal distance to her flattering advances or arrogant assumptions.

"I have pressed so strongly for an immediate departure, that I hope in a few days to be on my journey. I could have wished to have been attended by your father; but, alas! my deluded parents have compelled me to comply with Aaron and his lady's request, to accompany me to Philadelphia or Baltimore, or whatever port I may sail from. Thus they seem determined to imbitter the few remaining hours of my continuance on my native shore. Yet, why should I hesitate to submit patiently to the wishes of my dear parents? who may have endured
much

much more chagrin and disappointment from the involuntary errors of their hapless daughter.—Whatever impediments they have raised to my hopes, have always proceeded from the best designs for my happiness; and where the intention is innocent, and even friendly, it is our duty to forgive the mistake, though we cannot approve of it.

“ *For*, how much have I, my dear Frances, to be forgiven! From my rash judgment, and proud resentment, how much misery has arisen to myself and others, which a candid examination, and dispassionate hearing, would have prevented! What distress is not the most generous youth now struggling with from my injustice? Driven from his country; wandering a wretched exile; with ignominy and death trembling over his head! Alas! in the bitterness of his anguish he accuses my blind credulity, my degrading suspicions, as the fatal causes of all his woes.

“ Tell

“ Tell him, repeat to him, O my friend ! if he should ever return, that with my *dying breath* I asked forgiveness for my former rashness and doubts : that the confidence of his pure love and un sullied honour is the richest balm to my broken heart ; and the remembrance of my groundless censures, the most bitter potion in my cup. I must close this mournful letter. My feelings are too powerful for my shattered frame.

“ The indignities I have borne distract my attention, and perplex my reason. You would hardly know your once sprightly friend. Her proud spirit is humbled ! her prospects closed ! and she is already lost to herself, to her friends, to the world, and all human happiness ; at an age when others are just launching, in all the pride of youth and prosperity, on the tide of gaiety and amusement.

“ Yet why should I repine ? Through the dark vista of misfortune *the unfading*
VOL. III. Q *bliss*

bliss of Heaven invites me. *Religion*, like a guardian *seraph*, cheers my drooping heart, and supports my fainting steps. I go.—Adieu.—Let sometimes a *tender thought*, my dear Frances, dwell on

“Your departed

“Adieu.”

“LETITIA.

A few days after this letter was written, she left Cranberry Hall, accompanied by her faithful Bab, and her brother and sister. She embarked, according to their report, at Baltimore; not being able to meet with a passage at a nearer port.

She was much lamented by all the neighbourhood, but particularly by Dr. Homily; who now condemned himself for being the dupe of Miss Moody's artifices, and instrumental in the banishment of the unhappy *Tickle*. Many days had not elapsed, after his return home, before the *venerable travellers* arrived also, of whom he had been so much enamoured. They renewed their application for the Doctor's *promised donation*:

tion: but the innuendoes of Mawworm and Liptrap had so far excited his suspicions, that he courteously requested some document, or proof of their characters and commission. They at first hesitated, and, on his questioning them more closely, were confused, and at last affected to be angry. On this, Dr. Homily reprobated their conduct, frankly told them his suspicions, and insisted on their immediately *refunding* the money, or he would arrest them as *impostors*. To his great astonishment they bade him defiance, told him "they were well acquainted with his principles and practices against the *ruling powers*; and, unless he advanced them as much more, would have him *apprehended* for aiding and abetting conspirators against the king's government; in proof of which, they could adduce his having given them money to encourage and support *nonjurors and recusants*."

It is impossible to describe the indignation which glowed in Dr. Homily's breast

at this deep fraud and consummate effrontery. Though old and infirm, he could scarcely refrain from attacking the bold miscreants with his cane as well as words. They retreated with menaces, while he threw himself, almost breathless with resentment, into a chair; astonished at their profound baseness, and lamenting the disagreeable situation into which he was plunged by his credulity.

The travellers, who were well acquainted with the character and wishes of squire Aaron, paid a visit immediately to Cranberry Hall; the result of which will, in time, be related to our readers.



CHAP. XXXV.

PEREGRINATION AND DISASTERS OF TICKLE.

WE will now, with our readers' leave, follow our hero in his peregrinations. It was more from the persuasions
of

of his friends, than his own inclination, that he had recourse to what he thought an ignominious flight. The reflection was mortifying to his high sense of honour, that, during his absence, his character would be at the mercy of his enemies; and his much-injured Letitia, the pining victim of persecution. Conscious innocence, the sweet remembrance of her acknowledged love, and the prospect of being one day able to vindicate his fame, consoled his sorrows, and animated his breast with fortitude. He endeavoured to improve his nautical knowledge, and lose his private cares in an active discharge of the duties of a seaman.

The ship made little progress for two days, through the uncommon calmness of the weather; but, on the third, about two o'clock P. M. a violent gale sprang up from the east, and blew with little variation E.S.E. all the afternoon. They found, that, with all their endeavours to

beat off, they neared the land very rapidly towards night, and could see the billows break on the sand-banks near the shore. There was no harbour to which they could repair; and the gale was now so violent, that a shipwreck appeared inevitable. Tim attracted the commander's notice by his zeal and alacrity. He was foremost at every point of danger and difficulty; cheering the spirits and exertions of the crew by his language and example. The storm now raged tremendously: peals of thunder almost deafened their ears; and the vivid lightnings flashed down the mast, or occasionally illumined the murky hemisphere; giving them a chilling view of the formidable scene, and of their danger and approaching destruction.

The ship was now under her bare poles, excepting a small foresail, with which they strove, but in vain, to beat off the coast. The sea ran mountain high, and they now could hear the tremendous
breakers

breakers at a small distance. A few moments after, she was dashed on a sand-bank with such violence, that all were thrown from their feet, and every part of the ship seemed ready to fall to pieces. The masts were carried away, and every swell of the sea beat over her. Horror and despair prevailed. The lamentations of two female passengers and their children, in the cabin, were deplorable. They twined round the captain and mate, and by their affecting cries deprived them almost of all presence of mind. The sailors did all that skill and gallantry could perform. But, escape being now deemed hopeless, three of the most unprincipled proposed to break up the chests and cases, and finish the liquor. Our hero deterred them from this mad despair; and assured the captain and crew, that he knew the coast so perfectly, that he was convinced that their lives, by proper exertions, might yet be all saved; that at least they would have the virtue and satisfaction of dying

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in the path of duty, like men. He informed them that within the bank the depth of water was greater, the surge less, and the beach entirely sandy, and free from rocks. He therefore proposed, that they should construct a raft of the timber they fortunately had on board, fix it across the deck of the ship, and after they had secured themselves and passengers on it, suffer it to be wafted off, and floated away as gently as possible by the waves; which would infallibly bear them up the beach. This proposal met with their universal concurrence. The raft was prepared, and the female passengers, with their children, fixed on it with ropes. The commander and crew next secured themselves and our hero on the platform; and cut it loose with knives ready for the purpose. Here they sat in awful expectation. A mountainous wave, at last, raised them from the deck, and bore them over the ridge of sand towards the beach. The women comforted

forted their children, and rode with wonderful safety and intrepidity on the raft. The waves floated them up the beach, but on the first dash against the sand, they were much bruised and endangered by the concussion. The surge broke on them with impetuous rage, and they were almost suffocated with the sea. In this crisis, three of the strongest sailors swam, and waded up the shore with ropes. They were soon followed by the officers, our hero, and the remaining sailors, and with great exertions they drew the raft safely on dry land. The mutual transports, and grateful effusions of the passengers and crew, were exceedingly affecting. They were all conducted to a neighbouring village, where they were hospitably entertained.

To their inexpressible joy the next day, they found the ship had weathered the storm; which was now abated. The sea about noon became so calm, that boats from the neighbourhood visited her; and

in the course of a week she was extricated, and towed into the Delaware. As she required considerable repair, the captain determined to go up the river towards Philadelphia.

This disaster occasioning great delay, our hero resolved to return home, and throw himself on the justice of his country, if Mr. Moody's death should make it necessary. But while he was meditating on this generous purpose, some seamen, who, from his uncommon conduct, and display of abilities superior to his appearance, had suspected that he was a *gentleman in disguise*, communicated their ideas to the carpenters and people employed on the ship's repair. The advertisement of a fugitive for murder immediately occurred, and they found Tickle's person exactly answered the description. To him they also immediately attributed their danger and shipwreck. But the following incident confirmed their suspicions. Sancho, who had pushed on with the wings of
of

of affection, on his arrival at Philadelphia, heard of a ship down the river, destined for Ireland. He immediately got himself rowed on board to take his passage. On seeing our hero, he lost all presence of mind ; and cried out, "Is it you, my dear massa ? Heaven above blefs you !" And then blubbered, and clasped his knees.

Tim eagerly inquired after *Letitia*, and lamented her dangerous condition. He told Sancho of his intention to return immediately to Berkeley Hall, and to face his enemies like a man.

This occurrence satisfied the sailors that their suspicions were well founded ; and they resolved to take advantage of the discovery. They lost no time in apprehending him, and had just got their boat ready to convey him to Philadelphia, when an event took place, which is recorded in our next Chapter.

CHAP. XXXVI.

UNEXPECTED OCCURRENCES.

WITH great firmness and dignity of manner, Tim sustained this disagreeable occurrence. He requested his comrades not to treat him with unmanly insult; as he was prepared to meet his fate, and had actually determined to surrender himself the earliest opportunity. This declaration met with little credit. They bound his arms with a cord, and already reckoned upon the reward; when the vessel was suddenly boarded by a *press-gang*, from a *king's ship*, which just then had arrived in the Capes. A great part of the crew were taken, and the lieutenant, seeing our hero pinioned, inquired what was the cause? He had not received an answer, before Tim recognised the voice and countenance of his friend *Gunter*; and accosted him in terms of surprise and joy. The lieutenant
at

at first could scarcely believe his eyes or ears. But being in a few moments convinced, he embraced Tickle affectionately, inquired with great solicitude the cause of his disguise, and ordered him to be unbound, and conveyed, as well as Sancho, to the Boyne. The commodore, on his being introduced, started back, at first, and said, "What, under *false colours*, my lad!—No *clandestine trade* that you need blush at, I hope? If it be only misfortune, folly, or a love-adventure, give me your hand. But if your honour is rotten or wormeaten, you shall have no protection from me."

Our hero related the whole affair in a candid manner: when the commodore embraced him, applauded his conduct and resolution, and proposed that he should accompany him to New York, whither he was bound, and there surrender himself. "Courage, my dear lad," said he; "all will go well. Your log-book is fair, and the court will do you justice."

justice. It may also cure you of an idle life, and dispose you to accept my offer, and serve your king and country on the element for which Providence seems to have designed you."

On their arrival at Sandy Hook, our hero took leave of the commodore, and sailed up to New York in a pilot's sloop; anxious to vindicate his honour, to know the situation of Letitia and Mr. Moody. With palpitating heart he reached Mr. Lumeire's: but who can express his joy on meeting Dr. Sourby there? who congratulated him on the recovery of Mr. Moody, and his generous vindication of his conduct and character. His heart was overwhelmed with a tide of rapture, which expressed itself in tears and exclamations of gratitude to Heaven. The detection of Miss Moody, her indignation, and hasty marriage with *Aaron*, completed his triumph. But his transport was not long to last!—Miss Lumeire, with reluctant voice, informed him of Letitia's declining

declining health and departure. After he had recovered some degree of composure, from the vehemence of his grief, she gave him Letitia's last affecting letter to peruse. He was frequently interrupted by sighs and tears, or involuntary exclamations of admiration, anguish, and pity. When he had finished, he kissed the fatal scroll, and bathed it with his tears; then, pressing it devoutly to his breast, and dropping on one knee, he called Heaven to witness his resolution, "To devote his life in pursuing and protecting her from every injury; and of enjoying, if not the sublime bliss of seeing her restored to *life and love*, at least, the mournful satisfaction of supporting her languishing head, catching her last sighs, or weeping over her grave."

This determination repressed his sorrow, and occupied his mind. He agreed to depart immediately with *Dr. Sourby* and *Sancho* for Berkeley Hall, impatient to see his venerable benefactor, to partake

take in his triumph, and be restored to his affection. Sancho shared in his pleasure and wishes. They therefore pressed forward with so much diligence, that they reached Berkeley Hall about nine o'clock that night. On dismounting, our hero rushed up the avenue, agitated with the delicious hope of embracing Dr. Homily, and hearing his warm applauses and heartfelt triumph. But what was his astonishment, when Mrs. Barnes, after shaking him tenderly by the hands, said, weeping, "I have very bad news indeed for you.—Oh! my worthy old master!—that I should ever have lived to see this!"

"What, my dear Madam!" exclaimed Tickle. "When? What has happened?—You greatly alarm me.—Where is my honoured grandfather?"

"Alas, he is *in prison*!" said she. "The most cruel and perfidious deed.—How glad am I of your return!"

"In

“ *In prison!*” cried Tim, starting. “ *In prison!* It is impossible! What diabolical wretch could violate such piety, such venerable old age, such faintest virtue?”—Sancho ran about like a madman, beating his head violently against the wall. Mrs. Barnes briefly told them, that *two impostors* had got, some time before, into the house, and obtained money under false pretences: that being detected by the Doctor, and suborned, as was supposed, by his enemies, they had given information against him to the magistrates, of treasonable designs and practices, on which he had been that morning apprehended; and, though many gentlemen had offered bail, thrown into prison.

Our hero waited for no further explanation, but flew with Dr. Sourby and Sancho to their horses, and drove might and main to the county gaol. It was eleven when they reached it, and on inquiring of the gaoler, they understood that Mr. Moody had left the old gentleman

man about an hour before, and that he had retired cheerfully to his bed. They determined not to disturb his repose, and early the next morning visited the gloomy prison. On entrance, they saw him at his devotions, praying for his enemies: but no sooner did he perceive our hero, than he leaped up, and cried, "God be thanked! Welcome, my son, to my bosom, and forgive me the wrongs I have done you. *You are innocent and triumphant! It is enough!* As to me, my happiness is treasured up in a better place—far enough, Heaven be praised, out of the reach of the malice or frauds of men.—Sancho! *your hand, my good lad.* What providence has brought you home together? At this critical juncture it is auspicious."—He then satisfied their impatience, by relating the perfidy of the two strangers, who, under pretence of being *countrymen and fellow-sufferers*, had defrauded him of money, and since conspired with squire *Forester*, deacon *Lip-trap*,

trap, and *Marworm*, to have him apprehended, as guilty of *traiterously aiding and abetting rebels*.

Our hero could not restrain his imprecations and threats of vengeance on the heads of *Aaron* and his *accomplices*. Dr. Homily implored him not to give way to *private revenge*, but to let the laws of the country have their full course. "I mind not a short confinement. In such society as yours, the place matters little, though *not so* convenient as home. I may here be in the *way of my duty*, and do even *some good*, by my instructions and example to my fellow-prisoners. I have only been guilty of *imprudence*; and am very glad the villains were not *Englishmen*. Such cases are apt to make our charity too circumspect."

While the old gentleman was thus discouraging, *Sancho* had taken off Dr. Homily's shoes, and given him a pair of slippers; after cleaning them, he dressed up his wig neatly, in a corner, and fitted it, without

without speaking, on his master's head. He then adjusted the furniture of the room, and made it as neat and convenient as he could; while our hero related the occurrences of his flight. He had scarcely finished when Mr. Moody entered. The civilities between them were highly cordial and agreeable to Dr. Homily, who joined their hands, and said, "*Generous youths, hereafter live as brothers, and bless your country by your virtues, long after these wearied limbs are composed in the grave!*"

Mr. Moody said he came to felicitate Dr. Homily on the happy termination of his disagreeable confinement: that the gentlemen of the country, of all denominations, had applied to the magistracy in his favour, and given such proofs of his peaceful and loyal conduct and character, and produced so many suspicious circumstances relative to the villany of his accusers, that *his discharge* was ordered with honour. Soon after
this

this declaration, they heard the air resound with huzzas; and a deputation of the neighbourhood, consisting of clergy and laity, waited on Dr. Homily, to congratulate him on his acquittal, and conducted him triumphantly home. The old man was softened at this noble example of *christian philanthropy*! He felt the *small remains* in his breast, of *inflexible orthodoxy*, and *contracted bigotry*, which no *persecution* could conquer, relaxing and *dissolving* gently away, by the warmth of this brotherly love and forbearance. He took an affectionate leave of his fellow-prisoners, among whom he gave twenty pounds, and was escorted home by a party of gentlemen, amid the general acclamations of the people.

Our hero took the earliest opportunity of finding the *two swindlers*, in order to detect the *subornation* which was suspected. He went to the inn, whence they were preparing to hurry off. Dr. Sourby and Sancho accompanied: but
judge

judge of their surprise, on entering the apartment, to recognize in these *errant impostors*, deacon *Phineas Chauncey*, and the venerable *Mr. Truby*, who had so completely bamboozled Dr. Sourby at *Independent Hall*. They had carried on for some time, a gainful trade, in traversing the country, imposing on strangers from Europe, and studying the characters, in order to impose on the credulity, of the unwary.

As soon as Dr. Sourby was assured of his men, he whooped and hallooed, "*Dii boni, quid non mortalia pectora cogis, O auri sacra fames!* but justice, though limping, always overtakes the guilty. Pray, gentlemen, when did you last hear from *Independent Hall*? Have you any more benefactions on hand, *friend Truby*? Methinks you both want a fresh exile from cities, to purge away the vices which adhere to you from civilized life."

While the Doctor indulged his resentment and pleasantry, our hero had dispatched

patched *Sancho* for a constable, who arrested these *public reformers*, as they were attempting to mount their horses. They were some time afterwards tried and condemned, for their many atrocious acts of swindling, conspiracy, and peculation, to stand in the *pillory*, and undergo a flagellation in prison. They retreated, covered with shame, from the colonies where they were known, to practise their arts in Canada.



CHAP. XXXVII.

DISCOVERY OF THE HERMIT'S RETREAT.

OUR hero being determined to follow Letitia, of whom squire Forester reported he had the most unfavourable accounts, engaged a passage for himself and *Sancho*, in a sloop, for *Madeira*: but, as it would be some weeks before they could sail, Dr. Homily persuaded him to accompany Dr. Sourby in his excursion to the

the Allegany mountains, to procure the papers, and execute the will, of the recluse. Nothing important happened in their journey, till they arrived at a small village, situated in a deep and extensive valley, remote from any high road, and very rarely frequented by travellers, to which they were directed by the map of the unfortunate Brecknock. They here inquired whether any hermit resided in the neighbourhood, and were informed, that a venerable person, of that description, had lived for many years in a dell about three miles off: that he dwelt in an obscure cave, almost inaccessible, and dangerous to explore, through the intricate meanders of the rocks: that he had not been seen for two years, whence they conjectured he had perished in those melancholy retreats. This account, and the appearance of the country, perfectly corresponded with the recluse's description. It was then agreed, that Dr. Sourby should remain at the village,

lage, as the difficulties and distance would probably be too much for him; and Tickle and Sancho, furnished with some provisions, a rope and poles, should attempt this dangerous search, directed by the misanthrope's delineation of the place. With this faithful chart, they ventured into an obscure dell, which led to a chain of awful mountains, whose summits were eternally covered with snow, and their rugged sides, with variegated forests, patches of verdure, or tremendous cliffs, that had never been explored by man. Their road now lay between hills, whose impending heads, almost meeting each other, excluded the beams of the sun, and produced a mid-day twilight; and now, through the bottoms of immense chasms, where the surrounding rocks formed natural amphitheatres, or were thrown loosely and disorderly in mighty masses and uncouth shapes, like the wrecks of some destructive earthquake; at other times, they scrambled over rugged bar-

riers of stone, or followed a narrow path along the dizzy side of awful steeps. After encountering great dangers and difficulties, they arrived at a large fissure in the mountain, which agreed with their chart; and therefore, after taking some refreshment, they carefully entered it, tracing their way through the labyrinths, by their exact clue, till they arrived at the hermit's cave. He was sitting on a stony ledge before the door, and appeared to be not more than fifty, but much emaciated by sickness, melancholy, or feverities. Though at first alarmed at their intrusion, he received them, after they had assured him of their friendly intentions, with a courteous manner, that would not have disgraced the most polished circles. Tickle made a brief recital of his business, and produced the papers and directions of the deceased recluse. "And is he at last sunk," cried the hermit, "into the peaceful grave! and in the moment when he was prepared to re-
turn

turn to the duties of a man and a citizen! Poor Brecknock, may thy repentance and fatal death be rewarded with the forgiveness of Heaven!" He then presented our hero with the will and documents respecting his property in the funds. He lamented his sad catastrophe, observing, that, "Though he at first preferred this retreat to any other, yet such was his dissocial temper, that he quitted it, merely because I partook of his recesses, though he had as much confidence in me, as his unfortunate bosom was capable of." Our hero expressed his sorrow to the hermit, that a person, who, by his appearance and conversation, seemed so well formed to serve his country and mankind, should have been driven, by his misfortunes, to so miserable an exile from men. He proffered his aid, if his humble endeavours could assist, or his pity console him.

"Generous youth," said the hermit, sighing deeply, "my misfortunes are ir-

remediable. Alas! they are the more painful, from the remembrance that my own baseness was the fatal cause of them. At your blooming age, when fortune had crowned me with independence, I lost all hope of happiness, by the loss of the most amiable of women; or, rather, she was the *victim* of my ungovernable passions." Here the hermit wept bitterly, and retired to his cell, where he fell on his knees, holding a picture in his hand, which he took from his bosom, praying with great fervency and agony.

Our hero, melted by his affliction, begged him to forgive his curiosity, for having awakened his sorrows.

"No," replied he, warmly, "if my sorrow may confirm my repentance for my injustice and cruelty, it cannot be too much awakened. If you will rest for some hours, and take the refreshments this cave affords, I will run over to you the tale of my woes: they have lately bled afresh; for it is only within these
few

few weeks, that, by a strange concatenation of events, I have heard, that *I had a son*, about your age ; and, alas ! I learned at the same time, that he had *fled his country*, or would fall by *the executioner's hands*."

Our hero thanked him for his condescension, but expressed a fear, that his companion at the village, *Dr. Sourby*, might be uneasy at their stay.

"*Dr. Sourby!*" said the hermit, starting; "that is a name familiar once to my ears. It recalls to my bleeding memory the name of his patron, the most excellent of men."

"By the character," said Tickle, "you probably mean *Dr. Homily*."

At the name of *Dr. Homily* the hermit beat his breast, and was more agitated than before. He looked wildly on *Tim*, and on a *picture* at his bosom, and cried, "My dear youth, do you know *Dr. Homily*? Are you——" Here he fluttered, and appeared in great confusion.

"I know him, and love him better than any man—He is my *grandfather*."

"Gracious Heaven!" exclaimed the hermit, "how wonderful are thy dispensations! But mock me not with illusions! Is it possible, that I see before me *my son*—the offspring of my much-loved, *ill-fated Matilda*! Yet it must be so. I see her image in your face. Behold in me your wretched father, falling at your feet, to implore forgiveness. Spurn me not away, for my injuries to the best of women: but bind up my broken heart, by your esteem and love."

Our hero and Sancho immediately raised him up, and consoled him by the most tender expressions of regard. It was a long time before he could recover his fluttered spirits, sufficiently to enter into conversation. His faculties and nerves seemed overpowered by this sudden discovery. To amuse him, our hero related the particulars of his flight, return, justification, and the present unhappy prospects

spects of his love. He concluded by observing, " You find that your unfortunate son will have, like you, to lament the loss of all that is most dear to him, by an early death. By the last intelligence, my Letitia's recovery was hopeless."

While Tim was reciting his adventures, the hermit repeatedly lifted his hands to heaven in wonder and thanksgiving. " How mysterious are its ways! O that it may be reserved for me to reward your virtues, by restoring to you the best of blessings; as it has been by my crimes, that you lost one of the best of mothers. Rely then on its goodness. You see, by my wonderful recovery of you, this day, that events more improbable than your dear *Letitia's* health, are not to be despaired of."

" I submit," said Tim, " to the will of Providence, and shall follow her to the remotest part of the earth; to remove her

sorrows, or lessen them, by tender sympathy."

"It will not be your hard destiny," answered the hermit, "to follow her so far. Moderate, my dear son, your agitations. Perhaps *this day* you may *hear of her*. Perhaps I may be the *happy messenger of her recovery*. Indulge the *pleasing hope*: for I wish not to overwhelm you with the full tide of joy."

"O more than father! and best of benefactors! keep me not in suspense. By what strange fortune can you know of her? Where is she, that I may fly to her, and rescue her from danger and difficulty?"

"She is now, my dear son, in perfect safety; and you shall this day see her, renewed in health, and anxious only for your fate."

"And shall I also, the faithful servant of old Dr. Homily and your son," cried *Sancho*, falling at his feet, "see my dear Bab?"

"You

“*You shall,*” replied the hermit graciously. “But I must prepare their minds for this interview, or the unexpected bliss may be destructive.—We will first then return thanks to Heaven for its mercies; and, after some refreshment, I will gently disclose your arrival, and conduct you to her cell.”

They all joined in most fervent gratitude to Providence, and then sat down to a plain meal, which they had brought with them, aided by the fruits and cheese which the hermit placed before them.

During this repast, he related briefly the particulars of his life. “I was indeed desperately wounded by captain Somerville in our duel, and being conveyed, at my desire, aboard our ship, for the assistance of the surgeon, the report of my death was inserted in the papers. I soon recovered; and having sold my commission, was preparing to embark for Berkeley Hall, when I received Dr. Homily’s

account of the death of my dear Matilda. Overcome by grief and despair, on my arrival at Philadelphia, I placed all my property at interest, and hearing of the sequestered hamlet in this neighbourhood, ordered my annual income to be remitted there, which I distributed among the people, reserving only a pittance for clothes, and a few occasional necessities.

“In my solitary rambles I discovered this calm abode, suited to my pensive mind. It was here I met the unhappy Brecknock ; and some time after his departure, traced out one of the most *secluded, romantic, and agreeable places of retirement on earth*. By this discovery I have been enabled to subsist conveniently, and to maintain an intercourse with the most innocent of my fellow-creatures, without having recourse to the village you just left ; and which I have not visited for two years. Thus also I shall have the unexampled pleasure of restoring to you
your

your long lost Letitia; whom I now shall haste to, and prepare for your reception."

So saying he left them for some time, in silent amazement and joy.

CHAP. XXXVIII.

SINK NOT UNDER MISFORTUNES, BUT
OVERCOME THEM BY FORTITUDE.

GREAT was our hero's and Sancho's impatience till the return of the hermit, which was in less than an hour. "You have thought me tardy," said he; "but it required so much caution to disclose, discreetly, this adventure, and to answer the many questions of the anxious Letitia, that I could not use more speed. Follow me now, my dear son, and let me once more renew the transports of my youth."

He then conducted them through many long subterranean windings, assisted by a

lantern, and his thorough acquaintance with all parts of this mazy and dangerous labyrinth. "It was by constantly amusing myself," said he, "in tracing these passages for many years, that I discovered the *wonderful scene* you will quickly be witness to."

After some time they began to perceive the glimmerings of light, and by degrees reached the open air. Here, to their astonishment, they found a vale, entirely surrounded with mountains, consisting of level and fertile fields, about two miles in length, and one in breadth. Three sides of the mountain were almost perpendicular, interspersed with inaccessible cliffs and craggy projections, covered in many places with tufts of trees and shrubs. On the southern side there was an easy and gradual ascent of many miles, adorned with herbage and trees of various kinds to the very summit; which was impassable. Here flocks of sheep, goats,
and

and large droves of deer and elk, were seen feeding. The nut-trees, sugar maple, vines loaden with rich grapes, and various species of plum and cherry trees, abounded; besides all the forest wood and shrubs common to those parts. Through the middle of the valley ran a beautiful serpentine river, dashing from the rocks; and enlivening the scene with its beautiful cataracts in its progress. It was well supplied with fish, and much frequented by storks, ducks, swans, geese, and brandts; and in the groves on its banks, and on a small island in the lake, at the southern extremity of the vale, were found great plenty of turkies and partridges; and in the meadows, large droves of buffaloes feeding. Nothing could exceed the sublimity and beauty of the prospect, from the foot of the mountain at the northern extremity, through this *natural vista*. The east and west sides exhibited colonnades of basaltic

altic pillars, thirty or forty feet in height.

Our hero and Sancho were lost in surprise and admiration at this wonderful scenery, and particularly at the marks of advanced *cultivation*, which they saw around them, without any vestiges of *habitations*.

“ I was struck with similar wonder,” said the hermit; “ but if you observe the hollows on the perpendicular sides of the mountain, you will find that they furnish us with dwellings. You discern doors and windows, and in many places, rude figures, pilasters, and alcoves, formed in the rocks. Nature has done the most for us here, but you will discover great proofs also of human art and industry, employed for many centuries. We cannot dwell on these circumstances now, for more important objects press on our view.”

These

These were no other than *Letitia* herself, supported on the shoulder of Bab, and accompanied by a train of the *peasants*, who came from the cells. Our hero sprang eagerly forwards, and clasped her, agitated and fainting, to his glowing bosom. They were both silent for some moments: sighs and tears of transport choaked their utterance. "And art thou once more restored to these arms? worthiest of women!—and restored in safety and health? How I tremble at the apprehension of the dangers you have undergone! Never more will we part, or part only in death."

Letitia raised her head from his bosom, and, in an effusion of joy, replied, "All my past sorrows are more than compensated by this interview; by seeing you triumphant over your enemies; your life out of danger; your honour vindicated.—Your happy father has told me all."

"Happy

“Happy father, indeed!” cried the hermit, “to be chosen the instrument of Heaven to join hands, which mutual virtues, sufferings, and love, command never again to be separated. Accept my blessings on your heads!”

“And on ours too, if you please, good master,” cried Sancho, who had drawn Bab, on her knees, with him before the hermit.

“Honest lad!” said he, raising him, “you *deserve* to share in the happiness, as you have done in the distresses, of your master. Take my blessing also.”

So saying, they proceeded to Letitia’s habitation; which our hero found furnished in a very good style of convenience and neatness.

Though not restored to that bloom and animation which once distinguished her, he could not forbear admiring the extraordinary re-establishment of her health, and expressing his amazement
at

at seeing her there. These astonishing incidents and scenes perplexed his understanding, and fired his imagination. "By what wonderful fatality," exclaimed he, "my dear Letitia, are you in this sequestered vale? immured with impassable mountains! when the public has been assured that you were arrived, and in a desperate state, at the island of Madeira? Surely there has been *some deep and black artifice*; some villany practised against you, which Providence has thus mercifully defeated."

"Your conjectures," said she, with great benignity, "are right, and I have to relate to you an instance of treachery and cruelty, which is dishonourable to human nature; and, I am sorry to say, to a part of my own family. To be brief then, with so painful a tale. I departed, as you have heard, from Cranberry Hall, attended by my brother, his unworthy bride, and my faithful maid. We travelled on towards Philadelphia, and I
paid

paid little attention to the road, being absorbed in my own sorrows. But I could not, after some days, help observing that we were getting into a less cultivated and wilder country than I expected. I inquired the reason, and was answered, that we were in the way to Baltimore in Maryland, from whence I was to embark. My head was so much affected by my late fever, and anguish of mind, that I was little able to inquire, nor indeed very solicitous about my destination. But at last, on our approach to these mountains, the rudeness of the scenes roused my attention, and I questioned the master of a house where we stopped, 'Whether this was the road to Maryland?' He looked at me with surprise and pity; and said, hesitatingly, "*Yes, Madam.*" There was something in his air and manner that alarmed me, and in the answers also, and behaviour of all who now approached me. My cruel sister indeed never suffered me to be *alone*,
under

under the pretence of attending on me. The fatigue of the journey, and the constant irritation of her tyranny, made me almost, at last, what they wished to represent me, *deranged in my understanding*: particularly when I found myself conveyed to a small hut, at the mouth of a cavern leading into these mountains. I insisted on an explanation of their design; and they alleged the necessity of my remaining, until I gained more strength, in the miserable abode. I perceived their purpose, and, with a determined voice, *'demanded a conveyance to the next village. I will myself prosecute the journey.'* I was rushing out of the hut, when I heard Aaron say to a ruffian, who with his wife, equally barbarous, resided in this miserable abode, 'You see how ungovernable her disorder is; nothing but confinement and goat's milk will, according to the physicians, restore her mind.' My perfidious sister was at the same time busily engaged with the woman. I struggled so

so much to escape, and exclaimed with so much vehemence against their cruelty, that I was carried, in a high fever, light-headed to bed. In this condition I continued (as I afterwards found from Bab, who was left in confinement with me) for a week; during which time, they settled with the cottagers, and departed; taking with them almost all my clothes, jewels, and money. I was so much exhausted by my fever and long abstinence, that I fell into a placid composure, and gradually recovered the due use of my reason. I resolved to submit patiently to the will of Heaven; and this resolution *tended to restore my health rapidly.* I learned from Bab, whom I found weeping by my side, what was our fate. I exhorted her to resignation, and to strive as much as possible to gain the goodwill of our keepers. The wife was more morose than the husband, and neither to be much softened by entreaties.

“ Our

“ Our dwelling was a smoky hut in the mouth of a spacious cavern ; in the front, were the kitchen and loft of these ruffians ; and behind, a small bed-room, allotted to me and Bab. The furniture was suited to the barbarity of the owners, and our food Indian corn and goat’s milk : with these however I recovered health and strength apace. But as soon as I was able to walk about, these merciless gaolers made my confinement closer. The cavern narrowed behind their house, and furnished a passage to a large *vault*, dark and dismal, in which they confined us whenever they went from home, or received any visitor ; locking on us a strong door, which opened into my room. They allowed us sometimes candles as well as chairs and a table, or not, according to their caprice. At first we considered this *subterraneous dungeon* with horror ; but use rendered it gradually less formidable, and at last more pleasing than the chamber. They gave us a small pocket

pocket lantern to save our candles from being suddenly extinguished in the cave. We amused ourselves with examining the different spars and petrifications, and ventured to explore more and more the subterranean recesses. We became at last so emboldened, that we saved some candles for the purpose of a longer ramble than usual. We penetrated at least five hundred yards from our dwelling, when we came to a part, where the cavern swelled into a very spacious concavity equal in dimensions to the inside of a magnificent church. The reflection of the light, from the various spars and glittering stones, was highly beautiful; and the whole appearance awful and sublime. We examined the sides of it, and found an *avenue*, different from that through which we had entered. We boldly pressed forward, till I saw something sparkling on the ground. To my surprise and pleasure, it was a necklace of glass beads. I was immediately im-

impressed with an idea, that the place must have been visited by a human being, and that the avenue opened a way for our escape. We were happily confirmed in this on entering a small grotto on the side of the passage, where I found fragments of earthen-ware, and other vestiges of visitors.

“ We returned immediately back, full of joyful expectation, and determined to settle measures for pushing our discoveries to the utmost. My unworthy brother, soon after this, paid my keepers a visit; having, it seems, a tract of land in this district. He affected to lament the necessity of confining me, to save the honour of the family from being sacrificed by my imprudent attachment to a person who was now a *fugitive*, and would probably one day fall by the hand of justice, as the unfortunate Moody, he said, was no more.

“ I gave little credit to his reports, and demanded an *unconditional deliverance* as
my

my right. He was much provoked at my firmness, and said, I had not been sufficiently humbled to know the value of freedom. He encouraged the insolence and severity of our brutal keepers, and desired them to confine us more frequently in the *gloomy vault*, that I might have full time to reflect, and repent of my folly. I felt too much pride of innocence to supplicate his mercy, and providentially, what he meant as *the severest punishment* proved the *means of our deliverance*. Bab, besides attending on me, was compelled by our gaoler's wife to go through most of the drudgery of the house, and to wash for us all. She complained of a want of light, and I offered, myself, to pay for a pound of candles for her use. This was readily complied with, and by dint of husbanding and self-denial, we laid up a stock of them, and of provisions for our intended journey. The first opportunity which offered, was on a Sunday, when our keepers confined us

to

to the cell, that they might visit a neighbouring village. With a small bundle of clothes, and our lights and stores, we eagerly commenced our experiment, and soon arrived at the grotto already described. We passed it with beating hearts, and wandered a long time without any further signs of life or habitation. The mazes were so intricate, and avenues so numerous, that we almost, at length, despaired of success. Sometimes we had to cross dreadful fissures, where we could hear the stream murmuring at a great depth, and at other times we climbed over difficult ridges, or pressed through such narrow detours, that we could scarcely breathe, and had our clothes and limbs torn and begrimed with the damps of the rocky passes.

“My poor companion, Bab, at last burst into tears, and implored me to attempt a return, before we were irrecoverably lost, and our strength exhausted. Seeing all progress impracticable, I resolved to at-

tempt some other channel. We were defeated in many trials. Wearied and spiritless, we sat down to take some refreshment ; after which, I most fervently implored the assistance of Heaven, and we recommenced our toilsome search : but, finding no human footsteps or traces, we, in despair, abandoned the pursuit, and wished to return. Here we were in a situation truly deplorable ; as we were bewildered in such a labyrinth of ways, that we knew not which to choose : and had the horrid prospect before us, of wandering in these caverns, without light, and expiring slowly with famine, or falling headlong into some unfathomable chasm ! We sat for some time musing on our woful condition. I then encouraged Bab, once more, to a fresh effort, relying on the never-failing goodness of Providence. After many defeats, we, to our infinite joy, saw many cells on the sides of the passage ; into which we entered, and discovered stalls, where beasts
had

had been fed, and chambers very conveniently fitted up, and the remains of tables and benches. But who can tell our transports, when we beheld a parchment suspended against the wall? I eagerly perused it, and found written in large characters, in English and other languages: *'Take notice! Should any unfortunate pilgrim be lost in these caverns, let him observe where the sign of the cross is cut, on the sides of the avenue, at the distance of every ten yards: let him pursue the direction, and it will lead him to light and safety.'* We saw the propitious mark as described, and pursued it eagerly, till we discovered more and more signs of travellers; but our fears were renewed, on coming to a deep chasm directly across the path, which appeared to have been made, by art as well as nature, to prevent the passage of any hostile invader. Over it was thrown a narrow plank, which appeared greatly decayed by age. We were doubtful whether it would bear our weight.

After cautious trial, I sprang over it with light and trembling steps, and was followed by my fellow-prisoner. We now hurried on without impediment, until a *gleam of doubtful light* broke upon us. Our sorrows were more than compensated by the transports we felt in gradually emerging into the open air. But no pen can paint our rapture, on entering this sublime and tranquil valley. The variegated prospects burst all at once on our astonished eyes, and the blended sensations of our deliverance, and the fertility, beauty, and grandeur of the scenes around us, intoxicated our hearts with pleasure. We had not walked long in this happy vale, before some of the inhabitants descried us with wonder and pity. They accosted us tenderly, and endeavoured to explain, in their language, their friendship and readiness to serve us. Some of them, we found, understood a little English; and they informed us, that we might have any refreshment and assist-

anc

ance we wished for, and that they would shortly introduce to us *a person who was well acquainted with our tongue*. We reposed ourselves in the convenient apartments which they allotted to us; and soon after, were favoured with a visit by this venerable hermit. We related to him briefly our adventures, which he communicated to the inhabitants. On a fuller recital, some days after, of our case, how great was our common surprise and joy, to find we were so much interested in each other's fate!—to find in him a friend, and your long-lost father!—The reverse so unexpected, from gloomy imprisonment and oppression, to light, liberty, and peace, and the salubrity of this tranquil vale, have re-established my health and spirits. And the consummation of my wishes, in finding *you*, this day restored to your country, your safety, your honour, your friends, your father, and to *me*!—this, this leaves me nothing to ask of Heaven, but *sufficient equanimity*

to bear my happiness with meekness and moderation."

Letitia here ended her eventful narrative, and her audience expressed in the strongest terms their admiration of her fortitude, and so signal an interposition of Providence for her deliverance. The day was too far advanced for our hero to think of returning to Dr. Sourby; and indeed, the luxury of bliss he now enjoyed, was too precious to admit of so speedy an interruption. It was therefore agreed, with the permission of the old men of the place, on their solemn promise not to disclose their knowledge of the settlement to the public, that he and Sancho might continue there till next day; when Letitia proposed to accompany him on his departure.

CHAP. XXXIX.

THE VALE OF CONAN.

THE hermit, to gratify our hero's curiosity, conducted him to the most remarkable places in this beautiful and romantic glen, which was called by the inhabitants the *Vale of Conan*. They consisted of about one hundred families, and spoke a language resembling the Welch. They have a tradition among them, that, at some very distant period, their ancestors came from beyond the seas, under the command of a leader or prince, called *Madoc*, the son of *Gwnnedh*, a foreign prince: that a part of them emigrated to the countries north-west of the great river Mississippi, and the remainder being almost destroyed by the numerous Indians around them, took refuge in this neighbourhood, and at last secured themselves in this impregnable recess; where they have lived, for many generations,

tions, unmolested and unknown. Their sheep have greatly multiplied, as well as the goats, deer, buffaloes, and wild game, with which the country abounds. Here, separated from the contentions and vices of the world, they enjoy the most perfect harmony, plenty, and peace. Their dress is of home-spun ; their morals pure ; and their society like that of one family. As to religion, they appear to be christians by their worship, and by a book which they retain, and can read, resembling our bible. The air here is exceedingly temperate, the vale being sheltered from the northern blasts in winter, and cooled by refreshing breezes in the summer. This happy spot is capable of producing any vegetables, of almost any climate ; and you will see by the longevity and appearance of the inhabitants, how friendly it is to health. You will trace on the fronts of their cells, many ingenious imitations of European architecture, and in the ditches and ramparts, at every avenue, strong marks

marks of a knowledge of fortification. After gratifying themselves highly, with the sublime and beautiful prospects of this enchanting vale, the hermit and our hero retired to refreshment and repose for the night. The next day, accompanied by Letitia, Sancho, and Bab, they were escorted by many of these friendly rustics, of both sexes, towards the hermit's cell, where they bade our heroine and her companion a most affectionate farewell.

Here a very pathetic scene arose, between our hero and his unfortunate father, who declined accompanying them to Berkeley Hall. "My mind is not yet firm enough to encounter an interview with your much-injured grandfather. How can I bear his venerable looks, which will upbraid my former ingratitude; and those walks and bowers, which will recall the image and sufferings of my lost *Matilda* to my memory, every moment? Let me remain in this *tranquil spot*, to pray for your common happiness,

until I am *assured of his forgiveness and desire to see me once more.*" It was in vain that they tried every persuasion; he remained inflexible, and taking a warm embrace, snatched himself hastily from the arms and presence of his afflicted son.

Their arrival at the village relieved *Dr. Sourby* from his solicitude, and filled his heart with wonder and delight. They proceeded as secretly and expeditiously as possible, by a different route, for fear of interruption, to New York; where *Letitia* was received with infinite joy, by her aunt and numerous friends. The intelligence of her *cruel imprisonment and fortunate escape*, attracted general attention; and the violent and perfidious conduct of her brother, and his treacherous consort, became an object of *public execration*. To avoid a prosecution, and the indignation of the country, they fled to a remote part of the colonies, where they might live unknown. Colonel Forrester and his wife followed the voice of
the

the public in our hero's favour, and agreed to his *immediate marriage* with Letitia. Dr. Homily, with many of his friends, arrived at New York, to witness this fortunate period to his grandson's misfortunes. The commodore joined with Mr. Lumeire, Dr. Sourby, lieutenant Gunter, Dr. Bellamy, and Mr. M'Gregor, in the *general festivity*. The guns of the Boyne were fired on the occasion, and many of the inhabitants illuminated their houses, to celebrate our heroine's recovery from such unexampled oppression and captivity. Neither was *Sancho* forgotten: he not only was admitted, with Bab, to be spectator of the ceremony, but had the honour and happiness of being married to her on the same auspicious day. A few days after the company returned to Berkeley Hall, whither we shall follow them.

CHAP. XL.

FINAL VISIT TO BERKELEY HALL.

NOTHING could equal the transports and triumph of our hero and heroine, at this happy termination of their trials: their fondest wishes, and hopeless prospects, supremely gratified and accomplished; their enemies defeated, their friends reconciled; and their characters beloved and extolled by the country. One anxious care only remained on their breasts: to reconcile Dr. Homily with Mr. Tickle senior, and recall the *woe-worn hermit* to the pleasures of society and domestic life. The good old gentleman at first recoiled with horror at his name: but, on hearing the tale of his sufferings, freely granted forgiveness, and tenderly invited him to Berkeley Hall. Our hero and Sancho went on this pleasing errand. But notwithstanding all Dr. Homily's blandishments and courtesy, such,

such, alas! was his habitual *melancholy*, that he avoided society, and pined in solitude over the *tomb of his lamented Matilda*.

To add to the general joy, Mr. Moody, soon after, espoused the beautiful and amiable Miss Lumeire, the constant friend of Letitia; and Dr. Sourby having established an academy, obtained the hand of the agreeable Miss Jarvis, daughter to our memorable veteran. The commodore, though wedded to the sea, passed much time with his brother and his social circle.

They were sitting, one evening, after supper, at Berkeley Hall, recounting many of the foregoing incidents, when Dr. Homily, *resting his pipe on the arm of his chair*, observed, "Every rational wish I have cherished, is now fully crowned. I could almost address my prayers to heaven, that *I might now die like my worthy friend, the bishop, thus sitting in my chair, with all my family and friends around me:*
and

and say, with pious old Simeon, *Nunc Domine dimittis !*"

"We cannot spare you so soon, *brother orthodox !*" said the commodore, shaking him affectionately by the hand. "Besides, I wish to see you *return again, like a wandering sheep, into the pale of the church and state* ; or, like a weather-beaten ship, brought to anchor, and safely moored in harbour."

"I flatter myself," observed Dr. Sourby, "that our worthy friend cannot refuse it now, on his own principles of *utility*. There are no deciding questions of such an important nature, but by the will of the majority of a nation ; and on the maxim of *salus populi suprema lex*, that the safety of the people is the supreme law."

"And on his favourite ground of *experience*," said Mr. Lumeire, "he must yield. For where is the nation that has arisen to a more wonderful state of prosperity than the British, during the short
period

period since the revolution? In what other part of our annals can you trace such rapid improvements in civil and religious liberty, in agriculture and commerce, and in the arts and sciences? If we must judge of the *tree by its fruits*, the government must be good that produces a prosperity unexampled among the rest of mankind, in the present or any former age."

"I am little acquainted with politics," cried the commodore; "but when I look what *specks* our islands are, in the map of the world; and find, in my voyages, the commerce of England embracing the globe; the constitution of England universally extolled by the wisest foreigners; and the credit, connexions, and condition of England everywhere preferred: I cannot help believing there must be something in it, and glorying in the name of Englishman."

"Say no more, dear brother," cried Dr. Homily, "say no more. I am convinced

vinced of my error. I am ready (laying down his pipe) immediately to take the oaths and conform."

"Indeed gentlemen," said Mr. M'Gregor, "it is very evident that since the æra alluded to, greater accessions have been made to our liberty, commerce, and knowledge, than in any former time of equal extent. And bating the unavoidable calamities of *wars* in Europe (which the British nation could not have escaped, without surrendering her independency, religion, and laws), this is the period in which a wise man would most wish to live. Should a person of my profession take a view of our civil improvements, he would say that, Most of the laws for ascertaining, limiting, and restraining the prerogatives of the crown, have been made within the compass of little more than a century past; from the petition of right in the third of Charles the First, to the present time. So that the powers of the crown are now to all appearance

pearance greatly curtailed and diminished, since the reign of James the First; particularly by the abolition of the star chamber and high commission courts, in the reign of Charles the First; and by the disclaiming of martial law, and the power of raising taxes on the subject, by the same prince; by the disuse of the forest laws for a century past, and by the many excellent provisions enacted under Charles the Second; especially the abolition of military tenures, purveyance, and preemption; by the *habeas corpus* act, and the act to prevent the discontinuance of parliaments for above three years; and *since the revolution*, by the strong and emphatical words in which our liberties are asserted in the *bill of rights*, and the *act of settlement*; by the act for triennial, since turned into septennial elections, and by the exclusion of certain officers from the house of commons. We may add to these blessings, the *happy union* which has taken place between the two kingdoms

doms under queen Anne; and the great increase of a spirit of toleration for some years past, among men of all parties."

"It is but justice," said Dr. Homily, interrupting him, "to give the reigning family also, the honour of having established the very useful society for propagating the gospel in foreign parts, to which may be ascribed much of the growth and support of christianity in these colonies. Neither should the liberality of queen Anne to the church and clergy be forgotten."

"And I think," cried the commodore, smiling, "the wonderful increase of the British shipping, and our decided *naval superiority*; by which we may defend ourselves from foreigners, without a standing army; should not be passed over."

"Nor," said Mr. Lumeire, "should the surprising advances made in *agriculture, manufactures, and commerce*, in less than
than

than a century, be forgotten: on which our naval strength depends. With such an *immense capital*, constantly rolling over and increasing more and more, in *proportion to its magnitude*, there is no prescribing the bounds to which the British power may extend."

"I agree with you, gentlemen," said our hero, "in your delineation of our growing prosperity; which I conceive is greatly owing to the improvements made within this century in knowledge; with which, in general, the freedom, commerce, and happiness of mankind keep pace: in particular, the discovery of the true foundations of just government by Mr. Locke, and the almost universal adoption of the divine principles of toleration among all parties of christians. By these means, 'the lion can now lie down with the lamb, and the child play harmlessly with the serpent.' So that, as religious prejudices abate, we may expect all severe penalties and disabilities will
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be dissolved, and good men of all descriptions, embrace each other as brethren."

"That undoubtedly will be the case," said Dr. Homily, "in a short time, unless retarded by some *violent efforts* to enjoy these blessings before they are *gradually ripened*. If Great Britain and America co-operate in the extension of civilization, commerce, religion, law, and freedom to the rest of mankind; or (should they ever be separated from each other), if they nevertheless, as *allies and relatives*, cordially combine in this glorious work, a greater progress will be made *in meliorating the condition* of mankind, than, perhaps, we have now an idea of. For every advance in this business, makes the next stage of progress easier, almost *ad infinitum*."

"I am afraid, my dear friend, though I admire your views," replied Mr. M'Gregor, "that the happy period we so devoutly wish, is yet distant. The
jarring

jarring interests of different nations, and the ambition and enthusiasm of *pseudo-reformists*, will retard the work, and dishonour the cause. Yet I think the acquisitions which the people of these kingdoms have already made in knowledge and freedom, will be gradually increased; and work slowly and almost imperceptibly the melioration of law and government. We may expect, shortly, to have *a monarch*, who will glory, like you, in the '*name of Englishman!*' Should he add warm *public spirit* and love of the liberal arts, to every *private and domestic virtue*, much progress may be made by an enlightened legislature, in promoting the general freedom, happiness, and glory of the empire. Under such a government, for instance, we might hope, that the seats of the judges will be made permanent, and their salaries independent: that the king's pardon will not be pleaded to parliamentary im-

impeachments; that, in lieu of its hereditary revenue, the crown will receive a certain annual sum, and the people be delivered from the feudal hardships and other odious branches of prerogative: that general warrants will be abolished, and the right of juries to decide on law as well as fact, be ascertained and declared: that freedom of choice will be better secured, and the impartial determination of contested elections, be regulated and maintained: that the obnoxious penal statutes against the catholics will be repealed, and their condition meliorated: and, in short, as great an extension of civil and religious privileges will be made to men of all denominations, as the temper of the times, and the safety of the state, will permit."

"Add also, if you please, to this picture," said Mr. Lumeire, "that if the legislature free as much as possible from restrictions, and encourage by bounties,
its

its manufactures and commerce ; if it promote the fisheries on its own, and these coasts ; if it *enclose the immense commons* which call for population, and would prevent emigration ; I will venture (without the gift of prophecy) to say, that, before the expiration of this century, the agriculture, manufactures, imports and exports, shipping and navy, customs and excise, or revenue in general of Great Britain, will be double almost to what they were some years ago. Unexpected and unavoidable wars may undoubtedly retard this prosperity ; but I assert that all present appearances seem to promise it."

" Bravo ! bravo !" cried the commodore. " You go at the rate of ten knots an hour under your bare poles.—But you must admit *war*, now and then, in your system ; or we shall become a nation of *shopkeepers and brokers*, like the Dutch ; lose all martial spirit, and power of
de-

defence; and be *kicked, cuffed, and plundered*, at the discretion of our neighbouring bullies. Come, come, you must not place all *national felicity in wealth* neither; any more than that of an individual, who may be completely wretched and contemptible with fifty thousand pounds in his pocket."

"Our friend," replied Tickle, "does not mean to exclude an attention to self-defence, and all such measures and establishments as tend to encourage and diffuse knowledge, piety, and public spirit among the people; for these go hand in hand with agriculture, manufacture, commerce, and freedom, supporting and supported by each other. All he wishes to recommend is a preference of such sources of national prosperity, to a spirit of *conquest and colonizing*, which has generally impoverished and depopulated the parent states; to shun, as much as possible, *violent remedies* in our improvements, which

which are generally uncertain, and worse than the disease; to push on our improvements of *national and human felicity*, by meliorating the heads and hearts of mankind with *knowledge and virtue*; by civilizing the *savages*, leading them to pasturage, agriculture, and manufacture; and by stimulating, employing, and rewarding the industry of our fellow-subjects; and thus, instead of depressing and debasing the *opulent and noble*, gradually raising their inferiors to a more comfortable and equal condition."

In such discourse the evening passed agreeably. A few days after, Dr. Homily took the oaths to the government, and by the intercession of the commodore was restored to his estates in Lancashire.

Mr. Tickle, senior, on the death of his father, became heir to a considerable fortune; which he settled on our hero, who was chosen a member of the

American assembly in that province, by the people of the county where he resided.

As to *squire Aaron and his wife*, they had not long lived together in exile, before she was detected in *crim. con.* with a travelling captain; and abandoning home, after various misfortunes and disgraces, she lived on a *small pension* from her brother.

Aaron, universally execrated, settled at last in St. Eustatia; trafficked at Surinam, and smuggled on the Spanish main. Report says, that he was *assassinated* at last by his own blacks, who were irritated by his cruelties.

Letitia and our hero continued to reside, in the highest human felicity, with Dr. Homily. And Sancho and Bab, though free, were admitted, at their own request, to continue in the family, as servants.

Our

Our happy pair, in due time, were blessed with a son, who was christened *Henry Homily*; whose adventures in Europe we may also, one day, relate, if an indulgent Public should wish to hear any more of the family of BERKELEY HALL.

THE END.